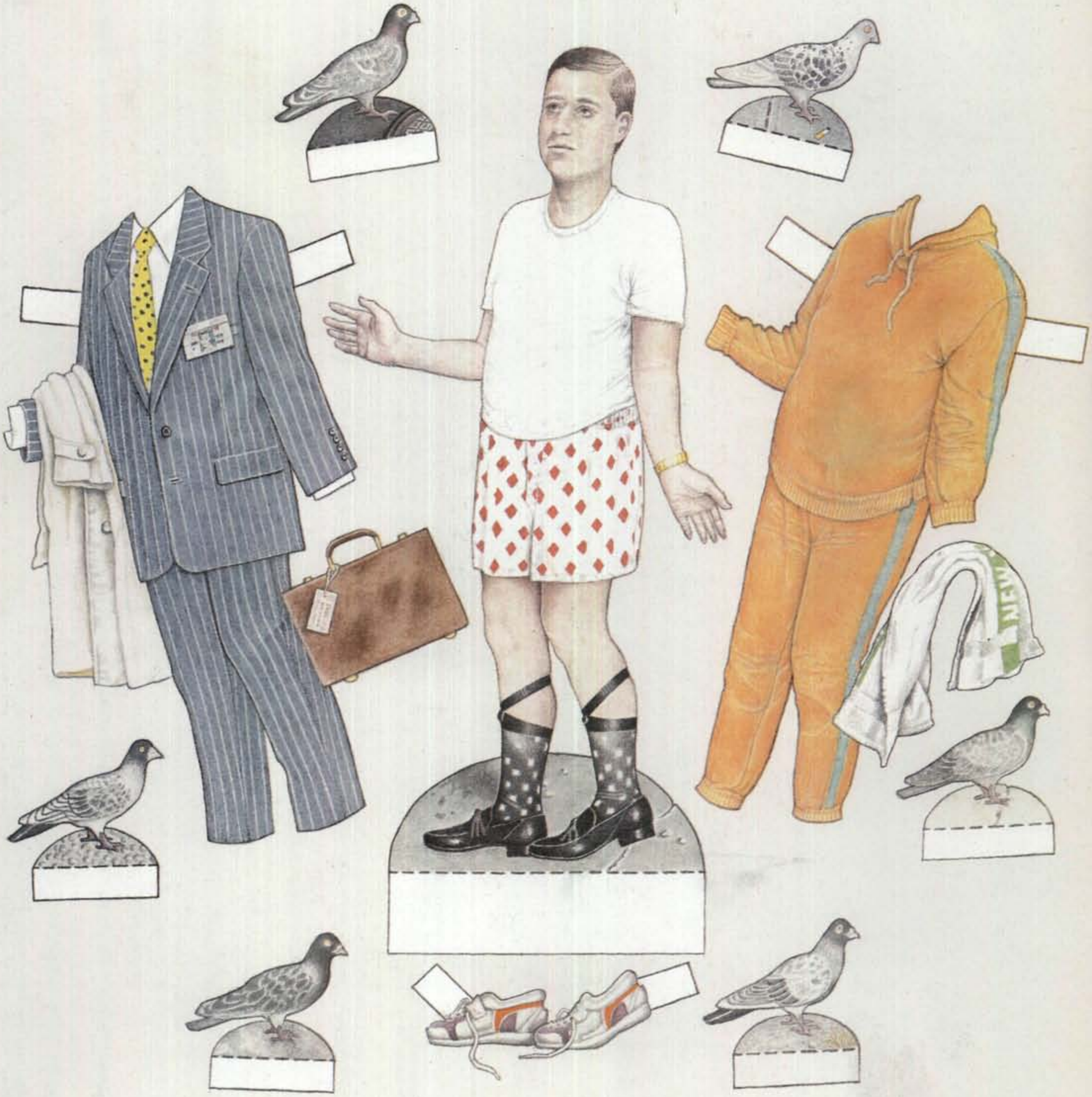
MAR 20 1989
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
~~Display Copy~~

Mar. 20, 1989
Price $1.75

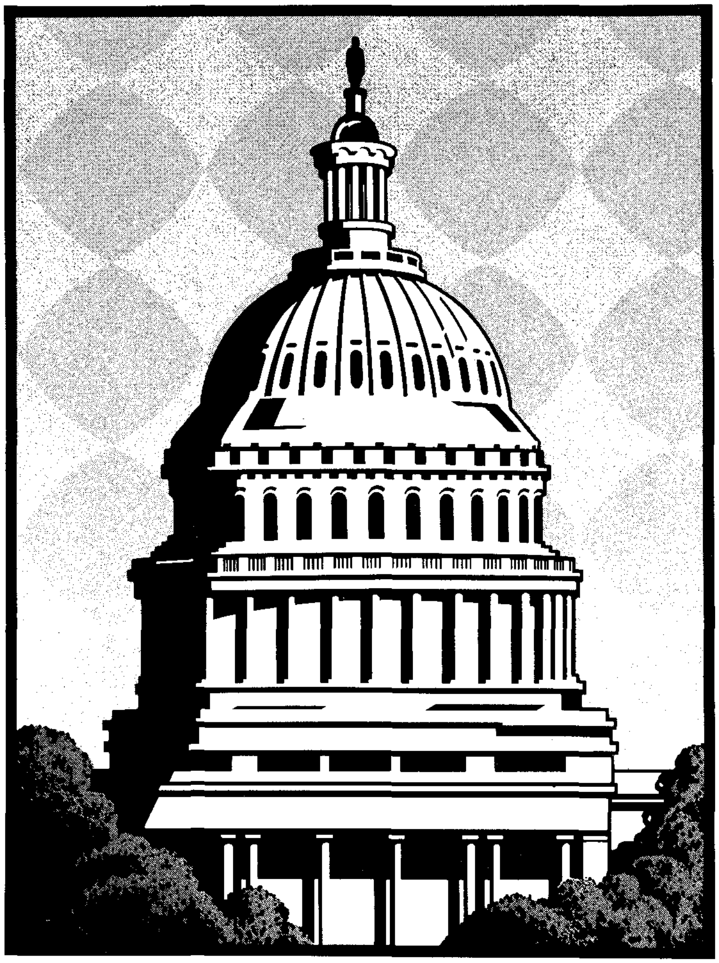
THE NEW YORKER


NEW
a. McCarthy

COUNTRY OF SWEDEN
ABSOLUT
ABSOLUT
Country of Sweden
VODKA
This superb vodka
was distilled from grain grown
in the rich fields of southern Sweden.
It has been produced at the famous
old distilleries near Åhus
in accordance with more than
400 years of Swedish tradition.
Vodka has been sold under the name
Absolut Since 1879.
80 PROOF
PRODUCED AND BOTTLED IN SWEDEN 1.0 LITER (33.8 FL. OZ.)
IMPORTED
ABSOLUT L.A.

FOR GIFT DELIVERY ANYWHERE CALL 1-800-CHEER-UP (EXCEPT WHERE PROHIBITED BY LAW)
80 AND 100 PROOF VODKA/100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS (ABSOLUT COUNTRY OF SWEDEN™) © 1987 CARILLON IMPORTERS LTD., TEANECK, N.J.

Meet the institution that's outlived its skeptics by 200 years.



THE CONGRESS

As part of the commemoration of the Congressional Bicentennial, Ameritech invites you to explore the legends and celebrate the legacy of the world's greatest experiment in self-government.

Watch "The Congress," a 90 minute television documentary co-authored and narrated by David McCullough that combines rare photographs and newsreels with contemporary cinematography, and brings to life the colorful history of the U.S. Congress.

Directed by award-winning filmmaker Ken Burns, co-produced by WETA of Washington, D.C. and Florentine Films, "The Congress" is exclusively underwritten by the Ameritech Foundation.

Airing on PBS, March 20, 9 p.m. EST. Consult local listings.

AMERITECH

Illinois Bell Indiana Bell Michigan Bell Ohio Bell Wisconsin Bell
Ameritech Applied Technologies Ameritech Credit Ameritech Development Ameritech Information Systems
Ameritech Mobile Communications Ameritech Publishing Ameritech Services Tigon Voice Messaging

© 1989 Ameritech

Tax Exempt Investors

The Pierpont Tax Exempt Funds offer two attractive alternatives for discerning investors who seek income exempt from federal income tax.

The Pierpont Tax Exempt Money Market Fund is designed for investors seeking preservation of capital and tax exempt income, from a portfolio of high quality, highly liquid federally tax exempt instruments.

The Pierpont Tax Exempt Bond Fund is designed for investors seeking yields greater than those generally available from short-term tax exempt obligations. The Fund is predominantly invested in securities rated AA or better.

The Investment Advisor is Morgan Guaranty Trust Company. **There are no sales charges.**

The Pierpont Funds are a family of six no-load mutual funds, each of which requires a minimum initial investment of $25,000, except for shareholders of another Pierpont Fund for whom the minimum investment is $10,000. More complete information about The Funds, including management fees and expenses, is included in the prospectuses, which should be read carefully before investing.

To obtain copies write The Pierpont Funds, Morgan Stanley & Co. Incorporated, 1221 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10020, or call a Pierpont Account Executive at (212) 398-2900 or toll-free:

(800) 521-5412

The Pierpont Funds

THE PIERPONT FUNDS

THE NEW YORKER

TABLE OF CONTENTS

MARCH 20, 1989

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN 4

THE TALK OF THE TOWN 33

"GOODNESS AND MERCY" . . . . *Alice Munro* 38

"POWDER COMPACT" (POEM) . . . . *James Lasdun* 40

"OVERTIME" (POEM) . . . . *Philip Levine* 46

REFLECTIONS (JOURNALISM—PART II) . . . . *Janet Malcolm* 49

POPULAR MUSIC . . . . *Mark Moses* 83

THE THEATRE . . . . *Edith Oliver, Mimi Kramer* 87

MUSICAL EVENTS . . . . *Andrew Porter* 90

THE CURRENT CINEMA . . . . *Pauline Kael* 93

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON . . . . *Elizabeth Drew* 97

A CRITIC AT LARGE (THE BRONTËS) . . . . *Judith Thurman* 109

BOOKS (BRIEFLY NOTED) 115

COVER: *Ann McCarthy*

DRAWINGS: *Liza Donnelly, Sidney Harris, J. B. Handelsman, Robert Weber, Charles Addams, Michael Maslin, Edward Koren, Roz Chast, Warren Miller, Charles Barsotti, Danny Shanahan, Lee Lorenz, Donald Reilly, George Booth, Jack Ziegler, William Steig, Richard Cline, Arnie Levin, Gahan Wilson*

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036
(212) 840-3800

SUBSCRIPTION SERVICE

To inquire about a subscription or to change an address, please write to The New Yorker, Box 56447, Boulder, Colorado 80322, or telephone 1-800 825-2510 (in Colorado 303 447-9330). For a change of address, subscribers should give four weeks' notice. If possible, please send the address label from a recent issue.

THE NEW YORKER (ISSN 0028-792X), published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10036; Steven T. Florio, president and chief executive officer; Sam R. Spoto, vice-president; Stuart H. Jason, vice-president and treasurer; Ruth A. Diem, vice-president and human resources director; Frank Mustacato, vice-president and circulation director; Virginia L. Jespersen, vice-president and business manager; Lynn Guthrie Heiler, advertising director. Branch advertising offices: 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601; 41 Osgood Place, San Francisco, Calif. 94133; Suite 1460, 5900 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90036; 67½ Chestnut St., Boston, Mass. 02108; 19 South Audley St., London, W1Y 5DN. Metropolitan Publishers Representatives: 3017 Piedmont Road, NE, Atlanta, Ga. 30305; 2500 So. Dixie Highway, Miami, Fla. 33133; 3016 Mason Place, Tampa, Fla. 33629; 3 Church St., Suite 503, Toronto, Canada. M5E 1M2. Vol. LXV, No. 5, March 20, 1989. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1989 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. The magazine's name, logo, and various titles and headings herein have been registered with the U.S. Patent and Trademark Office. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: In U.S. and possessions, one year, $32.00; two years, $52.00. In Canada, one year, $50.00. Other foreign, one year, $56.00, payable in advance.

POSTMASTER: Send address changes to The New Yorker, Box 56447, Boulder, Colorado 80322.

In just one shave, this man will change his shaving habits.

cream shave
CLINIQUE
SKIN SUPPLIES FOR MEN
NET WT 4 OZ

His skin will be smooth. Look sleek. Feel fine. Will stay that way longer than usual.

Because of a fact dermatologists have always known: You get a comfortable close shave only when you have enough vital lubricants. And a cream formulation holds more of these than a foam. That's why Clinique developed Cream Shave.

Cream Shave is full of lubricants. Allows a shave so close it lasts longer. Soothes skin during and after shaving. Cuts down cuts. Helps heal. Comes in a convenient portable tube. You'll find it—plus a fast, free skin analysis—at any Clinique counter.

Cream Shave. Use it once, and your face will want it every day. It's habit-forming.

CLINIQUE
SKIN SUPPLIES FOR MEN

© 1986 Clinique Laboratories, Inc.

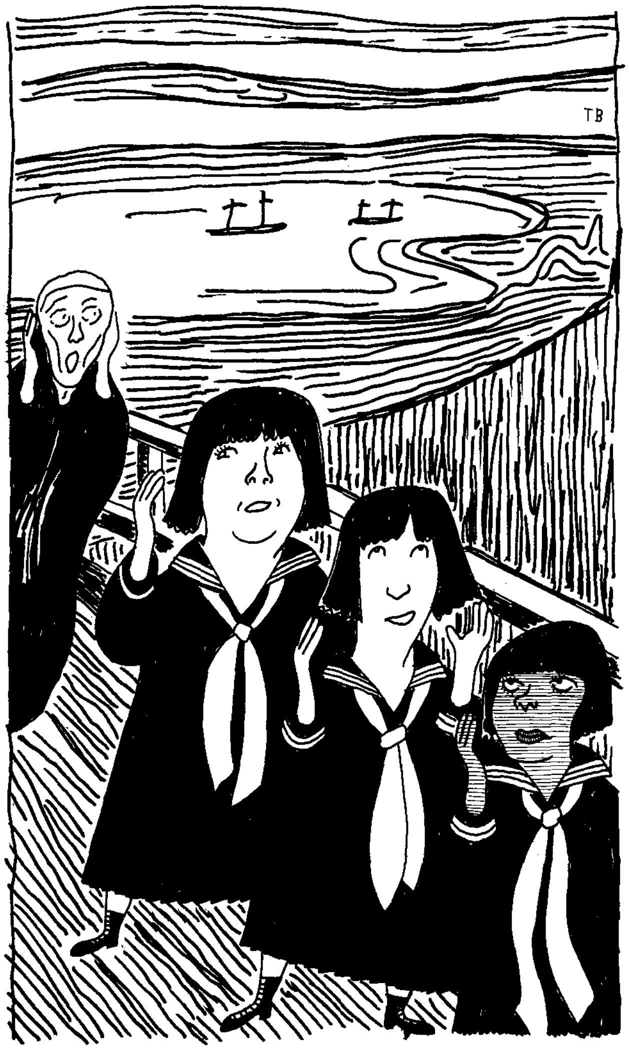
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

REBECCA, who is thirteen and lives on Staten Island, came with us the other day to a matinée performance of "The Gondoliers" at the Light Opera of Manhattan. When we were a little older than Rebecca, we used to usher at LOOM. This was in the seventies, when William Mount-Burke was the musical director and the company was still based on East 74th Street. In those days, "Gondoliers" was a regular part of the repertory. We can still remember the names of some of the company members: Barbara, a most forbidding Duchess; Vashek, always endearing as the Grand Inquisitor; Marilyn, who made a lovely Tessa; and Nancy, who was pregnant much of the time she performed Casilda. And there was a baritone named John who played Giuseppe, and on whom we had the most extraordinary crush.

We grew up and left the city, and when we came back we heard that Mount-Burke had died, and that Raymond Allen, LOOM's incomparable comic baritone, had taken over the company, moving it uptown. But going back last week to see "Gondoliers" we found, to our relief, that nothing has really changed. The new generation of principals seems a little more polished than we remember our friends being, but the staging is the same, and the years have not dulled the keen edge of Allen's Duke of Plaza Toro—always his best role.

We couldn't remember, looking back, whether one is too old, at thirteen, to want to meet the cast. So, when "the boys and girls in the audience" were invited to come round and shake hands with members of the company, we asked Rebecca tentatively whether she thought this would be worth her while. She answered with the utmost poise that we might as well.



Kathy Kinney, Jeffrey Essmann, and Kim Sykes in "Triplets in Uniform"

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22			

OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

(Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for the schedule and ticket availability.)

THE MEMBER OF THE WEDDING—Carson McCullers' 1950 play, based on her novel of the same name. With Esther Rolle as Berenice Sadie Brown and Amelia Campbell as Frankie Addams. In previews. (Roundabout, 100 E. 17th St. 420-1883.)

NATIONAL THEATRE OF GREAT BRITAIN—Presenting two plays in rotating repertory. **MACBETH,** March 14-25, and **APART FROM GEORGE,** by Nick Ward, March 15-24. (Henry Street Settlement, 466 Grand St. 307-7171.)

TEMPTATION—The American première of a play by Václav Havel. With Courtney B. Vance and David Strathairn; directed by Jiri Zizka. Translated from the Czech by Marie Winn. In previews. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150.)

THE WINTER'S TALE—Mandy Patinkin, Alfre Woodard, Diane Venora, and Christopher Reeve head the cast in the eighth play in Joe Papp's Shakespeare Marathon. Previews through March 19. Opens March 21 at 6:15. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150.)

NEW THIS SEASON

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL—The Pearl Theatre Company's production of Shakespeare's comedy. (Pearl Theatre, 125 W. 22nd St. 645-7708. Closes March 18.)

BLACK AND BLUE—An evening of classic blues and jazz, conceived, designed, and directed by Claudio Segovia and Héctor Orezzoli, who created "Tango Argentino" in a similarly commemorative but far less visually opulent style. Musicians of renown have been assembled, and while Ruth Brown, Linda Hopkins, and Carrie Smith sing, Bunny Briggs, Jimmy Slyde, Savion Glover, and a troupe of hoofers young and old give the tap-dance subculture a workout. *(Reviewed in our issue of 2/6/89,* under Dancing.) (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 246-0102.)

BORN YESTERDAY—Madeline Kahn's performance as Billie Dawn (the role that made Judy Holliday famous) is the only good thing about this revival of Garson Kanin's 1946 political fable. Ed Asner is entirely inadequate as the scrap-metal tycoon who makes the mistake of hiring a *New Republic* writer to educate his mistress. So, unfortunately, is Daniel Hugh Kelly, who plays the journalist. (2/13/89) (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0102.)

CAFE CROWN—A revival of the late Hy Kraft's mash note to the Café Royal, a onetime Mecca for Yiddish actors, writers, and intellectuals on the Lower East Side. The play, first produced in 1942, is filled with jokes, most of which pay off. Eli Wallach, as a former star, Anne Jackson, as his wife, and Bob Dishy, as a busy, bossy waiter, play the leading roles in this fine production, directed by Martin Charnin. Santo Loquasto designed the gorgeous setting. (11/14/88) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 719-4099.)

CANTORIAL—Anthony Fusco, Lesly Kahn, and Woody Romoff in a play by Ira Levin, the author of "Deathtrap." (Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780.)

THE COCKTAIL HOUR—A dramatist returns to his native city in upstate New York to break the news to his prosperous family that he has written a play about them and to ask their permission to have it produced. More easily said than done. A. R. Gurney's humor has never been more sparkling, his characters never more convincing or engaging. Under Jack O'Brien's direction, Nancy Marchand gives a marvellous performance as the hero's mother, and Holland Taylor, Bruce Davison, and Keene Curtis are fine, too. (11/7/88) (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313.)

EASTERN STANDARD—An imitation comedy that is as tedious as it is trendy. (11/14/88) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

EQUITY LIBRARY THEATRE—Presenting a Jerome Kern musical comedy from 1917, **LEAVE IT TO JANE.** The book and lyrics were written by Guy Bolton and P. G. Wodehouse. (103rd St. and Riverside Dr. 663-2028. Closes April 2.)

FORBIDDEN BROADWAY 1989—A source of continual merriment, this revue is a cluster of parodies of shows along the Great White Way. Gerard Alessandrini conceived and directed it and wrote the witty, barbed lyrics. The performers are Toni DiBuono, Roxie Lucas, David B. McDonald, and Michael McGrath—inspired mimics all. (9/26/88) (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. 838-9090.)

GUS AND AL—In Albert Innaurato's wry comedy, Sam Tsoutsouvas is Gustav Mahler, and a heavily padded Mark Blum is a dramatist named Albert Innaurato, who is saddened by the notices of a recent play of his, and who journeys back in time to 1901 Vienna. The performance, under David Warren's direction, is completely satisfying. Jennifer van Dyck is the sexy, glamorous Alma Schindler, disturber of the peace; Charles Janasz doubles as Sigmund Freud and an ape named Kafka. (3/13/89) (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200.)

THE HEIDI CHRONICLES—Wendy Wasserstein's new play looks at first glance like standard baby-boom playwriting fare, but some alchemical combination of graceful-mindedness and good writing enables her to capture, lampoon, and transcend her generation all at the same time. With a superb cast, led by Joan Allen. (12/26/88) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

I COULD GO ON LIP-SYNCHING!—This one-man variety show made up of cultural arcana is kind of weird, kind of quirky, and kind of brilliant. Performed by John Epperson and written by him and Justin Ross (who directed), it uses the rhetorical tactics of drag theatre to attack some of the Big Questions, managing not so much to raise lip-synching

Does this remind you of the kind of service you could only get in yesterday's Grand Hotels?

Perhaps the death of the grand hotel is being mourned prematurely. There is still a hotel in London where the service remains unashamedly old-fashioned. A place where you still get the feeling that nothing is too much trouble: This is Grosvenor House. But anyone who has not visited the 'Grand Old Lady of Park Lane' recently may be surprised to find that although the service remains as attentive yet unobtrusive as ever, the building itself is now even more luxurious. Grosvenor House, with its exclusive Crown Club for business travellers, world famous Ninety Park Lane restaurant and unique Health Club, now offers its guests the widest range of facilities of any five star hotel in London. But one thing never changes. Walk into Grosvenor House and you feel like you're stepping back fifty years to a time when hotel keeping really was about individual service. And if you've forgotten what that was like don't worry, we haven't. Grosvenor House. Toll free 1-800 225 5843

A Trusthouse Forte Exclusive Hotel.

It was taken at Grosvenor House only yesterday.

GROSVENOR HOUSE
PARK LANE · LONDON

to an art as to transform aural montage into psychodrama. Certainly this is the strangest show in town. (Theatre Off Park, 224 Waverly Pl., at 11th St. 627-2556.)

Jerome Robbins' Broadway—A collection of high spots from "On the Town," "Billion Dollar Baby," "High Button Shoes," "The King and I," "Peter Pan," "West Side Story," "Gypsy," "A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum," and "Fiddler on the Roof," all of which were choreographed or directed, or both, by Jerome Robbins. The evening is an orgy of family entertainment, a display of theatrical arts and crafts, and a canonization of Robbins and his era. Whether the fifties was your generation or your parents', this is the show for you. (3/13/89, under Dancing.) (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

The Kathy and Mo Show: Parallel Lives—Comedy skits and vignettes about gender and its role in society, written and performed by Kathy Najimy and Mo Gaffney. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394.)

Lend Me a Tenor—The setting of this funny farce by Ken Ludwig is a hotel suite in Cleveland in 1934, where a famous tenor who is booked to sing "Otello" takes an overdose of barbiturates. A substitute must be found. Under Jerry Zaks's stunning direction, all the surprises up the dramatist's sleeve are brought to comic life. Philip Bosco, Victor Garber, Tovah Feldshuh, J. Smith-Cameron, Caroline Lagerfelt, Ron Holgate, Jane Connell, and Jeff Brooks make up the splendid cast. (3/13/89) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Through March 19: Gilbert and Sullivan's **GONDOLIERS**. . . . ¶ Starting March 22: Lehár's **MERRY WIDOW**. (Playhouse 91, at 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000.)

The Magic Act—A comedy, albeit a dark one, by Laurence Klavan about a lonely woman accused of murder. (Ensemble Studio Theatre, 549 W. 52nd St. 247-3405. Closes March 26.)

Manhattan Class Company—Presenting a festival of one-act plays. Program A: "Red Sheets," by Erik Ehn; "Bikini Snow," by Anna Theresa Cascio; and "The Lost Colony," by Wendy MacLeod. . . . ¶ Program B: "Prelude & Liebestod," by Terrence McNally; "Dakota's Belly, Wyoming," by Erin Cressida Wilson; and "Catfish Loves Anna," by Constance Ray. (Nat Horne, 440 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Closes April 1.)

Measure for Measure—A dark comedy by the Bard, with Len Cariou, Kate Burton, Ethyl Eichelberger, and Jack Weston. (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.)

Metamorphosis—Mikhail Baryshnikov is Gregor Samsa in Steven Berkoff's one-act adaptation of the Kafka story. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200.)

Other People's Money—A comedy by Jerry Sterner about a Wall Street takeover artist who tries to acquire a small family business. (Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000.)

Our Town—Spalding Gray's monotonous and cynical performance as the Stage Manager almost blights this revival of Thornton Wilder's masterpiece, but there is good work by Roberta Maxwell, Peter Maloney, Frances Conroy, and Eric Stoltz. Starting March 21, Don Ameche replaces Mr. Gray, and Jason Gedrick replaces Mr. Stoltz. (12/19/88) (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

The Pajama Game—Judy Kaye, Brooks Almy, Richard Muenz, and Avery Saltzman in a revival by the New York City Opera of the 1954 musical. Score and lyrics by Richard Adler and Jerry Ross, and book by George Abbott and Richard Bissell. (Reviewed in this issue.) (New York State Theatre. 870-5570.)

Rumors—This farce about a party to celebrate a couple's tenth anniversary (the host and hostess are mysteriously absent) may well be the funniest play that Neil Simon has ever written. It is acted to perfection by Christine Baranski, André Gregory, Mark Nelson, Ron Leibman, Lisa Banes, Joyce Van Patten, Charles Brown, and Cynthia Darlow, under the impeccable direction of Gene Saks. (11/28/88) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

Run for Your Wife!—A West End comedy written and directed by, and starring, Ray Cooney. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 977-9370.)

Shirley Valentine—Pauline Collins gives a funny, beguiling performance as a Liverpool housewife who, feeling herself engulfed by drab domesticity, flies off to Greece, where she finds a temporary lover and lives happily ever after. Miss Collins is the only actor aboard, and she is backed every inch of the way by Willy Russell, who wrote the good play, and by Simon Callow, who directed it. (2/27/89) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Songs of Paradise—A musical based on the works of the Yiddish poet Itsik Manger. In Yiddish and English; with a book by Miriam Hoffman and Rena Berkowicz Borow, and music by Rosalie Gerut. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150.)

The Taffetas—Four talented young women, impersonating a group of singing sisters, perform hits from the fifties. The show, conceived by Rick Lewis as a live broadcast from the early days of television, represents yet another trip down memory lane. Still, for what it is, it's very well done. With Jody Abrahams, Karen Curlee, Melanie Mitchell, and Tia Speros. (Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292.)

A Tale of Two Cities—Everett Quinton's over-the-top one-man version of Dickens' novel has Miss Pross literally hanging from the ceiling. Unfortunately, his performance is more spirited than it is consistently funny. Best is the word "BLOOD" scrawled on the bathroom wall. (Charles Ludlam Theatre, One Sheridan Square. 691-2271.)

Together Again for the First Time—Jo Sullivan and her daughter Emily Loesser in a revue of show tunes, including some by Miss Loesser's father, Frank. (Kaufman, 534 W. 42nd St. 564-8038. Closes March 26.)

Triplets in Uniform—Naughtiness at its finest. Jeffrey Essmann's sendup of German Expressionism, Freud, Lillian Hellman, and the cult film "Mädchen in Uniform" represents the best tongue-in-cheek study of adolescent female psychology since "Psycho Beach Party." With Kathy Kinney and Kim Sykes. (La Mama, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710. Closes March 18.)

What the Butler Saw—An impeccable revival of Joe Orton's mischievous 1969 farce, with Joseph Maher, Charles Keating, and Carole Shelley in the leading roles, and director John Tillinger at the helm. No institution in socialist England—religious or secular—goes unscathed (except domestic service; there are no butlers aboard). The production makes an unremittingly funny evening. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-7907. Closes March 30.)

Esther Rolle in "The Member of the Wedding"

LONG RUNS

ANYTHING GOES: This exuberant revival is primarily a celebration of Cole Porter himself. The company, which includes Linda Hart, Anthony Heald, Bill McCutcheon, and Howard McGillin, does more than justice to the words and score. (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.) . . . **CATS:** Some twenty poems about cats by T. S. Eliot, set to music by Andrew Lloyd Webber. A mighty spectacle about mighty little, owing its effectiveness to Trevor Nunn's direction, and to the sets and costumes of John Napier. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200.) . . . **DRIVING MISS DAISY:** Frances Sternhagen and Earle Hyman star in Alfred Uhry's play, which tells of the growing attachment of a cranky old woman in Atlanta to her black chauffeur. Directed by Ron Lagomarsino. (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 564-8038.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** The longest-running long run. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838.) . . . **INTO THE WOODS:** This musical by Stephen Sondheim and James Lapine is an attempt to show what lurks beneath the surface of conventional fairy tales. The songs are beautiful and funny—sometimes both. Directed by Mr. Lapine. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363.) . . . **M. BUTTERFLY:** David Henry Hwang's funny, mysterious, and often beautiful play, with John Rubinstein and B. D. Wong. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220.) . . . **ME AND MY GIRL:** An infelicitously rehabilitated British musical out of the thirties. (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 246-0102) . . . **LES MISÉRABLES:** The real stars of this musical adaptation of the Victor Hugo novel are John Napier's settings and David Hersey's lighting. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200.) . . . **NUNSENSE:** A musical comedy by Dan Goggin. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321.) . . . **OIL CITY SYMPHONY:** Mike Craver, Mark Hardwick, Michelle Horman, and Mary Murfitt, gifted and sophisticated singers and instrumentalists, appear as a quartet of dedicated hicks reuniting at their small-town high school in this very funny musical. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330.) . . . **THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA:** The much ballyhooed Andrew Lloyd Webber musical is fun—if you're not bothered by theatre that cares not a whit for words and contains not one ghost of an idea. Except for the sets (by Maria Björnson), everything about the show is negligible. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200.) . . . **SARAFINA!:** This South African musical, an explosion of talent, was conceived, written, and directed by Mbongeni Ngema, who also, with Hugh Masekela, composed and arranged the score. The acting, dancing, and singing are a wonder. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 239-6200.) . . . **STEEL MAGNOLIAS:** This first play by Robert Harling is set in a beauty shop in a small town in Louisiana and consists mainly of the often amusing, wisecracking chatter of the proprietress, her assistant, and four steady customers. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 246-0102.)

DANCE

ZARZUELA, the lyrical dramatic form in which song, dance, and speech alternate, is Spain's oldest musical theatre. It was developed in a royal country house, La Zarzuela, during the seventeenth century by the playwright Calderón and others as a diversion for royalty when inclement weather kept them from hunting. The house was named for the brambles ("*zarzas*") that grew in the countryside, and the Castilian pronunciation—"thar-thoo-EH-la"—preserves a couple of thorns in its opening fricatives. The texts of the zarzuelas that have come down to us—an estimated ten thousand have been written—typically prickle with little ironies, too.

Over time, the medium has been subject to dramatic changes in fortune, now falling into obscurity or disfavor, now undergoing intensely creative restoration. Yet the music has never lost its intimate connection to dancing; seguidillas, jotas, tangos, polonaises, and sambas infuse the scores from beginning to end. Even opera superstars who perform zarzuela *canciones* and ballads don't take their vocal lines too far afield from the austere, folklike character the syncopated dance rhythms have given the songs. Perhaps this is zarzuela's most enduring irony: the lighter and more limpid it seems, the more profoundly disciplined it is.

New York's Spanish-speaking Repertorio Español stages vest-pocket productions of the zarzuela repertory year-round on the cabaret-size stage of the Gramercy Arts Theatre. Sometimes, though, the producer-director José Tamayo brings us zarzuela directly from Spain in his touring "*antologías*," revues that represent the history of the form on a spectacular scale. This year's edition, with guest diva Victoria de los Angeles, will feature eighty dancers, singers, and musicians, and seven hundred costumes. Alberto Lorca is the choreographer.

Trisha Brown Company—A brief engagement. March 14 at 7:30, March 16 and March 18 at 8, and March 19 at 3: "Set and Reset," "Opal Loop," and the American première of "Astral Convertible." . . . ¶ March 15 and March 17 at 8, and March 18 at 2: "Lateral Pass," "Son of Gone Fishin'," and "Newark." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-7907.)

Bill T. Jones/Arnie Zane & Co.—March 14 at 7:30, March 16 at 8, and March 18 at 2: "Soon," "The Gift/No God Logic," "Black Room," and "Chatter." . . . ¶ March 15 and March 17 at 8, March 19 at 2, and March 21 at 8: "The Gift/No God Logic," "Forsythia" (première), and "D-Man in the Waters" (première; with the St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble). . . . ¶ March 18 and March 22 at 8: "Freedom of Information, Section III," "Soon," and the premières of "La Grande Fête" and "Absence." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Through March 26.)

"Antología de la Zarzuela"—Opening performances of José Tamayo's extravaganza. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-7907. March 21 at 7:30, and March 22 at 8. Through April 2.)

Robert Kovich—Presenting "Echo Solo, Zephyr Chorus," a new work created in collaboration with composer Rhys Chatham. (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. March 16-19 at 8:30. For information about tickets, call 674-8112.)

Juilliard Dance Ensemble—A program of works by Anna Sokolow, John Taras, and Paul Taylor, plus the première of a piece by Diane Coburn Bruning. (Juilliard Theatre, 155 W. 65th St. March 17-18 at 8, March 19 at 3, and March 20 at 8. For information about tickets, call 874-7515.)

Kenneth King and Dancers—In the première of "Correlations," an evening-length work. (Midtown Y, 344 E. 14th St. 673-2207. March 18 at 8, and March 19 at 3 and 8.)

Music and Dance of the Siberian-Asians—Ten dancer-musicians from northeastern Siberia performing native works. The dances aren't spectacular, but they are dramatic. (Asia Society, Park Ave. at 70th St. 517-2742. March 13-14 at 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

DOWNSTAIRS in the lounge of Roseland (239 W. 52nd St.; 247-0200), an elderly couple is working on a tricky dance step that is supposed to wind up with her swooning backward and him catching her in the palm of his hand in the nick of time. She's wearing silver pumps, and he's wearing a bolo tie and shiny black shoes. He keeps misstepping, and she keeps saying, "Now, *listen* to me."

Upstairs, a Latin band is knocking out cruise-ship rumbas. It's five-thirty in the afternoon—the doors opened at two-thirty—and the quarter-acre of hardwood floor is full of dancers. Nearly everybody looks retirement age, except for one man, whose shirt is unbuttoned to his sternum, and his partner, a bare-shouldered woman who has wings on her feet. The light is peach-going-to-pink—a Florida sunset. At about six, the Latin band gives way to a polite hotel-style swing band, which, following some ceremonial business (Roseland is celebrating its seventieth year, and the McGuire Sisters and Julie Wilson are here to sing a salute), plays for an hour before turning it back over to the other guys. So it goes until midnight every Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday—rumbas and foxtrots and maybe a girl singer doing "Blue Skies."

Over in the cafeteria area, we talk to a couple from Manhattan who say they've been coming here for twenty-eight years. They're sitting out the Latin band, sharing a piece of cheesecake. "We're not fabulous dancers," the man says, "but we've danced on four continents." They tell us about all the places they've danced—Rio, Cairo, Durango, Munich, the Rainbow Room when Sy Oliver was there, a roller-skating rink in Los Angeles—and then they're out on the floor again, gliding around in what we think is a pretty fabulous way. We wave, but they don't see us.

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—**margaret whiting**, whose big voice is full of sunshine and the old show-biz spirit, wraps up her six-week stay in the Oak Room on March 18. Shows at nine-fifteen March 14-16, and at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen March 17-18. Dining.

Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—A sleek cabaret on the edge of Chelsea, near the flower and fur markets. **little anthony**, who, with the Imperials egging him on, sang "Hurt So Bad" and "Goin' Out of My Head" and other high-pitched songs of love and pain, performs at nine and eleven Tuesdays through Saturdays. At seven Wednesdays through Saturdays, the dapper, bespectacled **john wallowitch** sings a lament for pre-Lloyd Webber Broadway and a song in praise of his expensively jacketed teeth.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—A long, narrow, bemirrored room with a piece of neon art on the back wall (the Manhattan skyline and attendant celestial bodies) and jazz people of various magnitudes on the dais. **freddie hubbard**, a trumpeter who came up in the early sixties with Art Blakey and has played everything from knotty hard bop to disco, leads a band March 14-19. Music from nine. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—A great barn of a rock club, which, unlike many other such places, has (in addition to rock) tables, chairs (four hundred or so), good French fries, country music, folk music, and miscellaneous theatrical entertainments. On March 16, it's **mike's talent show**, a downtown variety show m.c.'d by a performance artist named Michael Smith pretending to be a dim bulb named Mike, and starring ventriloquists, writers, drag artists, comedians, avant-garde singers, and assorted others. Chicago folksinger **bonnie koloc** performs March 17. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A Village bar that has long featured first-rate piano-bass teams and pro conversationalists and that now also features drummers, horn players, Bradley's T-shirts, Bradley's sweatshirts, Bradley's customized coasters, a person to take an admission fee, and a person to seat you and shush you. It's an institution. A youthful trio made up of **michael weiss** (piano), **peter washington** (bass), and **kenny washington** (drums) has the floor through March 18. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

Carlos I, 432 Sixth Ave., at 10th St. (982-3260)

NAME THAT PLAZA

Excerpts from public spaces: inscriptions that greet visitors to three New York City plazas.

(1)

"I Believe in the Supreme Worth of the Individual and in His Right to Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness."

(2)

"One Need Never Leave the Confines of New York to Get All the Greenery One Wishes—I Can't Even Enjoy a Blade of Grass Unless I Know There's a Subway Handy, or a Record Store or Some Other Sign That People Do Not Totally Regret Life."

(3)

"This Urban Plaza Contains Four Trees, 171 Linear Feet of Seating and Certain Other Features Which Either Meet or Exceed the Applicable Requirements as Stated in the New York City Zoning Resolution."

Inscription No. 3 goes on to say that complaints should be forwarded to the Department of City Planning or to the Department of Buildings of the City of New York. Let's ask them for a record store, a Frank O'Hara poem, or some other sign that the builders of New York do not totally regret life.

(1) Rockefeller Center Plaza (John D. Rockefeller, Jr.). (2) World Financial Center Plaza (Frank O'Hara). (3) Security Pacific Plaza, at 40 E. 52nd St. (Anonymous).

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22			

—It's so nice in here—silken woodwork and long tables with pink tablecloths and pink napkins—you might mistake it for a jazz club on a movie set but for the real musicians onstage. **WILD BILL DAVIS,** a late-swing pianist and organist who did arranging for Louis Jordan and Earl Hines in the forties and for Duke Ellington in the sixties, is here with a trio March 14-19. **HENRY BUTLER,** a New Orleans-born pianist who thunders and flashes and rockets around the keyboard in a virtuosic way, brings in a quartet on March 21. Music from nine-thirty. Dining.

Cat Club, 76 E. 13th St. (505-0090)—This room, which caters to thrash-metal buffs and cooler heads on weeknights, opens its doors on Sundays to swing-music fans, most of whom come to Lindy. Feet jitter, skirts fly, and a limber, nattily dressed gent gets a look on his face that says "Watch my next move, darlin'." Up by the stage, two men who have come stag scatter their feet when the band breaks into "Jumpin' at the Woodside." **CLIFF SMALL,** a pianist and trombonist who worked with Earl Hines and Billy Eckstine in the forties and with Sy Oliver's Rainbow Room band in the seventies, and who has also served as Smokey Robinson's music director, leads an eight-piece band on March 19. Music from eight to midnight.

Bo Diddley at the Village Gate

Delta 88, 332 Eighth Ave., at 26th St. (924-3499)—A long, rambling bar and restaurant with a white-trash-chicken-shack theme. The decorator went kind of hog-wild with all the old filling-station and soft-drink signs and the collection of hubcaps and the dime-store portrait of the King and the display of dozer caps and the obituary of Bear Bryant from the U. of Alabama *Crimson White*—but it's a friendly enough place. There's live music every dad-burn night of the week. **LOUP GAROU,** a New York-based zydeco band outfitted with an accordion, a rubboard, and all the essential electric instruments, plays some two-steps on March 16. Shows after nine. Hot grub.

Eagle Tavern, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—An Irish bar, way out on the Western edge of town, where the great potholed boulevards turn to cobblestone, and the world beyond the Hudson flashes its come-hither signs. On weekends, the back room features Irish fiddlers and bluegrass pickers. On St. Patrick's Day, a mess of duos and trios perform from six-thirty until long past bedtime. Guitarist and mandolinist Orrin Star picks and grins from nine on March 18.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A low-ceilinged, belowstairs jazz room, its walls decorated with alternating bands of mirror and red plush, which will seem intimate to some people and too intimate to tall people, who may want to remove their top hats before entering. Special EFX, a fusion band, holds forth March 14-19; **HANK JONES,** whose piano playing is a model of swing and grace, comes in with a trio on March 21. Music from eight. Dining.

Fortune Garden Pavilion, 209 E. 49th St. (753-0101)—Two nice things not known to be available in the next world—Chinese cooking and American jazz—can be found in this handsome room, from which is visible (it has a greenhouse roof) some expensive Gotham real estate as well as a few untenanted patches of sky. **HAROLD NICHOLAS,** the flyweight dancer who used to walk up walls and leap over orchestras with his brother Fayard, tends to keep his feet on the ground nowadays and sing; he has a small, unspectacular voice, but just about everything he touches he gets to swing a little. He'll be here March 14-19 with pianist **MIKE ABENE** and bassist **EARL MAY.** Music from eight Mondays through Saturdays, and from seven on Sundays.

Indigo Blues, 221 W. 46th St. (221-0033)—A new jazz club, in the basement of the Hotel Edison. It's awash in blue neon, and has a fancy sound system and a shiny dance floor. Miles Davis, whose disdain for night clubs is well known and who had managed to stay out of them since 1975, christened this place. **CRAIG HARRIS,** who makes all kinds of modern and pre-modern sounds with his trombone and deep, mysterious Australian-bush sounds with his wooden didgeridoo, directs a quintet called **TAILGATER'S TALES** March 14-19. Music after nine.

Knitting Factory, 47 E. Houston St., near Mulberry St. (219-3055)—A second-floor music and performing space, where people come to ponder the meaning of harmolodics and the postmodernness of postmodernism. The room is run by two amiable young guys from Wisconsin, whose views on such things as cover charges are enlightened. March 14 and 21 belong to the **MICROSCOPIC SEPTET,** a downtown jazz ensemble that plays in the late-eighties Cuisinart style (mixing swing with Dixielandish stuff and outbursts of free jazz and music that might go well with a B-grade science-fiction movie). A group that includes saxophonist **JOHN ZORN** and organist **BIG JOHN PATTON** performs March 17-18. Music after nine.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—A cramped Yankee version of a Texas bar. It's draped with flags and banners, and plastered with signs and stickers ("Don't Mess with Texas," "Western Swing Ain't Dead, It's Asleep at the Wheel," "Waitress Station Only: Do Not Stand Here"), and its denizens include guys who like to wave their long-neck Coronas around and say things like "Woo-wee" and "I need an I.V. to rock and roll right now." **LONNIE MACK,** a rock-and-roll guitarist and singer who has been plugging away since the fifties (he's probably best known for his 1963 instrumental version of Chuck Berry's "Memphis"), writes songs about elementary things—hot cars, jail, the rock-and-roll life—and invests them with old-time fervor. He's here March 17. Chicago bluesman **SON SEALS** and Louisiana bluesman **KENNY NEAL** share the stage on March 20. Music after nine. Dining.

Lone Star Roadhouse, 240 W. 52nd St. (245-2950)—The midtown branch of the aforementioned honky-tonk. The façade is a Silver Eagle bus, the kind your itinerant musician tools around in. The inside is upscale roadhouse; it has a couple of postage-stamp dance floors and some real pretty Gibson guitars decorating the walls. **RUTH BROWN,** the veteran R. & B. singer who was known as Miss Rhythm back in the fifties, is taking her night off from "Black and Blue" (in which she sings "If I Can't Sell It, I'll Keep Sittin' on It" and brings down the house) to work here. She'll be around every Monday this month. **JOHNNY COPELAND,** a fiery Texas blues guitarist and singer, performs March 18. Music after nine. Dining.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—A mid-Manhattan pub for well-heeled gents and their high-heeled foxes. It's not always easy to detect the music over the babble, but if you listen closely you should be able to hear the sophisticated voice of **JULIE WILSON.** Miss Wilson, who appears to have survived the "Legs Diamond" debacle, is concentrating on the proper nouns and risqué verbs of Cole Porter. Shows at nine and eleven Tuesdays through Saturdays. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Rainbow & Stars, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (632-5000)—A new, ninety-seat cabaret, sixty-five floors above all the honking and shouting. (It and the neighboring Rainbow Room—same telephone number, same stratospheric prices—are reached by taking a whistling express elevator; some people observe silence on the way up.) On clear nights, you can see the lights of Tenafly and Yonkers. **UTE LEMPER,** a twenty-five-year-old German singer with a theatrical voice and a crush on Kurt Weill, performs Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine and eleven-fifteen. Dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—Rock and roll of the Present Moment—and occasionally of the Classical Era (the fifties), the Romantic Era (the sixties), and the OPEC Era (the seventies)—in a big thirties-era ballroom. The Wolfe Tones, an Irish quartet whose traditionally made songs celebrate Ireland and deplore England, will be here March 17. Meat Loaf, the large rock singer and cult-movie star, holds forth March 18. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at eleven.

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A big, cheerful room, painted a light tropical blue, where you can pick 'em up and set 'em down to sounds from Brazil, Africa, the Caribbean, and elsewhere. The schedule: March 14-15, reggae singers **JUDY MOWATT** and **SISTER CAROL;** March 17-18, Loketo, a Zairian pop band; and March 21, Ashwin Batish. Music from nine Tuesdays through Thursdays, and from ten Fridays and Saturdays. Dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Speakeasy, 107 Macdougal St. (598-9670)—The site, many moons ago, of Rienzi's, a coffeehouse on the beaten path; nowadays, it's home to folkies, blues people, bluegrass fiddlers, lonesome cowboys, and a stray rock person or two. **VASSAR CLEMENTS,** a sandy-haired man who can fiddle a blue streak when the spirit comes over him, will be here with a string band on March 18. Music from about eight-thirty. Dining.

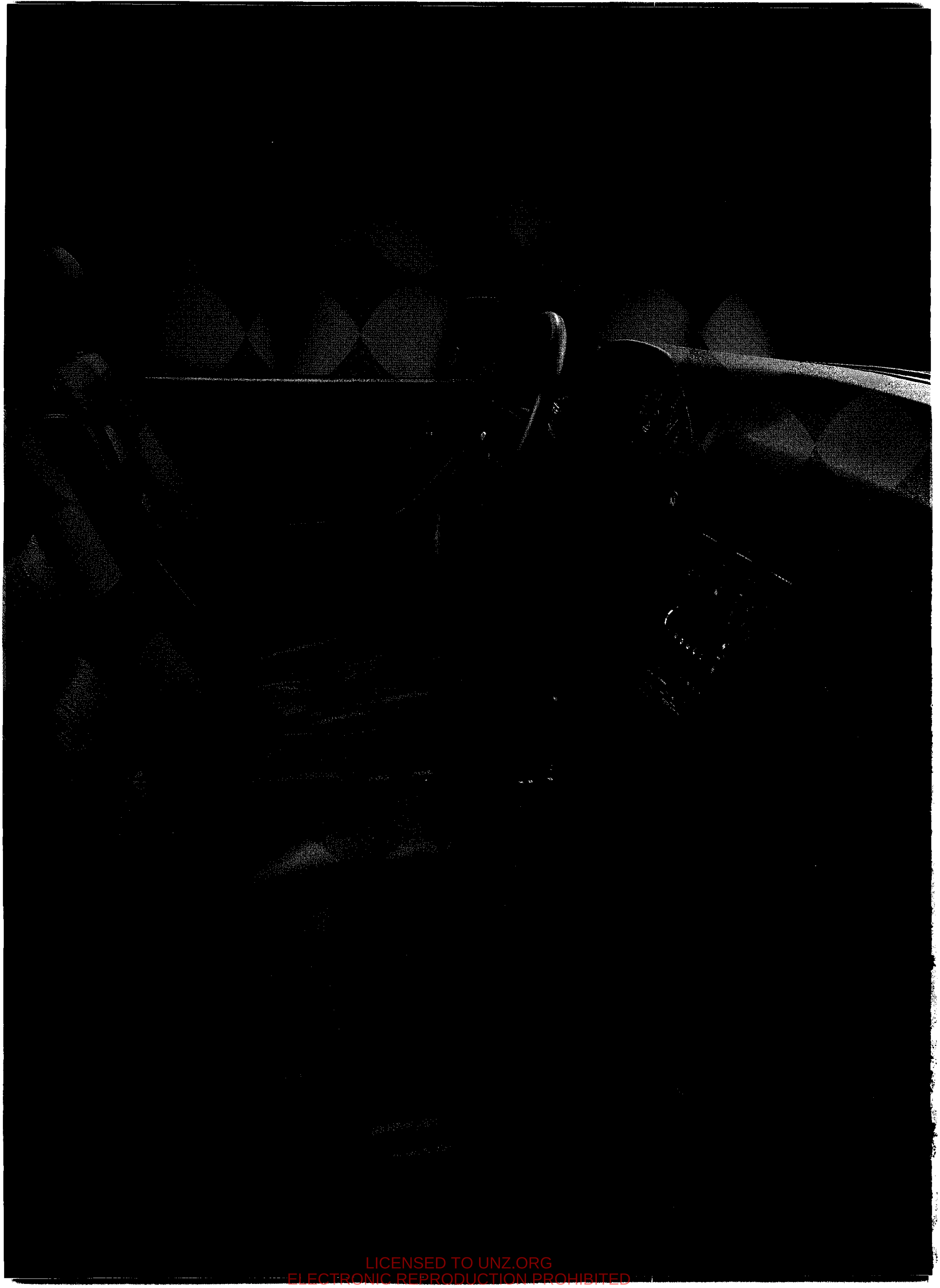
Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A knotty-pine-and-brick-walled *boîte,* crowded with jazz fans from Japan, France, Germany, Denmark, Greenwich Village, and other countries. **STEVE LACY,** a thoroughly modern master of the soprano saxophone, who has lived in Paris for many years, will be here with his sextet March 14-19. Mondays belong to the **MONDAY NIGHT ORCHESTRA,** the electrified big band created by Gil Evans (who, shortly before he died, made an album of duets with Lacy). Music from ten. Dining.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—In the basement, which features a thrust stage and seats four hundred and fifty, Latin-jazz bands hold forth on Mondays after nine. **BO DIDDLEY,** a rock-and-roll Nestor who once described himself (in his 1959 "Story of Bo Diddley," which moves along in cheerful bump-and-grind fashion and is full of wild laughter) as "a mess . . . a killer-diller," will be here March 17-18, with his cigar-box guitar and the Jim Satten band. Sets at nine and eleven.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—This house of worship opened fifty-five years ago last month, in a Charles Street basement that was equipped with a twenty-five-dollar upright piano, a four-burner gas stove, and plank-and-barrel

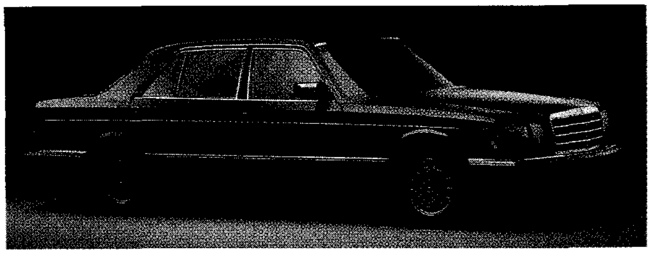
CALYX
The exhilarating fragrance.
CALYX
PRESCRIPTIVES

© 1989 Prescriptives



THE MERCEDES-BENZ S-CLASS: RARE LEATHERS, PRECIOUS WOODS, FINE VELOURS AND PRICELESS SAFETY TECHNOLOGY.

No automobile may soothe your senses quite like a Mercedes-Benz S-Class sedan. Upholstery is soft glove leather. The cabin is trimmed in hand-fitted inlays of rare wood. The carpeting underfoot is plush velour. Front and rear quarters are equally spacious. The interior noise level seldom rises above a murmur.



Having put your body at ease, the engineers focused on the more vital task of putting your mind at ease. By cradling that exalted driving environment in perhaps the automotive world's most impressive network of safety-related technology.

This is an amazingly agile and surefooted large sedan. Steering feels almost ballistically accurate. Should you have to suddenly brake hard on a slippery road, the ABS anti-lock braking system that the S-Class pioneered in America helps bring this almost two tons of moving automobile calmly to a stop. While you maintain steering control.

Occupant protection, should trouble occur, is almost an S-Class engineering fixation. The car's body itself is the first line of defense. Front and rear "crumple" zones are meant to yield and absorb crash energy before its full force can penetrate to the passenger area. An ingenious concept that Mercedes-Benz has constantly refined since inventing it in 1951. Sturdy windshield and door pillars are designed with rollover situations in mind. The fuel tank sits deep inside the body, between the rear wheels, and is fortified fore and aft by steel bulkheads. Not even the driver's foot pedals escaped the engineers' safety-minded scrutiny. They are designed to pivot *forward* and away from your feet and ankles in the event of a major frontal impact.

And the S-Class Supplemental Restraint System now incorporates both a driver's and a front passenger's air bag as standard equipment in V-8 models. In tandem with emergency tensioning retractors at both front three-point seat belts, this gives users the most comprehensive front occupant restraint of any luxury sedan. Electronically activated, computer-monitored, split-second restraint.

These are highlights in a story of safety mindedness—and resulting safety technology—that stands unique in the industry.

Test-drive one of the four Mercedes-Benz S-Class sedans for 1989. You will discover that a deep sense of luxury is more pleasurable when it is backed by a deep sense of security.

Engineered like no other car in the world

© 1989 Mercedes-Benz of N.A., Inc., Montvale, N.J.

THE STORE.
PARK & 57TH
Countess Mara®
FASHIONBERRY®

445 Park Avenue New York City 10022 212 751 5322

NIGHT LIFE—Cont'd

furniture. Poets were the opening-night entertainers—or non-entertainers, as the proprietor, a Columbia Law School dropout named Max Gordon, explained the next morning to a Village judge who wanted to know why the Vanguard was operating without an entertainment license. A year later, Mr. Gordon moved his business to another basement, and here he and it have remained ever since. March 14-19, drummer **ED THIGPEN**, a onetime Oscar Peterson sideman who has lived in Denmark since 1972, leads a group that features two members of the New Orleans youth brigade—saxophonist **BRANFORD MARSALIS** and trumpeter **TERENCE BLANCHARD**. Mondays are reserved for the **MEL LEWIS** big band. Music after ten.

EDGE OF NIGHT LIFE

If either the New School or the Learning Annex created a night course entitled "Making a Graceful Exit," registration would look like the ticket holders' line on the opening day of a new Eddie Murphy film. Cocktail parties are filled with people who have been practicing their entrances since their first descent into the sandbox, but rarely does anyone consider his exit. This is bad urban planning. The dinner party has a built-in cue for a getaway—the first lull in the conversation after the second cup of coffee. However, when the evening's revelries are open-ended, whether they're at a museum gala or some downtown gossip columnist's semi-annual birthday party in a club's V.I.P. lounge, panic can ensue if one assumes that departing is a spontaneous act. If you haven't asked a scout whether the coat-check queue resembles a Depression breadline or haven't remembered that each "must say goodbye to" adds roughly three minutes to departure time, you may never get to your next soirée. Should you be the first to exit, it had better be with a smile and a flourish, because "please don't talk about me when I'm gone" is the wishful thinking of an ingénue. If you find yourself last, make no excuses, pretend you *wanted* them all to go—mystery is bad timing's best defense. And never try to pull a fast one. There is no such thing as slipping away, not in this town. Better you should heed the lyrics of Hal David: "Go while the going is good. Knowing when to leave may be the smartest thing that anyone can learn."

IN ANOTHER CATEGORY—PERFORMANCE ART, ETC.

"SUNSPOT"—In John Jesurun's new work, six actors speak in Pinteresque cadences about television and rock and roll. (The Kitchen, 512 W. 19th St. 255-5793. March 16-19 at 8:30. Through March 26.)

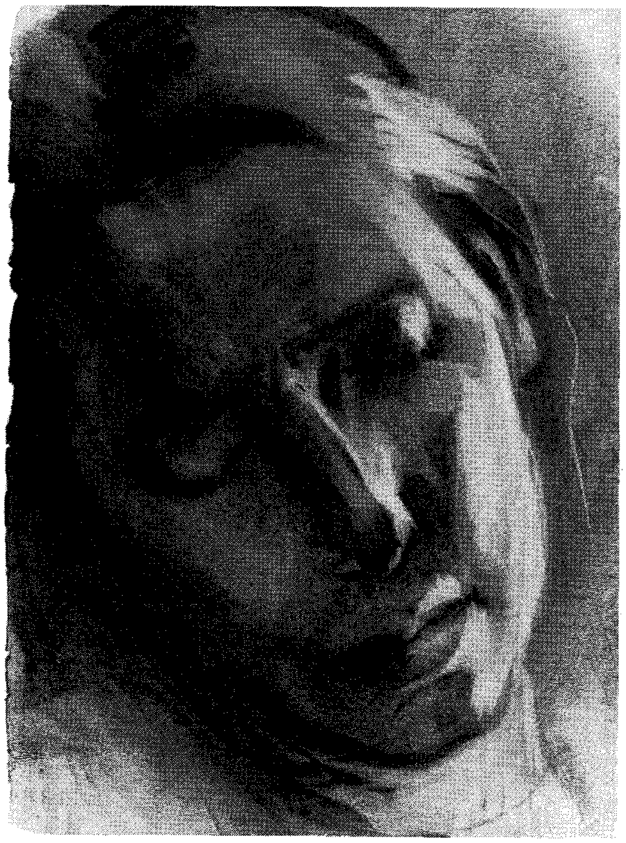
P.S. 122—March 16-19 at 9:30: Jim Turner as six mythical American figures. Randee of the Redwoods, a burned-out Californian prone to flashbacks, and Tim Callihan, Dan Quayle's personal bodyguard and golf caddie, are among them. Through March 25. . . . ¶ March 17-19 at 9: DanceNoise, two women talking and dancing to hits from the seventies. The performance includes a pas de trois with a man in a lion suit. (150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22			

ART

SOME of Donald Baechler's paintings and drawings, those with basic frustration for their theme, are like the squawks of spoiled children. The disgruntled stick-figure girl of "Santa Clara Flat," for instance, is having a problem with the insubordinate and fully realized potatoes and onions she seems to want to cultivate. Other paintings, such as "Deep North," in which a bald-pated man, seen from the rear, looks off into an inchoate version of a Caspar David Friedrich sunset, seem elegiac and a little senescent—etherized, as if composed while watching a pot boil.

Baechler's ostensible subjects may be goo-goo or gaga, but his technique is sophisticated and mature. Surfaces are characteristically monochrome—usually whitish—and intricately textured. Strips of glued-on canvas, along with other pieces of fabric, including washrags and underwear, are part of this compost. With their scumbled layers and their militantly mundane references, his paintings are as recognizable as Jasper Johns', and as dispassionate. Baechler, however, can also be a hothead. The angry little faces in his mob drawings suggest the emergence of a new-age Munch, and "Prayer Painting (Potato Painting)," a vision that is at once droll and full of an odd, prosaic faith, could almost be an homage to van Gogh.


Glier

Jenny Holzer

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A show of Sienese Renaissance paintings and manuscript illuminations. Through March 19. . . . ¶ All the Ingres works in the collection (ten paintings, twenty-two drawings, and seven prints) have been put on view together. Through March 19. . . . ¶ Photographs from William Henry Fox Talbot's "Pencil of Nature." (See Photography, below.) Through April 9. . . . ¶ "The Masterworks" of Frederic Remington. Through April 16. . . . ¶ The Costume Institute is exhibiting eighty-five outfits from the Victorian era. Through April 16. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—The Andy Warhol retrospective. Through May 2. Ronald Feldman Fine Arts, 31 Mercer St., has a complementary show, ending March 18. . . . ¶ A show of architectural design—models, drawings, and photographs of buildings—by Emilio Ambasz and Steven Holl. Through April 4. . . . ¶ Walker Evans' works. (See Photography.) Through April 11. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—"Refigured Painting: The German Image": A haphazard onslaught of Expressionism which attempts to make sense of German painting today but desperately needs editing in some areas and amplification in others. Lüpertz looks better than ever here, while Richter and Polke look trivial. Through April 23. (Open Tuesdays, 11 to 7:45, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—An eye-opening retrospective of the work of Frederick Kiesler, including a reconstruction of the Surrealist room in Peggy Guggenheim's Art of This Century gallery. Through April 16. . . . ¶ A show of American folk art from the center in Williamsburg, Virginia, that is named for Abby Aldrich Rockefeller. The landmark collection, started in the twenties, identified and brought to public attention such painters (all represented here) as Ammi Phillips, Erastus Salisbury Field, and John Brewster, Jr. Through April 2. . . . ¶ A selection of sculptures from the sixties by Yoko Ono. Concurrently, films and videos by Ono are on view on the second floor. (See Film Libraries, below, for schedule.) Through April 16. (Open Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Sculptures and drawings by four outstanding American post-minimalists: Joel Fisher, Mel Kendrick, Robert Lobe, and John Newman. What they have in common is a feeling for inchoate form—shapes that look like evolutionary glitches and suggest old-fashioned views of the future. Through May 15. (Open daily, except Tuesdays, 10 to 5.)

AMERICAN ACADEMY AND INSTITUTE OF ARTS AND LETTERS, Broadway at 155th St.—A hundred paintings and sculptures by twenty-nine artists who have been nominated for Academy-Institute art awards. Among the candidates are Lisa Lawley, Rackstraw Downes, and Stephen De Staebler. Through March 25. (Open daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

ASIA SOCIETY, Park Ave. at 70th St.—Highlights of the Zurich banker Pierre Uldry's collection of Chinese cloisonné. Through May 14. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 5.)

BRONX MUSEUM OF THE ARTS, 1040 Grand Concourse—"Traditions and Transformations: Contemporary Afro-American Sculpture" attempts to demonstrate the vitality of black artists working within the mainstream. Veteran sculptor

ART—Cont'd

Martin Puryear is not shown to best advantage, but Maren Hassinger is well represented by an alley of wavy, partially unravelled cables; Alison Saar by folk-art-inspired pieces with spooky ritualistic touches; and Melvin Edwards by "lynch fragments": what look like tired welded-metal sculptures are in fact chilling assemblages of locks, spikes, and chains. Through May 27. (Open weekdays, except Fridays, 10 to 4:30; Sundays, 11 to 4:30.)

Grolier Club, 47 E. 60th St.—Intaglio prints by American landscape painters who learned how to etch plates and print them at the New York Etching Club in the eighteen-eighties. Among the artists who found a love for the medium were William Merritt Chase, Frank Duveneck, and Mary Nimmo Moran. Through April 1. (Open daily, except Sundays, 10 to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—An exhibit examining the ways in which artists have found inspiration in the golem legend. Through April 2. (Open Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, noon to 5; Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A show of sixteenth- and seventeenth-century drawings from Haarlem's Teyler Museum focusses attention on the contrasting purposes of Northern and Southern European draftsmanship. Through April 30. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museo del Barrio, 1230 Fifth Ave., at 104th St.—It is hard to believe that "¡Mira! The Canadian Club Hispanic Art Tour III" represents the best Latin-American art being made in the United States today. Lacklustre paintings of what look like airbrushed realism, maudlin Expressionism, and academic abstraction make this seem like a college art show. There is, however, good work by Enrique Castro-Cid, Jorge Tacla, Alfredo Ceibal, and especially Liliana Porter, whose combination of real and painted objects on a large white triptych is both fragile and strong. The museum also has a delightful collection of carved Puerto Rican *santos.* Through May 14. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

The New Museum, 583 Broadway—Robert Colescott is one of the few black artists to take on the mainstream (white) art world successfully. His parodies of art history, in which he reinterprets landmark paintings by substituting black figures for white ones, are acerbic and entertaining attacks on racism and sexism. This is a powerful show. Through April 16. (Open Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, noon to 6; Fridays and Saturdays, noon to 8.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—The role of the newly free press in the French Revolution is explored in an exhibit of pamphlets, books, broadsides, playing cards, and an eighteenth-century printing press, along with a working press of similar design manned (from 2 to 3 Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays) by printers turning out bilingual copies of "The Declaration of the Rights of Man." Through April 29. (Gottesman Exhibition Hall. Open daily, except Sundays, 10 to 6.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St.—"Art as a Verb: The Evolving Continuum," a show held jointly by the Studio Museum and the Met Life Gallery (24 W. 24th St.) of pieces by thirteen contemporary African-American artists mainly interested in video, performance, and installation. Among the artists are Faith Ringgold, Adrian Piper, and Howardena Pindell. Through June 18. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

Fritz Bultman (1919-85)—Like many of his peers in the fifties, Bultman delighted in applying paint, mushing it around, and scratching into it. These paintings are exuberant, but don't add significantly to the history of abstraction. Through March 31. (Schlesinger, 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Sonia Delaunay (1885-1979)—Delaunay rarely strayed from her narrow vocabulary of colorful swirling arcs and circles within circles—and the world is richer for it. From large canvases to small commercial designs, this selection displays her talent successfully, if somewhat haphazardly. The small watercolors, including designs for costumes and advertisements, are gems. Through April 15. (Mathes, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

Jean Hélion (1904-87)—A full sampling of watercolors from the thirties which traces the unsung Hélion's transition from Constructivism to Surrealism. Through April 1. (Rachel Adler, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Jasper Johns—An immaculate historical view of all but one of Johns' elusive map paintings. Through March 25. (Gagosian, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Joan Miró (1893-1983)—A pleasant, informal assortment of drawings, paintings, sculptures, and ceramics by this master of austere whimsy. Through March 25. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Ignacio Zuloaga (1870-1945)—John Singer Sargent admired this Spanish artist, and this show includes a number of charming portraits of proper Bostonians dressed up as *majas* out of Goya. Zuloaga was everything Picasso did not want to be. Through April 28. (Spanish Institute, 684 Park Ave., at 68th St. Open Mondays.)

"Mayakovsky and the Book"—This display of books by the great Russian Futurist poet Mayakovsky includes some of the century's most brilliant experiments with typography—designed in the teens and twenties by Rodchenko, Lissitzky, Stepanova, and many others—as well as pamphlets for the proletariat. Through March 25. (MJS Books & Graphics, 9 E. 82nd St. Opens at noon.)

Group Shows—At the **americas society,** Park Ave. at 68th St.: "New Image Painting: Argentina in the Eighties" offers works by Rafael Bueno, Alfredo Prior, and Guillermo Kuitca. All three have a rather insipid, brushy and breathy touch, but Kuitca's more lurid cast of mind inhibits sleep. Through April 16. (Opens daily, except Mondays, at noon.) . . . **hirschl & adler modern,** 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.: Titled "Repetition," this show sometimes looks as if anybody who ever did anything twice, in any medium, is included. However, it does include some first-rate sixties pieces by Beuys, Polke, and Warhol, and good recent work by artists as disparate as Donald Baechler, Joe Zucker, and the devilish Wolfgang Staehle. Through March 25. (Open Mondays.) . . . **sculpture center,** 167 E. 69th St.: A show of sculptures by six artists, all women, which is causing a small sensation. Nancy Fried's terra-cotta heads are literal but memorable, and both Deborah Masters and Alison Saar give traditional statuary interesting and flamboyant new twists. But work by Arlene Love, Louise McCagg, and Mary Ann Unger makes oppressive demands of us, and the general climate here is psychodramatically overwrought. Through March 25.

Short List—**herbert ferber,** Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St. (through March 23); **robert ohnigian,** Cordier & Ekstrom, 417 E. 75th St. (through April 8); **marina stern,** Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. (through April 1); **idelle weber,** Anthony Ralph, 43 E. 78th St. (through April 1); **donald roller wilson,** Coe Kerr, 49 E. 82nd St., open Mondays (through April 1).

GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

John Chamberlain—There's an odd vulnerability to these bristling, monumental sculptures—his newest. Through March 25. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Chuck Dugan / Peter Saul—Abstractions bombarded with painterly shapes and with squiggles direct from the tube, in lime green, orange, and fuchsia. The result is a nuclear-age Kandinsky, with a dash of Dubuffet. Through March 31. / Cartoon heroes like Kenny Scharf's, surrealistic creatures like George Condo's, and a fast-footed orange that would be at home in Pee-wee's refrigerator—all these youthful inventions are in drawings made more than two decades ago by Peter Saul, a master of funky figuration. Through April 29. (Frumkin-Adams, 50 W. 57th St.)

Jedd Garet—Recent work in an abstract vein. These paintings want to convey an artfully lame, stagy, chic kind of world-weariness, and they do, but a lack of energy is nonetheless a big part of their problem. Through March 25. (Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St.)

Al Held / Terence La Noue—Using a variety of perspective systems, Held blasts the picture plane wide open in paintings depicting a complicated architecture of floating and overlapping tunnels, cubes, and latticed girders. His newest are in dark blues, reds, and greens, highlighted with distant passages of light that lend them an air of science fiction. Through March 25. / Large monotypes with collage. Through March 18. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Wolf Kahn—New work. Some of these landscapes are quite strange and beautiful, others are conventional and pretty. One gets the sense that Kahn gets a kick out of fence-sitting. Through April 1. (Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Antoni Tàpies—Recent work by the most accomplished of Spain's postwar artists. Using a characteristic palette of browns, grays, and blacks, Tàpies gouges archetypal images directly into thick paint cracked like old asphalt or into smooth surfaces coated with marble dust. Through March 18. (Galerie Lelong, 20 W. 57th St.)

Abraham Walkowitz (1878-1965)—After visiting Paris in 1906, Walkowitz developed his own Cubo-Futurist style to express his evident delight in the skyscraper grandeur of

---

HAT CHECK

It's always Easter at The Dress, a pint-size emporium on the Lower East Side, where the bonnets sprout year-round. To make sure that you're in the rotogravure, you may be tempted to try The Dress itself on for size: with its ceiling of tufted violet cotton, its awnings of scallops and tassels, the shop looks as much a feat of millinery as of décor. This is one place in town where putting the lampshade on your head isn't something you'll regret the next morning. The decoration is by Joey Horatio, a young artist who got his start a few years back creating cabaret décor at the Pyramid Club. Horatio's striking green-and-white painted walls, described by him as Egyptian-inspired, look more like vintage Bridget Riley as described by an insomniac teen-ager over a Princess phone with a bad connection.

New York. The drawings and watercolors in this enchanting exhibition have a dynamic and symphonic quality. Through March 25. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

"Body Fragments"—Another theme exhibition that gathers together works by some interesting artists yet fails to set them off or to identify a significant issue. The figurative sculptures on display here—a headless torso, a high-heeled foot, and a shrivelled skull, to name a few—are downright creepy. Through March 25. (Shea & Beker, 20 W. 57th St.)

Short List—**isabel bishop,** Midtown, 11 E. 57th St. (through March 31); **david dewey,** Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th St. (through March 30); **john duff,** Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St. (through April 1); **sidney goodman,** Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St. (through March 30); **matta,** Herstand, 24 W. 57th St., open Mondays (through March 25); **darragh park,** De Nagy, 41 W. 57th St. (through March 25); **carolyn plochmann,** Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St. (through March 25); **thomas schütte,** Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St., open Mondays (through April 8); **kimber smith,** Ross, 50 W. 57th St. (through April 8); **neil welliver,** Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St., open Mondays (through April 1).

GALLERIES—SoHo

Donald Baechler—Two shows. Paintings at Shafrazi, 163 Mercer St. (through March 25), and drawings at Kasmin, 580 Broadway (through March 23).

James Lee Byars—Once again, the lights have been dimmed and the walls painted gold for the wacky, beatified Byars, who, wearing a gold lamé suit and a top hat, usually steals the show at his openings. On view this time are a squat cube and a tall cylinder, both of gold-leafed marble. This work is supposed to conjure some kind of divine revelation. Through March 25. (Boone, 417 West Broadway.)

Colin Chase—There is both humor and poetry to these handwrought sculptures (the artist calls them "spirit catchers") of raw wood combined with actual tree limbs and found materials. Through April 1. (Kelly, 591 Broadway.)

Richard DeVore—This ceramist's thin-walled vessels, with their beautiful surfaces and delicate edges, could add up to something wonderful, if they tried less to be art. Through March 18. (Protetch, 560 Broadway.)

Ferenc Jadi / Betsy Berne—Ferenc Jadi is a Hungarian social psychologist who now lives in Berlin, and the figure drawings he exhibits here are superimposed on pages of serious-looking handwriting. / Dark, shiny, semi-abstract mood paintings that seem generic—part of a tidal wave of virtually interchangeable work, probably inspired by Ross Bleckner. Through March 25. (Esman, 70 Greene St.)

Richard Kalina—New paintings. These black-and-white still-lifes are uptight but stylish, and look a little as if Oskar Schlemmer had decided to reorganize the work of Matisse. Through April 1. (McDonald, 560 Broadway.)

Adrian Kellard—Profoundly sad carved-and-painted reliefs based on religious and secular images by medieval artisans and by Picasso. They look like German Expressionist woodblocks. Through March 29. (Schreiber-Cutler, 171 Spring St.)

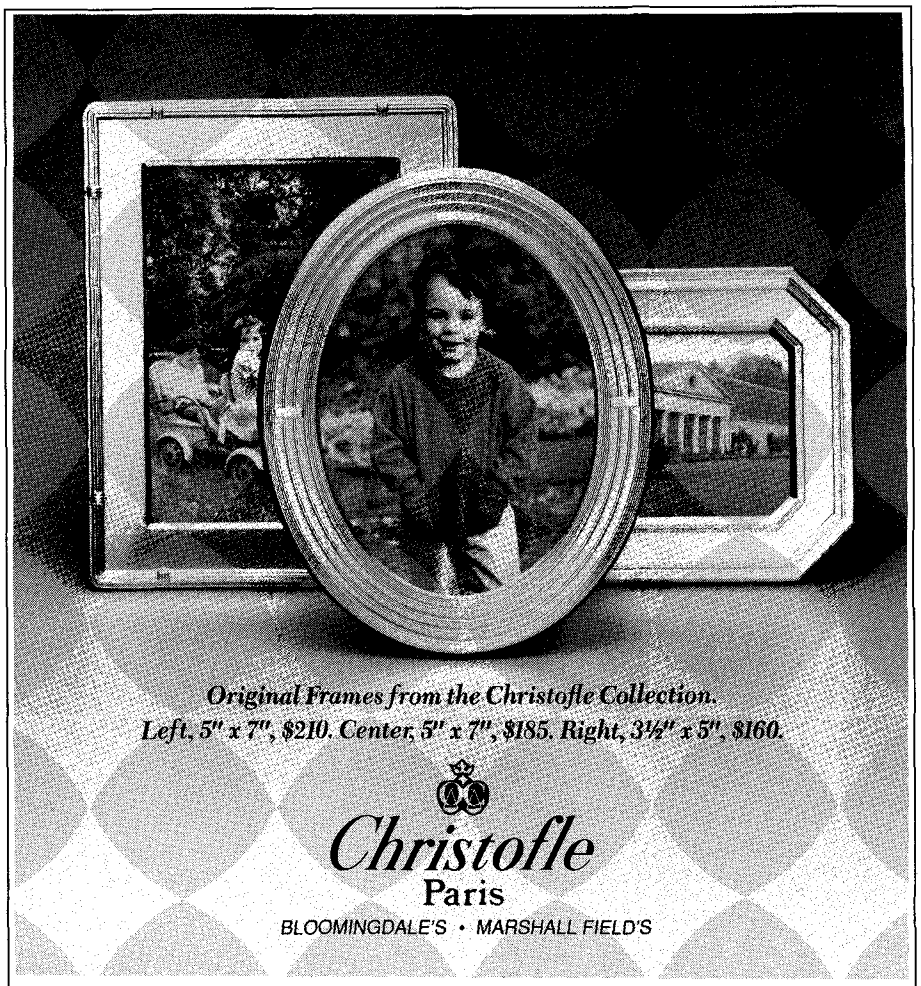
Marie Jo Lafontaine—On each of several video monitors embedded in a hulking black spiral, two men circle each other, like suspicious dogs. This Belgian artist's work is accessible, noisy, effective, and crass. Through April 1. (Shainman, 560 Broadway.)

Mon Levinson—Recent paintings, mostly juxtaposed stripes and angles, in muted colors. This is O.K. academic work. Through March 18. (Zarre, 379 West Broadway.)

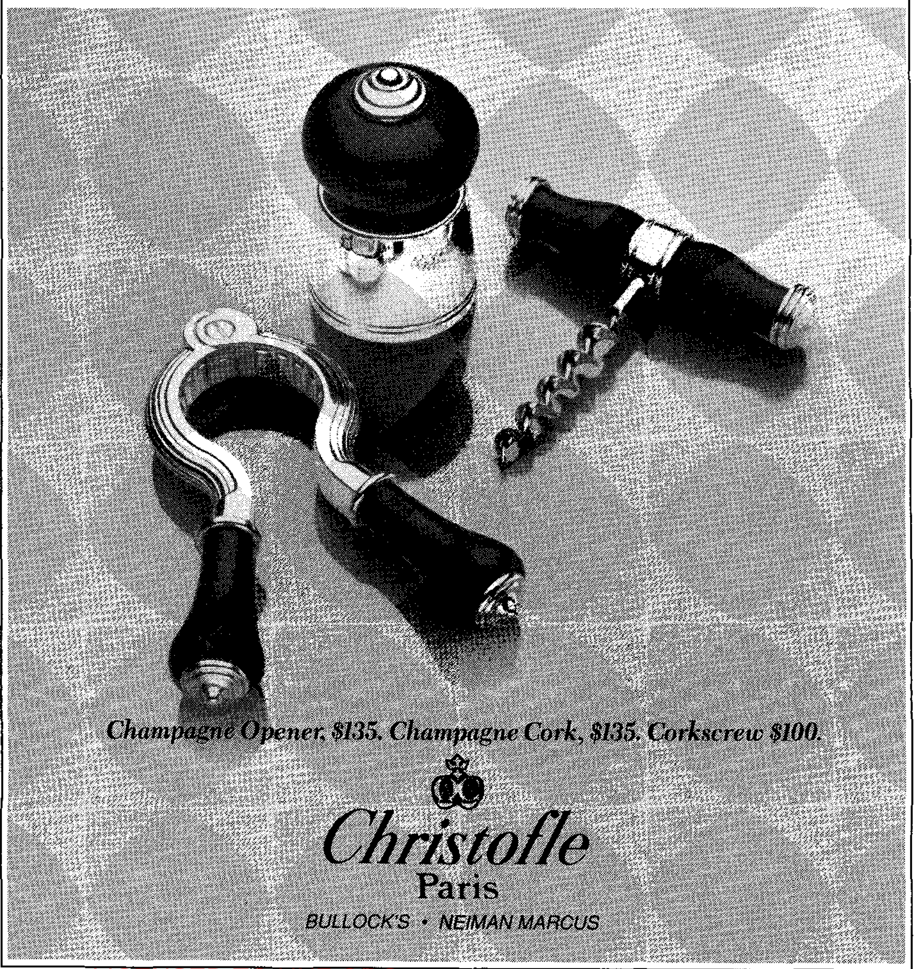
H. James Merrell—Merrell rakes the viscous stuff sideways in layers across his two-plane canvases, producing lush colors—mostly red, orange, purple, and brown—along with the sense that he is after the Greenbergian grail. Through March 18. (Penine Hart, 568 Broadway.)

Roman Opalka—Paintings and photographs in his usual vein. Opalka is now up to 4,293,153, his grounds are pale gray, and he looks older. Through March 25. (Weber, 142 Greene St.)

Steven Parrino—Paintings about painting, each in a different color of the rainbow. Some have an ellipse, a rectangle, or circles cut out of


Original Frames from the Christofle Collection.
Left, 5" x 7", $210. Center, 5" x 7", $185. Right, 3½" x 5", $160.

Christofle
Paris
BLOOMINGDALE'S • MARSHALL FIELD'S


Champagne Opener, $135. Champagne Cork, $135. Corkscrew $100.

Christofle
Paris
BULLOCK'S • NEIMAN MARCUS

them; others are literally slipping off their stretchers. Through March 18. (Metro Pictures, 150 Greene St.)

Jeff Starr—Weird realistic paintings of a laborer inspecting a dollar bill and of a fat boy mesmerized by two warring toy soldiers. Through March 17. (Leonard Warehouse, 419 Broome St. Opens at 1.)

Cy Twombly—Twelve paintings, one drawing, and two painted wood sculptures, all from 1951 and 1953. Through March 18. (Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St.)

Emilio Vedova—Paintings from 1982 to 1988. Most are very large and tondo-shaped. Several are freestanding and painted on both sides, in the artist's usual expressionistic grisaille. Through April 1. (Ala, 560 Broadway.)

Andy Warhol (1930-87)—An interesting, admittedly botched installation by Warhol from the seventies, involving plastic daisies and an awkward water-dripping apparatus, which never produced the desired optical effect. Also, miscellaneous sculptural objects. . . . ¶ Christopher Makos's photographs of Warhol. (See Photography.) Through March 18. (Feldman, 31 Mercer St. For even more Warhol, a retrospective can currently be seen at the Museum of Modern Art.)

Franz West—The first New York show by this interesting Austrian artist includes paradoxical papier-mâché and steel sculptures, some suggesting derelict chairs, which have a chewed-up and regurgitated look and seem both awkward and nimble, formless and functional. Through March 25. (Koury Wingate, 578 Broadway.)

Helen Miranda Wilson—Sensitive, precise, sky-filled landscapes. Through April 1. (Sorkin, 596 Broadway.)

Short List—**vito acconci,** Gladstone, 99 Greene St., and Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway (through March 25); **chuck connelly,** Lennon, Weinberg, 580 Broadway (through April 22); **edward finnegan / robert ackerman,** Thorp, 103 Prince St. (through April 1); **joseph haske,** Davis, 568 Broadway (through April 1); **roni horn,** Gorney, 100 Greene St. (through April 1); **joseph raffael,** Hoffman, 429 West Broadway (through March 22); **arnulf rainer,** Nolan, 560 Broadway (through April 8); **david row,** Good, 532 Broadway (through April 8); **mary joan waid,** Einstein, 591 Broadway (through April 8); **michael zwack,** Marcus, 578 Broadway (through April 1).

OTHER GALLERIES

Jenny Holzer—This new, intensely melodramatic installation on the theme of sex and death includes electronic message boards set up on columns and, in an adjoining room, inscribed stone slabs identical to sarcophagi. As decadent as Beardsley and as tortured as Poe, this has to be the most brilliant incarnation of contemporary fin-de-siècle aestheticism yet to appear. Through June 18. (Dia Art Foundation, 548 W. 22nd St. Opens at noon Thursdays through Sundays.)

Marian LeConte—Abstract oil paintings with biomorphic shapes which show off a rather heavy-handed and familiar-looking palette-knife technique. Through March 25. (Ceres, 91 Franklin St. Opens at noon.)

Richard Mock—Pieced together from bicycle wheels, sideview mirrors, birdcages, bones, office chairs, and more, these highly ordered assemblages court the spirit of the obsessive but do not win her. Through April 1. (Souyun Yi, 249 Centre St.)

Therese Schwartz—Collage paintings. Through April 16. (Humphrey, 37 E. 7th St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Michael Webb—Elliptical thinking dominates the unbuildable architecture of this founding member of the sixties British collective Archigram. Webb's work is difficult to grasp and the drawings do little to help. He attempts to give form to history, light, and the act of visual perception—rich and baffling. Through March 18. (Storefront for Art & Architecture, 97 Kenmare St., at Lafayette St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Saturdays.)

"The Avant-Garde Book"—Symbolism, Expressionism, Cubism, Futurism, Dada, Constructivism, and Surrealism on the page, plus three early editions of "Tristram Shandy" and a facsimile of Blake's "Book of Urizen." A must for those who believe, in the words of Stéphane Mallarmé, that "the folding of a book/has/an almost religious/significance." Through May 6. (Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22			

Artists Space—A welcome experimental mood characterizes the installations of "Dark Rooms," including a bed, by Jana Sterbak, piled with pillows with words like "Greed" and "Disease" embroidered on them, and a metal contraption, by Stephen Barry, that spins the adventuresome viewer around, as on a carnival ride. A video wall of scenes from the life of Judas, by Luis Nicolau, is hysterically deadpan. Entrants to the show must get past Julia Scher's contribution: a security guard. The day we were there, she was a large woman wearing a pink jumpsuit and a security guard's hat, surrounded by surveillance monitors and reading an issue of *Big Beautiful Woman.* But the fashion magazine for women of bulk simply masked her real reading material: a biography of Roman Polanski. . . . ¶ "Winter Flush: A Temporary Garden": The fetid air may persuade you that some foul new life form is being bred in Laurie Palmer's sculptural greenhouse environment. There's no Eraserhead here, however—just *Pleurotus ostreatus,* a species of wild mushroom. Through April 1. (223 West Broadway.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

EVEN those who boast that New York City has everything would stop short of recommending it for a holiday by the sea. Yet two photography exhibitions, both by the team of Charles Traub and Jerry Gordon (at the Urban Center, 457 Madison Avenue, and at the Arsenal in Central Park), show people in each of the five boroughs enjoying such a variety of waterfront activities that you begin to imagine a future in which travel agents in the know will advise clients to hop a plane to, say, Spuyten Duyvil, in the Bronx, which, in a scene by Traub and Gordon, looks like Scotland when the fish are jumping, or to Plumb Beach, in Brooklyn, where the photographers found windsurfers as at home on the waves as the pros in Sardinia. Traub and Gordon are careful to include signs of the city: there's lots of skyline, and the Statue of Liberty appears. Some of the images are not as pretty as a postcard: pollution, dumping, and neglect are plenty evident. The bitterest picture is a view under the Manhattan Bridge at Rutgers Slip, where it is difficult to distinguish the piles of cardboard cartons from the people living in them.

The point of this project was not just to capture life along "the city's edge," to quote the title of the Urban Center show. Although Traub and Gordon conceived their idea independent of any organization, they hooked up with the city's Department of Parks and Recreation, which is investigating ways to make better use of more than a hundred miles of waterfront. With these pictures, Traub and Gordon present a vision of the city in which a dip in the water is not the forerunner to a typhoid shot. Their metropolis by the sea looks a bit like Venice, a bit like Scotland, a bit like Nantucket, a bit like Nice, and a bit like Coney Island—in other words, a lot like New York.

Walker Evans (1903-75)—Looking at Evans' work is always a pleasure. However, this exhibition feels like an extra pleasure—a homecoming. It includes most of the images in "American Photographs," the 1938 MOMA Evans publication. Through April 11. (Museum of Modern Art.)

Scott Heiser—Perhaps because photography itself is mechanical reproduction, photographers seem especially drawn to the idea of repetition. Heiser comes up with a number of engaging images of groups of people doing the same thing at the same time (as well as some images that have been done better by others) in his continuing exploration of ritual. Through March 21. (Allen, 560 Broadway.)

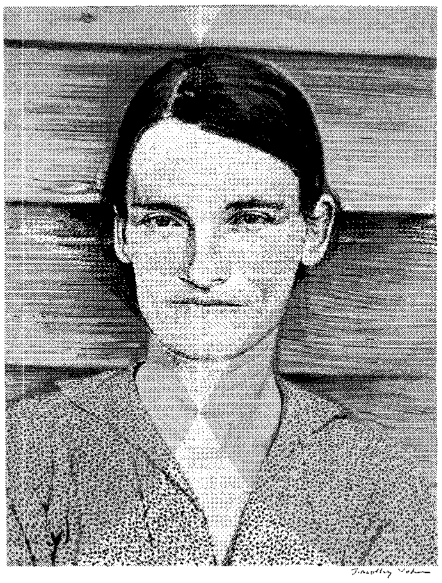
Susan Hiller—Recent work. Hiller's best new pieces are large color photographs of light patterns projected onto old-fashioned wallpapers with war motifs (boy's-room stuff). They are surprisingly lyrical, and they reminded us of childhood, sleep, Sigmar Polke, and war. Through March 25. (Hearn, 39 Wooster St.)

Christopher Makos—A terrific paparazzo and more. Makos's portraits of Andy Warhol add up to a complex and loving record of the man, who was less sphinx-like than usual for his friend's camera. Through March 18. (Feldman, 31 Mercer St.)

David McDermott and Peter McGough—After signing many of the paintings they made in the nineteen-eighties with dates in the nineteenth century, this inventive team now brings us its "blue period," a sensational show of all-blue photographs that look as if they were taken in the early days of photography. Although this is the first show of photographs by McDermott and McGough, their understanding of the medium is so fluent that you wouldn't guess it. Through March 25. (Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St.)

William Henry Fox Talbot (1800-77)—Full of the excitement of a new invention, this exhibition of Talbot's "Pencil of Nature"—the first book ever to include photographs—is the place to go to celebrate the beginning of photography. Talbot's sense of the medium's impact on art, and more generally on how the camera affects the way we see the world, turns out to have been on the button. Through April 9. (Metropolitan Museum.)

Short List—**robert adams,** Burden, 20 E. 23rd St., opens at noon (through March 18); **manuel alvarez bravo,** Witkin, 415 West Broadway, opens at noon on Saturdays (through April 1); **bill barrette,** Fiction-Nonfiction, 21 Mercer St. (through April 1); **dianne blell,** Castelli, 578 Broadway (through March 25); **lee friedlander,** Laurence Miller, 138 Spring St. (through April 8); **robert heinecken,** Pace-MacGill, 11 E. 57th St. (through April 22), **ray mortenson,** Broden, 560 Broadway (through March 25); **rosamond wolff purcell,** Pfeifer, 568 Broadway (through April 13).



After Sherrie Levine's "After Walker Evans"

Photographer: Minh Nguyen

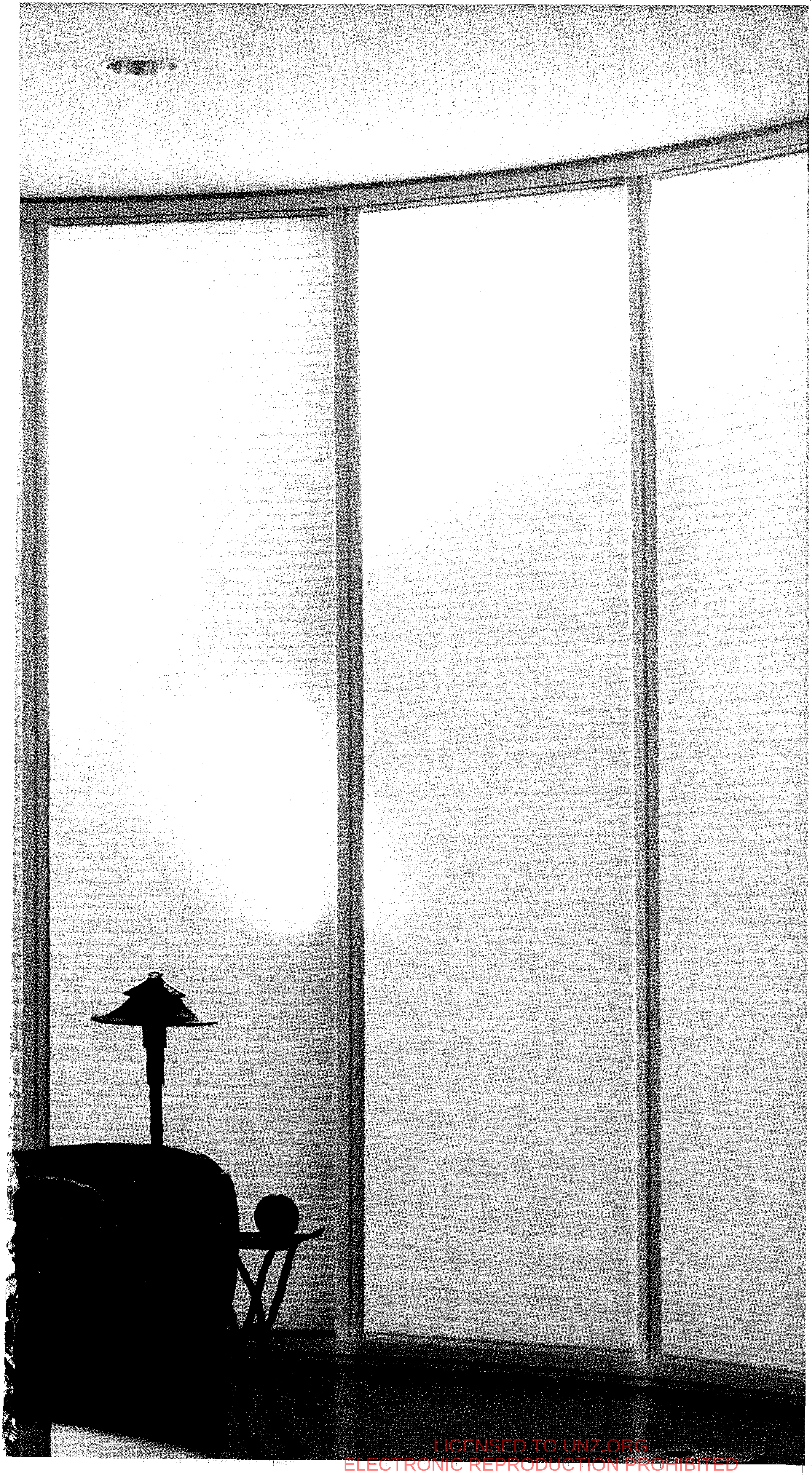
DOONEY & BOURKE
The All-Weather Leather® Collection

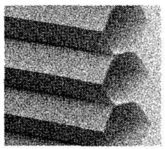
Dooney & Bourke transforms time-honored classics into originals with their richly textured, naturally water-repellent All-Weather Leather.®

Pictured, clockwise from top, are: The Small Drawstring–$175, the Large Drawstring–$260, the Medium Drawstring–$220, and the Sherpa Pack–$360. The bags come in sixteen shades of All-Weather Leather and are available at fine stores nationwide. Catalog available upon request.

Dooney & Bourke, Inc. • P.O. Box 841, 1 Regent St., S. Norwalk, CT 06856 • (800) 243-5598

Lake Michigan from Lake Shore Drive.





If you're going to cover a beautiful view, shouldn't you cover it with something beautiful?

Duette® Window Fashions.

Our unique double-pleat design lets you cover windows of virtually any shape or size. Without seams, holes or visible cords.

And our exclusive translucent fabrics diffuse the sun's glare, bathing your entire room in a soft, gentle glow.

No other shades create a more spectacular sight.

Call for a free brochure, fabric sample and the name of your nearest dealer, at 1-800-32-STYLE.

© 1989 Hunter Douglas Inc. Patented in the U.S. and foreign countries.

We cover the world's most beautiful views.

DUETTE®

by HunterDouglas

Cynthia Gregory dances in Don Quixote *at Lincoln Center.*

Cynthia Gregory and Rolex: beautifully paired.

Prima ballerina assoluta is a title once conferred only by czars. Today it's bestowed by the universal will of the dance world. Cynthia Gregory, luminous star of American ballet, is one of the few ever to wear that crown.

America's premier classical dancer challenges even the most gifted choreographers with her range. Connoisseurs acclaim her technical prowess. The world's great companies court her for the depth and spirituality of her dancing.

Cynthia Gregory's talent shines in *Swan Lake, Giselle,* and *The Sleeping Beauty,* ballets in which her performance is recognized as definitive by international dance critics.

Off stage she is just as compelling. Committed to humanitarian causes, Cynthia has founded and toured with her own dance company to raise funds for charity. And, recognizing that ballet builds fitness, she has written a book on the principles of exercise and dance.

In all the arts, there is no more physically demanding discipline than dance. Its pure elegance and endurance are as well met in Cynthia Gregory as they are in her chosen timepiece. Rolex.

ROLEX

Tridor, Oyster, Perpetual, Lady Datejust, and Jubilee are trademarks.

Tridor Oyster Perpetual Lady Datejust in 18kt gold with slate Jubilee diamond dial.

Write for brochure. Rolex Watch U.S.A., Inc., Dept. 628, Rolex Building, 665 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. © *1988 Rolex Watch U.S.A., Inc.*

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MUSIC

WHEN Erich Leinsdorf was a student in Vienna half a century ago, he recalls in one of his books, his professors made him play a triple transposition from the full score of Bruckner's Seventh Symphony as a test, but whether he knew anything about French music was a matter of total non-interest to them. Mr. Leinsdorf, as orchestra players know, could probably play a quintuple transposition at sight and correct some wrong notes at the same time. He has also gone on being interested in French music, and he programs more of it, in more interesting combinations, than any other Germanic conductor who comes to mind. In this week's New York Philharmonic program he leads Debussy (the cantata based on Rossetti's "Blessed Damozel" and the Three Nocturnes) and Berlioz ("La Mort de Cléopâtre").

"La Mort de Cléopâtre" is an ambitious solo scene touched with wildness and frenzy. Berlioz wrote it in one of his failed attempts at the Prix de Rome. (He finally won the prize on his fourth try, by suppressing his personal style.) Mr. Leinsdorf has as his soloist Maria Ewing, whose Carmen at the Metropolitan Opera a few seasons back had its own wildness, and divided critical opinion startlingly. The singer has severed her ties with the Met in a well-publicized dispute; this is the chance for the admiring or the curious to make her reacquaintance.

OPERA

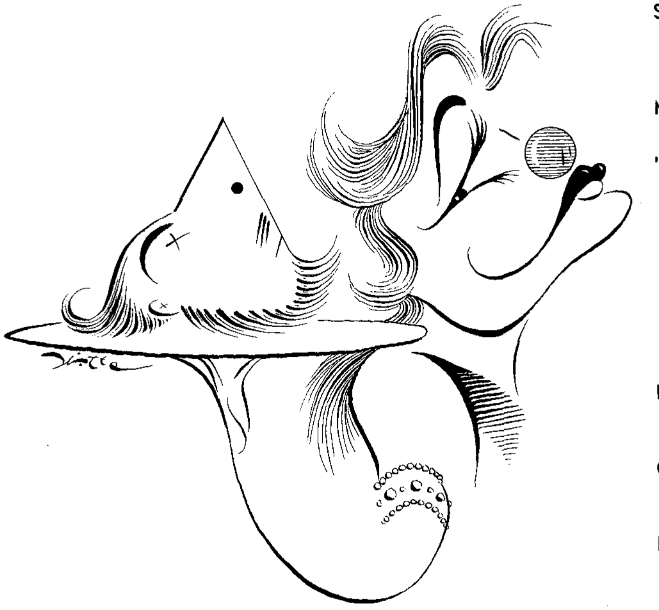
Metropolitan Opera—**EUGENE ONEGIN,** with Makvala Kasrashvili, Jerry Hadley, Jorma Hynninen, and Nicolai Ghiaurov; conducted by Andrew Litton. (March 13 at 8.) . . . With Mirella Freni, Jerry Hadley, Jorma Hynninen, and Nicolai Ghiaurov; Andrew Litton. (March 18 at 8.) . . . With Mirella Freni, Jerry Hadley, Jorma Hynninen, and Hans Sotin; Andrew Litton. (March 21 at 8.) . . . **WERTHER,** with Dawn Upshaw, Martine Dupuy, Neil Shicoff, and Bernd Weikl; Jean Fournet. (March 14 at 8, and March 18 at 1:30.) . . . **LA BOHÈME,** with Fiamma Izzo D'Amico, Myra Merritt, Placido Domingo, and Paolo Coni; Nello Santi. (March 15 at 8. Final performance this season.) . . . **RIGOLETTO,** with Hei-Kyung Hong, Leo Nucci, and Taro Ichihara; Nello Santi. (March 16 and March 20 at 8.) . . . **SALOME,** with Eva Marton, Mignon Dunn, Graham Clark, and Mark Baker; Marek Janowski. (March 17 and, final performance this season, March 22 at 8.) (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000.)

John Brownlee Opera Theatre—Louis Salemno conducting Poulenc's "Dialogues of the Carmelites," in English. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, Broadway at 122nd St. March 15 and March 17 at 8, and March 19 at 2:30. Tickets at the door.)

Amato Opera Company—"The Marriage of Figaro." (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. 228-8200. March 17-18 at 7:30, and March 19 at 2:30.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

(The box-office number for Alice Tully Hall is 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7800; for Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719; for the Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 570-3949; and for the 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 415-5440. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)



Eva Marton as "Salome"

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Erich Leinsdorf conducting. March 14 at 7:30: With Cristina Ortiz, piano. . . . ¶ March 16-18 and March 21 at 8: With Maria Ewing, soprano; Lucille Beer, mezzo-soprano; and the New York Choral Artists in a Brahms-Debussy-Berlioz program.

American Symphony Orchestra—John Nelson conducting a performance of Verdi's Requiem, with Leona Mitchell, soprano; Dolora Zajick, mezzo-soprano; Tonio Di Paolo, tenor; Jose Garcia, bass; and the Pro Arte Chorale. (Carnegie Hall. March 19 at 3.)

Waseda Symphony Orchestra—Kazufumi Yamashita conducting the orchestra's first appearance here. With John Browning, piano. (Carnegie Hall. March 19 at 8.)

Orpheus Chamber Orchestra—With Alfred Brendel, piano, in an all-Mozart program. (Carnegie Hall. March 13 and March 18 at 8.)

Hunter Symphony—Clayton Westermann conducting Brahms' Double Concerto, with Jaime Laredo, violin, and Sharon Robinson, cello. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 772-4448. March 18 at 8.)

Riverside Symphony—George Rothman conducting, with Fred Sherry, cello. (Miller Theatre, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. March 19 at 4. No tickets necessary.)

Manhattan Philharmonic—Peter Tiboris conducting. (Carnegie Hall. March 21 at 8.)

Amor Artis Chorale—Johannes Somary directing Bach's B-Minor Mass, with Ann Monoyios, soprano; Judith Malafronte, alto; Grayson Hirst, tenor; Andrew Schultze, bass; and the Amor Artis Orchestra. (Alice Tully Hall. March 20 at 8.)

RECITALS

Juilliard String Quartet—Playing Bach's "Art of the Fugue." (92nd Street Y. March 14-15 at 8.) . . . ¶ Playing Beethoven, Hindemith, and Verdi. (Juilliard Theatre, 155 W. 65th St. March 22 at 8. For information about tickets, call 874-7515.)

New Music Consort—Performing works by Elliott Carter, Aaron Kernis, and Milton Babbitt. With Rolf Schulte, violin; Martin Goldray, piano; and others. (Weill Recital Hall, at Carnegie Hall. March 15 at 8.)

New York New Music Ensemble—Robert Black conducting. (Merkin Concert Hall. March 15 at 8.)

Guarneri Quartet—With Vladimir Feltsman, piano, in a Beethoven-Schubert-Schnitke program. (Alice Tully Hall. March 15 at 8.)

"Art of the Early Keyboard"—Presenting a program that features Haydn's "Grosse Orgelmesse." With the Artek Ensemble, an early-music group directed by Gwendolyn Toth; Pomerium Musices; and vocal soloists. (Merkin Concert Hall. March 16 at 8.)

Horacio Gutiérrez—Piano, performing, among other works, Satie's "Sports et Divertissements," with Mariette Hartley, narrator. (Metropolitan Museum. March 16 at 8.)

Sylvan Winds—In a program of twentieth-century works. (Weill Recital Hall. March 16 at 8.)

Marc Laforet—Piano. (92nd Street Y. March 16 at 8.)

"Music for Bowed Piano"—Ten performers from Colorado will play two compositions by Stephen Scott, in which the strings of a concert grand piano are bowed with nylon fishing line and with a short wooden stick. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. March 16 at 8.)

Erie Mills—In her recital début here. (Weill Recital Hall. March 17 at 8.)

Gidon Kremer—Violin, with a chamber ensemble. (Metropolitan Museum. March 17 at 8.)

Buswell-Parnas-Luvisi Trio—Violin, cello, and piano, in an all-Beethoven program. Presented by the Beethoven Society. (Alice Tully Hall. March 18 at 3.)

Michiko Akao and Nachiko Maekane—Yokobue and percussion, in Japanese and American compositions. (Asia Society, Park Ave. at 70th St. 517-2742. March 18 at 5.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—In a Brahms-Perle-Dvořák program. (Paula Cooper Gallery, 155 Wooster St. March 18 at 6. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert. . . . ¶ Alice Tully Hall. March 19 at 5 and March 21 at 7:30.)

John O'Conor—Playing Beethoven piano sonatas 5 through 8. (Metropolitan Museum. March 18 at 8.)

Malcolm Bilson—Fortepiano, in works by Haydn, Beethoven, and Mozart. (92nd Street Y. March 18 at 8.)

Stephanie Brown—Piano. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. 741-5689. March 19 at 2.)

Waverly Consort—In the first of two concerts of the "The Seven Last Words of Christ." (Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park. 923-3700. March 19 at 3.)

Metropolitan Opera Chamber Ensembles—James Levine conducting members of the Met Orchestra in works by Poulenc, Ponchielli, Stravinsky, Debussy, and Puccini. (Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church, Madison Ave. at 73rd St. March 19 at 4. Admission by contribution.)

An die Musik—Chamber music. (Merkin Concert Hall. March 19 at 4.)

Frank Peter Zimmermann—Violin, in his New York recital début. (Alice Tully Hall. March 19 at 8.)

Kathryn Selby—Piano. (92nd Street Y. March 19 at 3.)

"Chamber Music for Winds"—With Heinz Holliger and Peggy Pearson, oboe; William Purvis and Stewart Rose, horn; Charles Neidich and Michael Sussman, clarinet; and Frank Morelli and Harry Searing, bassoon. (Metropolitan Museum. March 20 at 8.)

Apple Hill Chamber Players—Playing music by Mozart, Mahler, and Schumann, and a world première by Thomas Oboe Lee. (Merkin Concert Hall. March 20 at 8.)

New York Woodwind Quintet—Performing twentieth-century works. (Merkin Concert Hall. March 21 at 8.)

JAZZ / ROCK / POP / PERSONAL APPEARANCES

Lyle Lovett—This tall-haired Texan, who once joked about opening a chain of misogyny parlors, has wisely assembled a band that bites him back. His Large Band—a nine-piece group with horns, fiddles, and, most notably, Francine Reed on background vocals—is just what's needed to inject a note of irony into his boy-meets-girl, boy-shoots-girl stories. Lovett sings in a soulful tenor and his music is sometimes more R. & B. than country, but he's one of a kind, and his band will

ANA *All Nippon Airways. One of the best airlines serving China with regular scheduled flights...*

LT *Lindblad Travel. A trademark in luxury....*

We invite you to sample their combined luxury and cruise the

YANGTZE RIVER

aboard M.S. *Bashan*

For the discerning traveller, this cruise program is unmatched in quality of service and comfort. You will enjoy exploring the mighty Yangtze River at leisure aboard Lindblad's exclusively chartered M.S. *Bashan* as she sails deep into China's interior. It's a cruise you'll cherish forever. See your Travel Agent. Call or write for information.

LINDBLAD TRAVEL, INC.
P.O. Box 912,
Dept. NY0320, Westport, CT 06881
Tel: 203-226-8531 or toll free 800-243-5657

Please send your free China brochure to:
Name________
Address________
City________
State________ Zip________

MUSIC—Cont'd

knock you out. Lovett appears on a double bill with Leo Kottke. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 496-7070. March 18 at 8.)

World Saxophone Quartet—Oliver Lake, Julius Hemphill, Hamiet Bluiett, and David Murray coax a great timbral range out of different combinations of wind instruments—not just saxophones but a flute and a bass clarinet. They have the same tightness when they take off into free-jazz dissonance as when they swing together in the harmonies of Duke Ellington. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. March 18 at 8.)

Lou Reed—What becomes a legend most? At forty-seven, Lou Reed, like Keith Richards, has answered that question by simply surviving. On his latest album, "New York," his characters (tenement lovers, drug addicts, people with AIDS, corrupt cops) are dynamically woven into the fabric of big-city life—the writing is some of the liveliest he's done in years. Although several songs come close to tabloid rock (blaring headlines and paranoia), the majority are heartfelt reflections on the state of the union. Armed with these new songs, his small band (two guitars, bass, and drums) will strip the evening down with a jittery, tension-filled rock that for many is the essence of New York music. (St. James Theatre, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. March 19-21 at 8. Through March 25.)

Bobby Brown, LeVert, and Karyn White—A night of sweet, soulful voices backed by snappy rhythms, popping bass lines, and synthesized drums. Karyn White scats, chants, whoops, and soars over heavy dance arrangements. She and LeVert, a cool, unmannered R. & B. trio, are prime examples of where black mainstream pop is going. Headliner Bobby Brown, formerly of New Edition, is a sexy, handsome performer who's graduated from teen heartthrob to triple-platinum superstar. His singing, which hip-hops from innocent crooner to precocious lover, will leave the audience screaming. (Madison Square Garden. 563-8300. March 21 at 7:30.)

Antonio Carlos Jobim—With Gal Costa. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. March 15 at 8.)

Bon Jovi—Byrne Meadowlands Arena. 1-201 935-3900. March 15 at 7:30.

Millie Jackson and the O'Jays—Beacon Theatre. March 17 at 8 and midnight.

The Chieftains—With Richard Harris and Maura O'Connell. (Carnegie Hall. March 17 at 8.)

Patrick Street—Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. March 18 at 8.

René Heredia—Weill Recital Hall, at Carnegie Hall. March 18 at 8:30. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.

Marion Cowings and Sandy Stewart—Singing songs from the Second World War. (Vineyard Theatre, 309 E. 26th St. 683-0696. March 19 at 3 and 7.)

Celia Cruz and Angela Carrasco—Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. March 19 at 4.

Heavenly Jazz Concert Series—This one with Dick Hyman and Roger Kellaway. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. March 19 at 5. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

SPORTS

HOME TEAMS

Knicks—Trying to stay on top without Mark Jackson, who's taken up swimming for a while. Vs. the Seattle Supersonics, March 14. . . . ¶ Vs. the Philadelphia 76ers, March 16. . . . ¶ Vs. the Milwaukee Bucks, March 19. (Game time: 7:30.)

Nets—Vs. the Washington Bullets, March 17. . . . ¶ Vs. the Cleveland Cavaliers, March 19. . . . ¶ Vs. the Indiana Pacers, March 21. (Game time: 7:30.)

Rangers—Vs. the Calgary Flames, March 13. . . . ¶ Vs. the Winnipeg Jets, March 15. . . . ¶ Vs. the St. Louis Blues, March 20. . . . ¶ Vs. the Minnesota North Stars, March 22. (Game time: 7:30.)

Islanders—Away until March 23.

Devils—Vs. the Calgary Flames, March 14 at 7:45. . . . ¶ Vs. the Pittsburgh Penguins, March 16 at 7:45. . . . ¶ Vs. the Chicago Black Hawks, March 18 at 1:35. . . . ¶ Vs. the Vancouver Canucks, March 20 at 7:45.

(Home base for the Rangers and the Knicks is Madison Square Garden, 563-8300; for the Islanders, Nassau Coliseum, 1-516 587-9222; and for the Devils and the Nets, Byrne Meadowlands Arena, 1-201 935-3900.)

RACING

Horses—At Aqueduct: Daily, except March 14 and March 19, at 1. . . . ¶ Trotting at Yonkers Raceway: Weeknights at 8. . . . At Meadowlands: Nightly at 7:30.

In Central Park—Starting at Fifth Ave. and 90th St. at 9:40: The twenty-mile Mike Hannon Memorial run—four times around the big loop. Winners should begin sprinting across the finish line just after 11:15.

CHAMPIONSHIPS—KARATE

American Open—The top sixteen men, women, and children will kick, strike, and flip for medals in karate, kung fu, and Tae Kwon Do. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. 563-8300. March 18 at 8.)

ABOVE AND BEYOND

St. Patrick's Day Parade—On March 17th at 11:30, more than a hundred and fifty thousand marchers and band members will follow Dorothy Hayden Cudahy up Fifth Avenue in what has been called the world's largest parade without tanks. Ms. Cudahy is the host of the radio program "Irish Memories" and the first woman ever elected Grand Marshal. (The parade begins at 44th St. and winds up at Third Ave. and 86th St.)

Tennessee Williams—A collection of set-design sketches, first editions, and correspondence. Also included are the manuscripts of "The Glass Menagerie," "A Streetcar Named Desire," and "Mes Cahiers Noirs"—an unpublished autobiographical sketch in which Williams vents a little steam at his friends and critics. Through July 26. (Butler Library, Broadway at 115th St. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 4:45.)

Readings—Bobbie Ann Mason reading stories from her latest collection, "Love Life." (Endicott Booksellers, 450 Columbus Ave., at 81st St. 787-6300. March 16 at 8.) . . . ¶ Grace Paley and Allan Gurganus reading from their fiction. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 415-5440. March 20 at 8.). . . ¶ A theatrical adaptation of Raymond Carver stories, with Maria Tucci, James Naughton, John Heard, and Jennifer van Dyck. (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. March 20 at 8. For information about tickets, call 645-5848.)

TICKET BEHOLDERS

If you have ever conjured an emergency doctor's appointment or a sudden after-school parent-teacher conference in order to get the jump on the few remaining discounted tickets at the TKTS booth in Times Square, there is no need to tax your imagination and your boss's patience any longer. At twelve-forty-five on a recent Thursday afternoon, there were six people in line at the Times Square booth, which would not open until three. Fifteen minutes later, there were also six people waiting at the TKTS booth at 2 World Trade Center, but that booth had been open since eleven. The downtown booth is busiest before noon and on weekends, but calmest, for unexplained reasons, at lunchtime Mondays through Thursdays. It is rarely as busy as the Times Square booth. However, fortunate beggars who insist on being choosers may still prefer Times Square. One steady customer said that the midtown booth sometimes has better seats, and a runner for the Theatre Development Fund (which operates TKTS) admitted that last-minute tickets for hit shows are rarely sent downtown. If you have your heart set on "Phantom," both locations are useless.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 29.

EAST SIDE

Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171)
March 14-16: "The Charles Bukowski Tapes" (1985, directed by Barbet Schroeder). All fifty-two parts of the French television documentary will be shown.
March 17: At 7, "A Very Moral Night" (1977, Karoly Makk; in Hungarian); and, at 9:30, "The Last Manuscript" (1986, Makk; in Hungarian).
March 18: "The Singing Detective" (Jon Amiel), with Michael Gambon. The seven-hour British television series, shown complete at one sitting, with an intermission.
March 19: At 2, "Hotel Terminus: The Life and Times of Klaus Barbie" (Marcel Ophuls; in English, French, German, and Spanish), a four-hour-and-twenty-seven-minute documentary; at 7, "A Very Moral Night"; and, at 9:30, "The Last Manuscript."
March 21-22: At 7, "A Very Moral Night"; and, at 9:30, "The House Under the Rocks" (1958, Makk; in Hungarian).

Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)
Theatre 1: "Chances Are" (Emile Ardolino), with Cybill Shepherd and Robert Downey, Jr.
Theatre 2: "Dangerous Liaisons" (†).
Theatre 3: "Lean on Me" (John G. Avildsen), with Morgan Freeman.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"New York Stories" (†).

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
Through March 16: "Skin Deep" (Blake Edwards), with John Ritter.
From March 17: "Fletch Lives" (Michael Ritchie), with Chevy Chase.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (689-6548)
"Lean on Me" (John G. Avildsen), with Morgan Freeman.

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Cousins" (†).
Theatre 2: "Mississippi Burning" (†).
Theatre 3: "Rain Man" (†).

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through March 16: "Working Girl" (†).
From March 17 (tentative): "Rooftops" (Robert Wise), with Jason Gedrick.

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Out Cold" (†).

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"Lean on Me" (John G. Avildsen), with Morgan Freeman.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Skin Deep" (Blake Edwards), with John Ritter.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Jacknife" (David Jones), with Robert De Niro, Ed Harris, and Kathy Baker.

Manhattan Twin, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: Through March 16: "Bill and Ted's Excellent Adventure" (Stephen Herek), with Keanu Reeves. From March 17: "Rooftops" (Robert Wise), with Jason Gedrick.
Theatre 2: Through March 16: "Farewell to the King" (John Milius), with Nick Nolte and Nigel Havers. From March 17: "Fletch Lives" (Michael Ritchie), with Chevy Chase.

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through March 19: "Dream a Little Dream" (Marc Rocco), with Corey Haim, Corey Feldman, and Jason Robards.
From March 20: Theatre temporarily closed.

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Working Girl" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Adventures of Baron Munchausen" (Terry Gilliam), with John Neville, Eric Idle, and Sarah Polley.

Cinema I, Cinema II, and Cinema 3rd Avenue, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
Theatre 1: Through March 16: "New York Stories" (†). From March 17: "Slaves of New York" (James Ivory), with Bernadette Peters and Chris Sarandon.
Theatre 2: "The Accidental Tourist" (†).
Theatre 3: "Beaches" (†).

Bernadette Peters in "Slaves of New York"

Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "Police Academy 6: City Under Siege" (Peter Bonerz), with Bubba Smith.
Theatre 2: "Chances Are" (Emile Ardolino), with Cybill Shepherd and Robert Downey, Jr.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
Through March 21: "True Believer" (†).
From March 22: "Troop Beverly Hills" (Jeff Kanew), with Shelley Long and Craig T. Nelson.

Loews New York Twin, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Cousins" (†).
Theatre 2: "Rain Man" (†).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Dangerous Liaisons" (†).

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Mississippi Burning" (†).

U.A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through March 16: "The 'Burbs" (†).
From March 17: "Fletch Lives" (Michael Ritchie), with Chevy Chase.

Loews Orpheum I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "Police Academy 6: City Under Siege" (Peter Bonerz), with Bubba Smith.
Theatre 2: Through March 16: "Farewell to the King" (John Milius), with Nick Nolte and Nigel Havers. From March 17: "Leviathan" (George Cosmatos), with Peter Weller, Richard Crenna, and Amanda Pays.

86th Street East Twin, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Theatre 1: "The Accidental Tourist" (†).

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22			

Theatre 2: Through March 16: "Lean on Me" (John G. Avildsen), with Morgan Freeman. From March 17 (tentative): "The Rescuers" (1977), a full-length animated film.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum I, 57 Watts St. (431-1590)
Through March 21: "Lightning Over Braddock: A Rustbowl Fantasy" (†).
From March 22: "Lodz Ghetto" (directed by Kathryn Taverna and Alan Adelson).

Bleecker St. Cinema I and 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Theatre 1: Through March 16: (Separate admissions) "Virgin Machine" (Monika Treut; in German), with Ina Blum; and "Bagdad Café" (Percy Adlon), with Marianne Sägebrecht and CCH Pounder. From March 17: "Under the Sun of Satan" (Maurice Pialat; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Sandrine Bonnaire.
Theatre 2: "Wings of Desire" (Wim Wenders; in German), with Bruno Ganz, Otto Sander, and Solveig Dommartin.

Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Working Girl" (†).
Theatre 2: Through March 16: "Skin Deep" (Blake Edwards), with John Ritter. From March 17: "Rooftops" (Robert Wise), with Jason Gedrick.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
"Out Cold" (†).

Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: Through March 16: "True Believer" (†). From March 17: "Fletch Lives" (Michael Ritchie), with Chevy Chase.
Theatre 2: Through March 21: "The Accidental Tourist" (†). From March 22: "Troop Beverly Hills" (Jeff Kanew), with Shelley Long and Craig T. Nelson.

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Salaam Bombay!" (Mira Nair; in Hindi).
Theatre 2: "Torch Song Trilogy" (Paul Bogart), with Anne Bancroft, Matthew Broderick, Harvey Fierstein, and Brian Kerwin.
Theatre 3: Through March 16: "36 Fillette" (Catherine Breillat; in French). From March 17: "Tapeheads" (Bill Fishman), with John Cusack and Tim Robbins.
Theatre 4: Through March 16: "The Dressmaker" (†). From March 17: "Tapeheads."

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: "Skin Deep" (Blake Edwards), with John Ritter.
Theatre 2: Through March 21: "True Believer" (†). From March 22: "Troop Beverly Hills" (Jeff Kanew), with Shelley Long and Craig T. Nelson.
Theatre 3: Through March 16: "The 'Burbs" (†). From March 17 (tentative): "Rooftops" (Robert Wise), with Jason Gedrick.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"New York Stories" (†).

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Lawrence of Arabia" (†).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (307-7856)
"Dangerous Liaisons" (†).

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Echoes of Paradise" (Phillip Noyce), with Wendy Hughes and John Lone.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)
Through March 21: "Paperhouse" (Bernard Rose), with Charlotte Burke, Ben Cross, and Glenne Headly.
From March 22: "84 Charlie Mopic" (Patrick Duncan).

Carnegie Screening Room, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (757-2131)
Through March 21: "The Luckiest Man in the World" (Frank D. Gilroy), with Philip Bosco.
From March 22: To be announced.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Hanussen" (István Szabó; in Hungarian), with Klaus Maria Brandauer and Erland Josephson.

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
Through March 16: "The Mighty Quinn"

MOVIE HOUSES—Cont'd

(Carl Schenkel), with Denzel Washington and Robert Townsend.

From March 17: To be announced.

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070) "Rain Man" (†).

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)

Theatre 1: "Pelle the Conqueror" (†).

Theatre 2: "High Hopes" (†).

Theatre 3: Through March 16: "Under the Sun of Satan" (Maurice Pialat; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Sandrine Bonnaire. From March 17: "Murmur of the Heart" (†).

Cinema Studio 1 and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)

Theatre 1: "Women on the Verge of a Nervous Breakdown" (†).

Theatre 2: "Chocolat" (Claire Denis; in French).

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Through March 16: "Working Girl" (†).

From March 17: "Fletch Lives" (Michael Ritchie), with Chevy Chase.

Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)

Theatre 1: "New York Stories" (†).

Theatre 2: "Cousins" (†).

Theatre 3: "Lean on Me" (John G. Avildsen), with Morgan Freeman.

Theatre 4: "Chances Are" (Emile Ardolino), with Cybill Shepherd and Robert Downey, Jr.

Theatre 5: "Police Academy 6: City Under Siege" (Peter Bonerz), with Bubba Smith.

Theatre 6: "Dangerous Liaisons" (†).

Metro Cinema 1 and 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)

Theatre 1: Through March 16: "The Last Temptation of Christ" (Martin Scorsese), with Willem Dafoe. From March 17: "Rooftops" (Robert Wise), with Jason Gedrick.

Theatre 2: "The Accidental Tourist" (†).

Olympia I and II, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)

Theatre 1: Through March 21: "True Believer" (†). From March 22: "Troop Beverly Hills" (Jeff Kanew), with Shelley Long and Craig T. Nelson.

Theatre 2: "Skin Deep" (Blake Edwards), with John Ritter.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)

Theatre 1: "Bill and Ted's Excellent Adventure" (directed by Stephen Herek), with Keanu Reeves.

Theatre 2: "Tap" (†).

Theatre 3: "Skin Deep" (Blake Edwards), with John Ritter.

Theatre 4: "Working Girl" (†).

Theatre 5: "Police Academy 6: City Under Siege" (Peter Bonerz), with Bubba Smith.

Theatre 6: "Chances Are" (Emile Ardolino), with Cybill Shepherd and Robert Downey, Jr.

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (302-0494)

"The Mighty Quinn" (Carl Schenkel), with Denzel Washington and Robert Townsend.

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, 7th Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)

Theatre 2: "Beaches" (†).

Theatre 3: "Three Fugitives" (†).

Theatre 4: Through March 16: "Cousins" (†). From March 17: "The Rescuers" (1977), a full-length animated film.

Loews Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)

Through March 16: "Farewell to the King" (John Milius), with Nick Nolte and Nigel Havers.

From March 17: "Leviathan" (George Cosmatos), with Peter Weller, Richard Crenna, and Amanda Pays.

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)

"True Believer" (†).

National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)

Theatre 1: Through March 16: "The Fly II" (Chris Walas), with Eric Stoltz. From March 17: "Fletch Lives" (Michael Ritchie), with Chevy Chase.

Theatre 2: Through March 16: "The 'Burbs" (†). From March 17: "Rooftops" (Robert Wise), with Jason Gedrick.

Warner, 7th Ave. between 42nd and 43rd. (764-6760)

Through March 21: "Mississippi Burning" (†).

From March 22: "Troop Beverly Hills" (Jeff Kanew), with Shelley Long and Craig T. Nelson.

West Side Cinema 1 and 2, 7th Ave. at 48th. (398-1720)

Theatre 1: "Lean on Me" (John G. Avildsen), with Morgan Freeman.

Theatre 2: "Lean on Me."

REVIVAL HOUSES

Biograph Cinema, 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)

March 13: "The Rains Came" (1939, directed by Clarence Brown), with Myrna Loy, Tyrone Power, and George Brent; and "In Name Only" (1939, John Cromwell), with Carole Lombard, Cary Grant, and Kay Francis.

March 14-15: "At the Circus" (1939, Edward Buzzell), with the Marx Brothers; and "You Can't Cheat an Honest Man" (1939, George Marshall), with W. C. Fields, Charlie McCarthy, and Edgar Bergen.

March 16-18: "Only Angels Have Wings" (1939, Howard Hawks), with Jean Arthur and Cary Grant; and "Gunga Din" (†).

From March 19: "Gone with the Wind" (1939, Victor Fleming), with Vivien Leigh and Clark Gable.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through March 14: "Wizards" (1977, Ralph Bakshi) and "Vampires in Havana" (1986, Juan Padron; a Cuban film, in Spanish), both animated films.

March 15-16: "Last Tango in Paris" (1972, Bernardo Bertolucci; in French and English), with Marlon Brando and Maria Schneider; and "Luna" (1979, Bertolucci), with Jill Clayburgh and Matthew Barry.

March 17-18: "2001: A Space Odyssey" (1968, Stanley Kubrick), with Keir Dullea and Gary Lockwood; and "Close Encounters of the Third Kind" (1977, Steven Spielberg), with Richard Dreyfuss, François Truffaut, Melinda Dillon, Teri Garr, and Bob Balaban.

March 19: "Fellini's Roma" (1972, Federico Fellini; in English and Italian); and "Amarcord" (1974, Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Bruno Zanin.

March 20-21: "A World Apart" (1988, Chris Menges), with Barbara Hershey, Jodhi May, and Linda Mvusi; and "Circle of Deceit" (1982, Volker Schlöndorff; in German), with Bruno Ganz and Hanna Schygulla.

From March 22: "Queen of Outer Space" (1958, Edward Bernds), with Zsa Zsa Gabor and Eric Fleming; and "Attack of the 50-Foot Woman" (1958, Nathan Hertz), with Allison Hayes and William Hudson.

Film Forum 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590)

Through March 15: "Satan's Brew" (1977, Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Kurt Raab; and "Beware of a Holy Whore" (1970, Fassbinder; in German), with Lou Castel, Werner Schroeter, and Eddie Constantine.

March 16: "Lola" (1982, Fassbinder; in German); and "Veronika Voss" (1982, Fassbinder; in German), with Rosel Zech.

March 17-19: "The Merchant of Four Seasons" (1971, Fassbinder; in German), with Hans Hirschmuller; and "Katzelmacher" (1969, Fassbinder; in German), with Hanna Schygulla, Harry Baer, and Fassbinder.

March 20-21: "In a Year of 13 Moons" (1978, Fassbinder; in German), with Volker Spengler; and "The Third Generation" (1979, Fassbinder; in German), with Eddie Constantine and Hanna Schygulla.

From March 22: "The Marriage of Maria Braun" (1979, Fassbinder; in German), with Hanna Schygulla; and "The Wizard of Babylon" (1983, Dieter Schidor; in German), a documentary on the filming of Fassbinder's "Querelle."

The Collective for Living Cinema is showing two programs of French Surrealist films from the twenties. In addition to the obligatory "Un Chien Andalou," the programs include all four of Man Ray's films; a brief animation by Marcel Duchamp; Germaine Dulac's "La Coquille et le Clergyman," from a script by Antonin Artaud (who was so unhappy with Dulac's direction that he led an unruly demonstration against the film); and René Clair's sprightly "Entr'acte," a kind of all-star Surrealist entertainment, with walk-ons by Duchamp, Ray, Erik Satie (who wrote the music), and Francis Picabia (who wrote the script). The film, according to Picabia, "believes in the pleasure of inventing, it respects nothing except the desire to burst out laughing." Never argue with a Surrealist. If you don't feel like laughing, you can throw stuff at the screen, storm the projection booth—or declare yourself a movement and fire off a manifesto.

Thalia SoHo, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)

March 13: "The Sin of Harold Diddlebock" (1947, Preston Sturges), with Harold Lloyd; and "The Milky Way" (1936, Leo McCarey), with Harold Lloyd and Adolphe Menjou.

March 14: "The Golden Coach" (1953, Jean Renoir), with Anna Magnani; and "L'Amore" (1948, Roberto Rossellini; in Italian), with Anna Magnani.

March 15: "Wait Until Dark" (1967, Terence Young), with Audrey Hepburn, Alan Arkin, and Richard Crenna; and "Love in the Afternoon" (1957, Billy Wilder), with Gary Cooper, Audrey Hepburn, and Maurice Chevalier.

March 16: "End of the Road" (1970, Aram Avakian), with Stacy Keach, Harris Yulin, and Dorothy Tristan; and "The King of Marvin Gardens" (†).

March 17-18: "The Unbearable Lightness of Being" (1988, Philip Kaufman), with Daniel Day-Lewis, Lena Olin, and Juliette Binoche.

March 19: "La Bête Humaine" (1938, Jean Renoir; in French), with Jean Gabin and Simone Simon; and "La Marseillaise" (1938, Jean Renoir; in French), with Pierre Renoir and Louis Jouvet.

March 20: "The More the Merrier" (1943, George Stevens), with Jean Arthur, Joel McCrea, and Charles Coburn; and "Walk, Don't Run" (1966, Charles Walters), with Cary Grant, Samantha Eggar, and Jim Hutton.

March 21: "Crime in the Streets" (1956, Donald Siegel), with James Whitmore, John Cassavetes, and Sal Mineo; and "Crime and Punishment, U.S.A." (1959, Denis Sanders), with George Hamilton, Frank Silvera, and Mary Murphy.

March 22: "Imitation of Life" (1959, Douglas Sirk), with Lana Turner, John Gavin, Sandra Dee, Juanita Moore, and Susan Kohner; and "Autumn Leaves" (1956, Robert Aldrich), with Joan Crawford, Cliff Robertson, Vera Miles, and Lorne Greene.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

March 13: "Playtime" (1967) and "Mr. Hulot's Holiday" (1953), both directed by, and with, Jacques Tati.

March 14: "Separate Tables" (1958, Delbert Mann), with Rita Hayworth, Deborah Kerr, David Niven, Burt Lancaster, and Wendy Hiller; and "Another Time, Another Place" (1983, Michael Radford), with Phyllis Logan.

March 15: "A Place in the Sun" (1951, George Stevens), with Montgomery Clift, Elizabeth Taylor, and Shelley Winters; and "The Heiress" (1949, William Wyler), with Olivia de Havilland, Montgomery Clift, and Ralph Richardson.

March 16: "Pandora's Box" (1928) and "Diary of a Lost Girl" (1929), both silent films, directed by G. W. Pabst, with Louise Brooks.

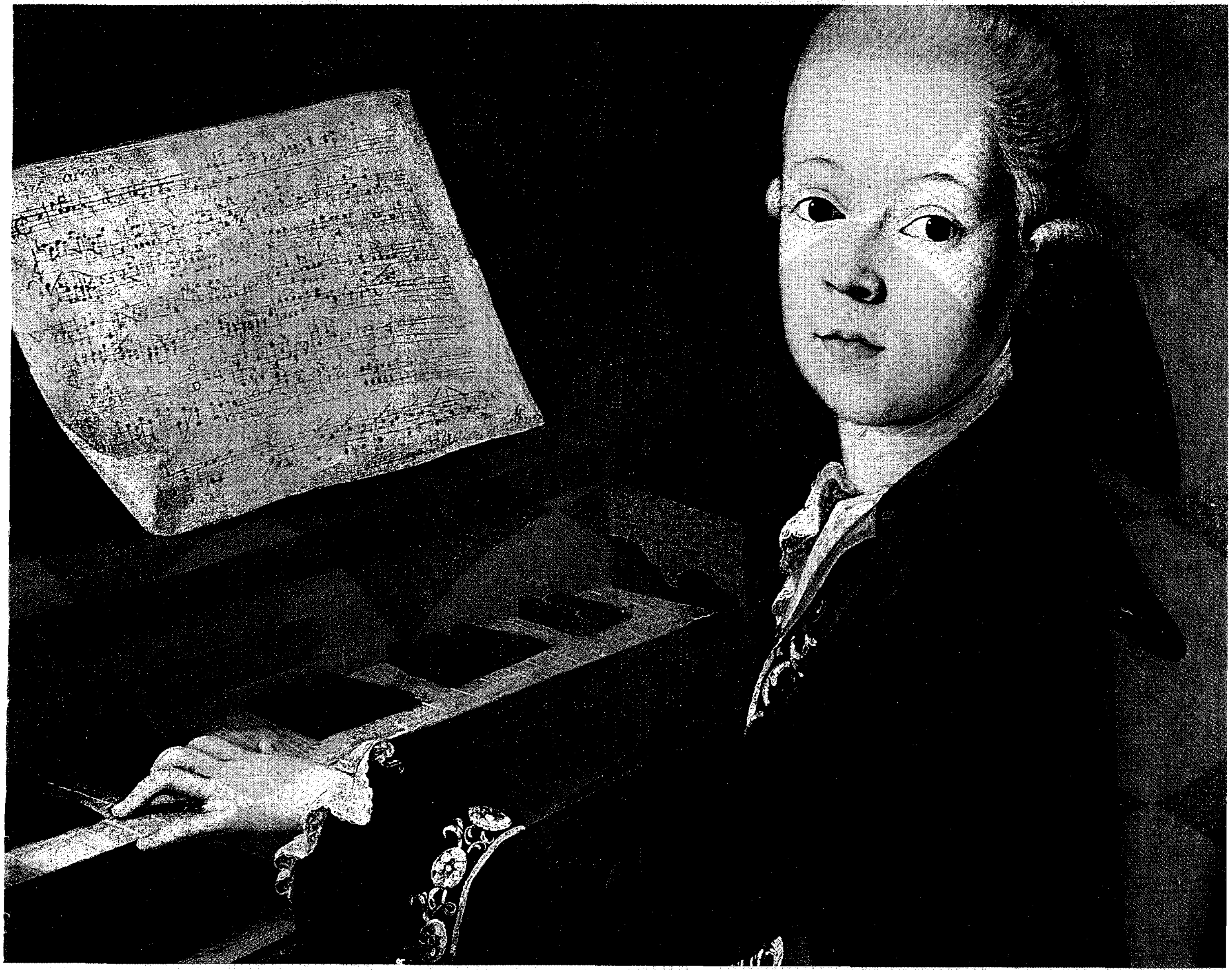
March 17-18: "You Can't Take It with You" (1938, Frank Capra), with Jean Arthur, James Stewart, Lionel Barrymore, and Edward Arnold; and "The Awful Truth" (1937, Leo McCarey), with Irene Dunne, Cary Grant, and Ralph Bellamy.

March 19: "Tess" (1980, Roman Polanski), with Nastassia Kinski, Peter Firth, and Leigh Lawson.

March 20: "The Soft Skin" (1964, François Truffaut; in French), with Jean Desailly, Françoise Dorléac, and Nelly Benedetti; and "Two English Girls" (†).

March 21: "In a Lonely Place" (1950, Nicholas Ray), with Humphrey Bogart and Gloria Grahame; and "Dead Reckoning" (1947, John Cromwell), with Humphrey Bogart and Lizabeth Scott.

THANKS TO ONE OF OUR POLICIES, HE'S STILL ALIVE.



Mozart is alive and well and living in Philadelphia. So are Stravinsky and Brahms. Rachmaninoff, too. In fact, the glorious music of all the great masters is alive today, thanks in part to our policy of supporting The Philadelphia Orchestra.

At CIGNA, we recognize the importance of a vibrant cultural community. Which is why we're proud to sponsor The Philadelphia Orchestra's national radio broadcast series. These celebrated programs bring the timeless music of the world's old and new masters to millions of homes each week.

We're also pleased to share the Orchestra's music with other parts of the world by helping to sponsor their concert tours.*

As a leader in the field of insurance, financial services and health care, we're often called upon to insure things of great value. It's nice to know that this includes the Orchestra's future.

For a brochure of concert listings or information about the CIGNA Companies contact Department R18,
1600 Arch Street,
Philadelphia, PA 19103.

CIGNA

---

*Through a grant from the CIGNA Foundation.

Neutral country attacks Germany and Japan.

In the mad dash to outdo one another, car makers have forgotten something important.

You.

The Germans build performance and luxury at prices that offend even those who can afford to make the payments.

The Japanese give you value. But most people can hardly tell one make from another.

Saab sees no reason you can't have it all.

Performance. Room. Character. Value. All at prices that while not inexpensive are at least realistic. (Saabs are intelligently priced from $16,995 to $32,095.*)

The Saab 9000 Turbo that sprints from 0 to 60 in 7.6 seconds costs thousands of dollars less than slower German sports sedans.

The Saab 900, which looks quite unlike anything else on the American road, like all Saabs, has a formidable reputation for protecting its passengers.**

Drive a Saab before you sign up for prestige that isn't practical, or a sensible car that's boring.

Don't buy the wrong car.

See your Saab dealer this week.

SAAB

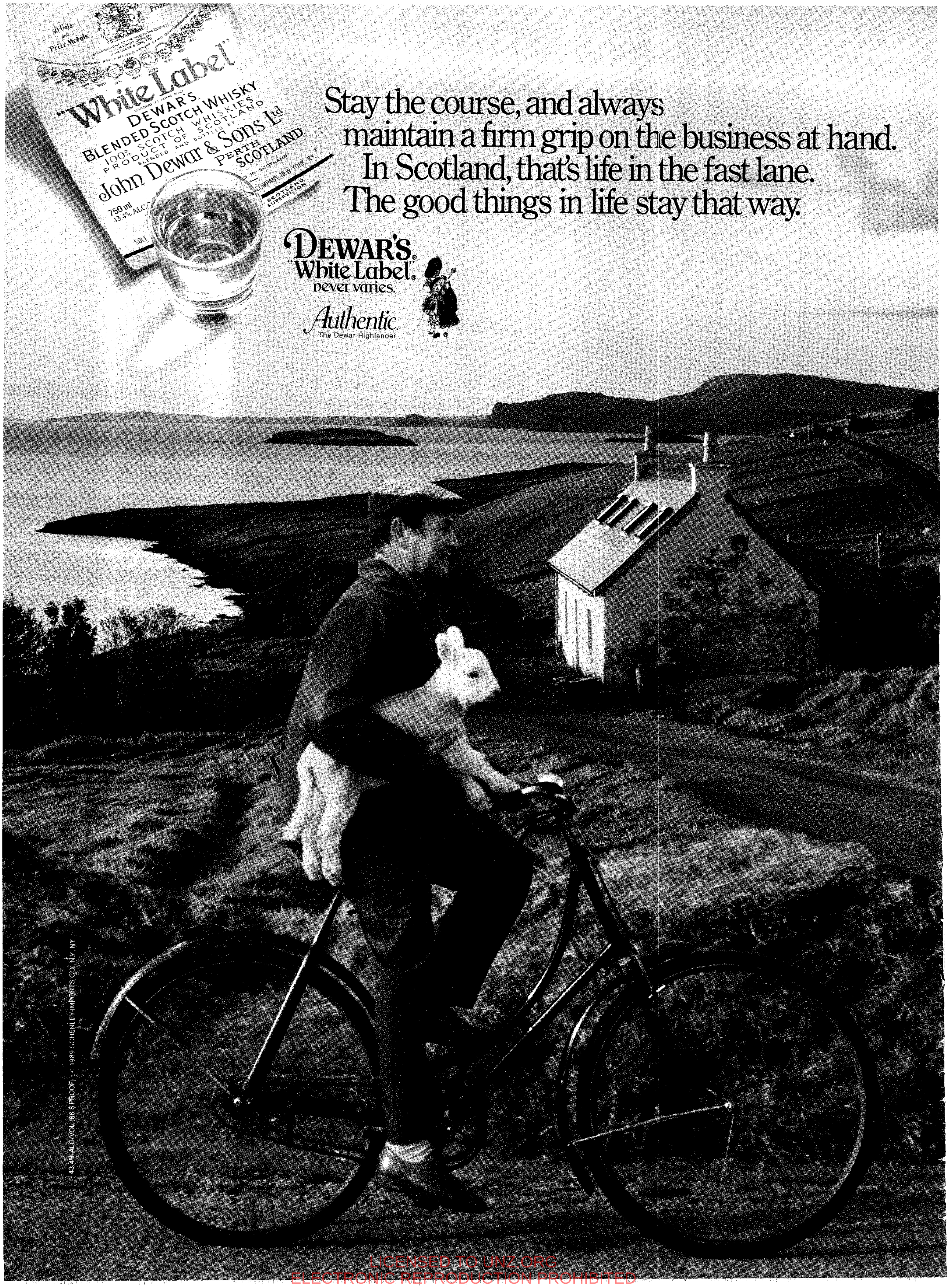
The most intelligent cars ever built.

---

*MSRP, not including taxes, license, freight, dealer charges or options. Prices subject to change.

**The most recent report of the Highway Loss Data Institute reports Saab 900 and 9000 models had lowest injury loss experience in their respective classes. Your dealer has details.

© 1989 Saab-Scania of America, Inc


Stay the course, and always
maintain a firm grip on the business at hand.
In Scotland, that's life in the fast lane.
The good things in life stay that way.
DEWAR'S®
"White Label"®
never varies.
Authentic.
The Dewar Highlander
®
50 Gold and Prize Medals
"White Label"
DEWAR'S
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND
BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY
John Dewar & Sons Ltd
PERTH
SCOTLAND
750 ml
43.4% ALC
SCOTLAND SUPERVISION
43.4% ALC/VOL (86.8 PROOF) • © 1989 SCHENLEY IMPORTS CO., N.Y., NY

MOVIE HOUSES—Cont'd

March 22: "Twelve Angry Men" (1957, Sidney Lumet), with Henry Fonda, Lee J. Cobb, and Jack Warden; and "Witness for the Prosecution" (1958, Billy Wilder), with Tyrone Power, Marlene Dietrich, Charles Laughton, Elsa Lanchester, and Una O'Connor.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490)—March 13 at 2:30 and 6: Films nominated for the 1988 Academy Award for Best Foreign Language Film. . . . ¶ March 14 at 2:30 and 6: "A Double Life" (1947, directed by George Cukor), with Ronald Colman and Signe Hasso. . . . ¶ From March 17: See "Film Society of Lincoln Center."

Film Society of Lincoln Center (at MOMA)—The first programs in a seventeen-day international festival of new films by new directors. March 17 at 6: "Sound and Fury" (Jean-Claude Brisseau). . . . ¶ March 17 at 9 and March 18 at 1: "Rouge of the North" (Fred Tan). . . . ¶ March 18 at 4: "Sound and Fury." . . . ¶ March 18 at 6:30: "The Errors of Youth" (Boris Frumin). . . . ¶ March 18 at 9 and March 19 at 1: "Details of a Duel" (Sergio Cabrera). . . . ¶ March 19 at 3:30: "The Errors of Youth." . . . ¶ March 19 at 6: "The Money Juggler" (Leo Rubinfien) and "Coming Out" (Ted Reed and Susan Bell). . . . ¶ March 19 at 9 and March 20 at 6: "A Strange Place to Meet" (François Dupeyron). . . . ¶ March 20 at 8:30: "The Money Juggler" and "Coming Out." . . . ¶ March 21 at 6: "A One Way Ticket" (Agilberto Meléndez). . . . ¶ March 21 at 8:30 and March 22 at 6: "Whooping Cough" (Péter Gárdos). . . . ¶ March 22 at 9: "A One Way Ticket." (Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. For information, call 708-9500.)

American Museum of the Moving Image, 36th St. at 35th Ave., Astoria. (1-718 784-0077)—At the Riklis Theatre: March 15 at 2:30: "Lilies of the Field" (1963, Ralph Nelson), with Sidney Poitier. . . . ¶ March 16 at 2:30: "Cry, the Beloved Country" (1952, Zoltán Korda), with Poitier. . . . ¶ March 17 at 2:30: "The Defiant Ones" (1958, Stanley Kramer), with Poitier. . . . ¶ March 17 at 7:30 and March 18 at 1: "King Lear" (1988, Jean-Luc Godard), with Burgess Meredith, Molly Ringwald, and Godard. . . . ¶ March 18 at 4: "Thy Kingdom Come, Thy Will Be Done" (1988, Anthony Thomas), a documentary. . . . ¶ March 18 at 7:30: "The Decline of Western Civilization Part II: The Metal Years" (1988, Penelope Spheeris). . . . ¶ March 19 at 3: "Patty Hearst" (1988, Paul Schrader), with Natasha Richardson. . . . ¶ March 22 at 2:30: "Thy Kingdom Come, Thy Will Be Done."

Anthology Film Archives, 32-34 Second Ave., at Second St. (477-2714)—March 14 at 7: Six short films by Peter Kubelka. . . . ¶ March 14 and 16-18 at 8; March 19 at 6; and March 21 at 8: A hundred and thirty very short films (1896-1905) by Louis and Auguste Lumière. . . . ¶ March 15 at 8: A lecture-concert by Peter Kubelka and Spatium Musicum. . . . ¶ March 16 at 6: Ten short films by Stan Brakhage. . . . ¶ March 17 at 6: "Long Pants" (1927, Frank Capra and Harry Langdon). . . . ¶ March 17 at 8: "Sincerity 1-5" (1973-80, Brakhage). . . . ¶ March 18 at 6: "The King of Kings" (1927, Cecil B. De Mille). . . . ¶ March 19 at 8: Short films by Ian Hugo, Ken Jacobs, Bob Fleishner, Georges Franju, and Ernie Gehr. . . . ¶ March 22 at 6: "Time in the Sun" (1933, Sergei Eisenstein; edited by Marie Seton in 1939), with Seton. . . . ¶ March 22 at 8: "Film Portrait" (1971, Jerome Hill).

Collective for Living Cinema, 41 White St. (925-2111)—March 13 at 8: "La Chinoise" (1967, Jean-Luc Godard; in French). . . . ¶ March 14 at 8: Short silent Surrealist films by Man Ray and Germaine Dulac. . . . ¶ March 15 at 8: "The Death of a Bureaucrat" (1966, Tomás Gutiérrez Alea; a Cuban film, in Spanish). . . . ¶ March 16 at 8: "The Bigamist" (1953, Ida Lupino), with Edmond O'Brien, Joan Fontaine, Edmund Gwynn, and Lupino. . . . ¶ March 17 at 8: Films by Marie Menken and Barbara Hammer. Miss Hammer will be present. . . . ¶ March 18 at 8: "Committed" (1984, Lynne Tillman and Sheila McLaughlin). . . . ¶ March 19 at 8: Two films by Roddy Bogawa and two videotapes by Jayce Salloum. . . . ¶ March 20 at 8: "Les Carabiniers" (1963, Godard; in French). . . . ¶ March 21 at 8: Short silent Surrealist films by René Clair, Marcel Duchamp, Luis Buñuel, Salvador Dali, and Man Ray. . . . ¶ March 22 at 8: "The Last Supper" (1977, Alea; a Cuban film, in Spanish).

Japan Society, 333 E. 47th St. (752-3015)—March 17 at 6:30 and 8:20: "The Outcast" (1962, Kon Ichikawa; in Japanese), with Raizo Ichikawa; based on the novel by Toson Shimazaki.

Asia Society, Park Ave. at 70th St. (517-2742)—Films by women of Soviet Central Asia. March 17 at 3: "My Home on Green Hills" (Asya Suleyeva); and an animated short, "Golden Leaf" (Juli Augmonova). . . . ¶ March 17 at 7: "Today and Always" (Margerita Kasimova); and an animated short, "The Well" (Svetlana Murakhjaeva).

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—The film section of "Yoko Ono: Objects, Films" is showing in the Film/Video Gallery on the second floor. March 14-19: "Freedom" and "Up Your Legs Forever," both made in 1970. . . . ¶ From March 21: "Bed-In" (1969). Tuesdays at 1:30, 3:30, and 6:15; Wednesdays through Saturdays at 11:30, 1:30, and 3:30; and Sundays at 12:30, 2:30, and 4:30.

French Institute–Alliance Française, 22 E. 60th St. (355-6100)—March 15 at 12:30, 3:15, 6, and 8:45: "The Man Who Loved Women" (1977, François Truffaut; in French). . . . ¶ March 22 at 12:30, 3:15, 6, and 8:45: "Sorceress" (1987, Suzanne Schiffman; in French), with Tcheky Karyo and Christine Boisson.

Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. (570-3949)—Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., movies. Before each show, at 8, Mr. Fairbanks himself will give a short talk about his life and films. March 14: "Catherine the Great" (1934, Paul Czinner), with Elisabeth Bergner, Fairbanks, and Flora Robson. . . . ¶ March 21: "The Prisoner of Zenda" (1937, John Cromwell), with Ronald Colman, Madeleine Carroll, Fairbanks, Mary Astor, and David Niven.

IN BRIEF

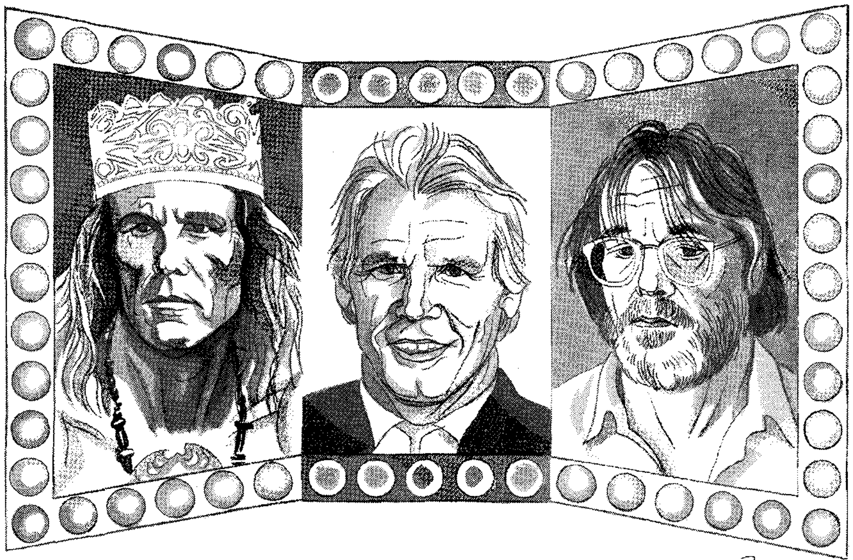
SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN "THE CURRENT CINEMA" DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

(The following notes are by Pauline Kael, Terrence Rafferty, and Arlene Croce.)

The Accidental Tourist—It begins with the numb grief of a punctilious Baltimore travel writer, Macon Leary (William Hurt), whose twelve-year-old son was senselessly shot. Macon has become such a depressed loner that his wife (Kathleen Turner) leaves him. The movie, directed by Lawrence Kasdan, who wrote the screenplay with Frank Galati, closely follows the 1985 Anne Tyler novel, and it's about Macon's coming to life. A fiercely eager oddball (Geena Davis) who pulls him into her bed turns out to be his salvation. The plot construction is that of a screwball comedy of the thirties: poor working girl has the life force that upper-class prig needs. But people talk a formal, affected English that sounds counterfeit and everyone seems catatonic. With Amy Wright, Ed Begley, Jr., and David Ogden Stiers.—P.K. (Reviewed 1/23/89.) (Cinema II, 86th Street East Twin, and Metro Cinema. . . . ¶ Art Greenwich Twin; through March 21.)

Beaches—This movie about the lifelong friendship between two women of contrasting backgrounds—Bette Midler as CC Bloom, a show-biz-crazy Jewish redhead from New York, and Barbara Hershey as Hillary Whitney, a repressed wealthy Wasp from San Francisco—suggests the kind of material that Midler might be using for a takeoff. Instead, it's being played for maudlin soulfulness. After a while, it turns into an all-girl "Love Story," with Hillary becoming ghoulishly pale from heart disease and CC (now a singing star) staying at her side. If you admired Midler in "The Rose" and "Down and Out in Beverly Hills," you may want to bash your head against the wall. With Mayim Bialik, who must have been specially created to be CC at eleven, and John Heard. The director, Garry Marshall, shows no feeling for the material—not even false feeling; the script, by Mary Agnes Donoghue, is from Iris Rainer Dart's novel.—P.K. (1/23/89) (Cinema 3rd Avenue, and Embassy.)

The 'Burbs—A dopey comedy about a bunch of boobish suburbanites who drive themselves crazy trying to find out the truth about their weird new neighbors. Dana Olsen's script is low on wit: it makes the same points over and over again, only louder each time. The director is the very talented Joe Dante ("The Howling," "Gremlins"), but his work isn't distinctive here. He keeps the pace fairly snappy (so we know it isn't a John Landis movie), throws in a handful of odd cartoonlike effects, and that's about it. Tom Hanks, as one of the infantile homeowners, has a few terrific moments—eating a sardine, letting out an exaggerated shriek of horror, stumbling out of a blown-up house—and is fun to watch even when the jokes are lame. And Henry Gibson, playing the head of the mysterious household, brightens the movie with his meek/creepy shtick. But most of the time "The 'Burbs" feels like an Addams cartoon that somehow got turned into an Archie comic. Also with Bruce Dern, Carrie Fisher,



Nick Nolte

Rick Ducommun, Gale Gordon, and Brother Theodore.—T.R. (U.A. East, 23rd St. West Triplex, and National Twin; through March 16.)

Cousins—Bland, dreamy effervescence is what's being sold in this canny Americanization of the celebrated French makeout movie "Cousin, Cousine" (1975). Set in the Pacific Northwest, it starts with a wedding that links Italian and Polish families. As the picture goes on and on, and you get its box-office formula—sex without messiness, family without oppressive closeness—you may begin to feel as if you were in a carefree pink padded cell, or as if you were back in a Doris Day comedy, except that this film isn't so insistently bright, and it's more woodlandsy, more radiant and idyllic. As honest, free-spirited adulterers, Isabella Rossellini and Ted Danson are at the still center, smiling serenely while the others in the cast busily bang away at their joie de vivre. Rossellini's unforced expressiveness has a grace—it's as if she were too friendly and sensible to do what we think of as "acting." Joel Schumacher directed; Stephen Metcalfe did the adaptation. With William Petersen, Sean Young, Norma Aleandro, George Coe, Lloyd Bridges, Keith Coogan, and Gina DeAngelis. Shot in British Columbia.—P.K. (3/6/89) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews New York Twin, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex. . . . ¶ Embassy; through March 16.)

The director George Stevens said that Jean Arthur was "one of the greatest comediennes the screen has ever seen"—no argument here—and his appreciation of her skills is evident in his 1943 "The More the Merrier," playing this week at the Thalia SoHo. Of all the actresses who shone in screwball comedy, Arthur had the most direct, unfussy style—in her best roles, she's a likable regular-gal type who attracts our attention with her sanity and resourcefulness and her scratchy one-of-a-kind voice. Stevens' film gives her a characteristic part, as a working woman who, because of the wartime housing shortage, is forced to share an apartment with Joel McCrea and Charles Coburn. Arthur can also be seen at Theatre 80 St. Marks in "You Can't Take It with You" and at the Biograph in Howard Hawks' "Only Angels Have Wings," trading sexually charged wisecracks with Cary Grant. Hawks' romantic adventure picture about fliers in South America isn't tailored to Arthur's talents, but she's charming in it, and it's a beautiful, absurdly enjoyable movie.

Dangerous Liaisons—One of the least static costume films ever made, and what costumes! The women—Glenn Close, Michelle Pfeiffer, Uma Thurman, Swoosie Kurtz, Mildred Natwick—*look* as if they'd been dressed by Gainsborough. (Actually, it was James Acheson, who also dressed "The Last Emperor.") Principally about the erotic power games played by the Marquise de Merteuil (Glenn Close) and the Vicomte de Valmont (John Malkovich), who were once lovers but are now allies and co-conspirators, this first-rate piece of work by the daring and agile director Stephen Frears is alive in a way that movies of classics rarely are. The paradisially beautiful Pfeiffer is wonderfully affecting as the pawn of the debauchers' final game. The screenwriter, Christopher Hampton, reworked his 1985 theatrical version of the 1782 novel by Choderlos de Laclos; cinematography by Philippe Rousselot.—P.K. (1/9/89) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 68th St. Playhouse, Festival, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex.)

The Dressmaker—The whole cast rises to the occasion—a chance to appear in John McGrath's fine adaptation of the 1973 Beryl Bainbridge novel (published here in 1974 as "The Secret Glass"). Joan Plowright as Nellie, the prudish unmarried dressmaker, and Billie Whitelaw as Margo, the widow with a roving eye who works in a munitions factory, are sisters. The setting is Liverpool in 1944, and the plot centers on what happens when sallow, skinny Rita (Jane Horrocks), the seventeen-year-old niece they have raised, falls in love with Wesley (Tim Ransom), a Yank from Mississippi. This good, inexpensive British movie is about morbid respectability, and the director, Jim O'Brien, makes it possible for the actors to create a maze of claustrophobic subtexts. It's doubtful if either Plowright or Whitelaw has ever before been this scarily effective onscreen; Whitelaw's sky-blue eyes stab you—she seems to have become the nakedest of performers. With Peter Postlethwaite, Pippa Hinchley, and Rosemary Martin.—P.K. (12/12/88) (Quad Cinema; through March 16.)

Gunga Din (1939)—One of the most enjoyable nonsense-adventure movies of all time—full of slapstick and heroism and high spirits. The stars are a rousing trio: Cary Grant, having the time of his life as a clowning roughneck; the dapper, gentlemanly Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; and the eternal vulgarian Victor McLaglen. Who has forgotten Eduardo Ciannelli in dark makeup as some sort of mad high priest, or Sam Jaffe as Gunga Din, the essence, the soul of loyalty? Who remembers Joan Fontaine as the pallid and proper heroine? Directed by George Stevens. The superb cinematography is by Joseph H. August; the art direction is by Van Nest Polglase; the music is by Alfred Newman.—P.K. (Biograph Cinema; March 16-18.)

High Hopes—Mike Leigh's wacked-out comedy-drama about life in Thatcherland features three couples: the rich twits (David Bamber and Lesley Manville as a young champagne dealer and his cool socialite wife); the pushy yups (Philip Jackson and Heather Tobias as a boorish car salesman and his shrill, social-climber wife); the working poor (bearded Philip Davis and dark-eyed Ruth Sheen as a pot-smoking Marxist who scrapes by as a motorcycle messenger and his companion of ten years, who likes to grow things). This may sound like a liberal-left horror, but the English delight in extreme, preposterous silliness hasn't died even among the serious left: the characters keep turning into absurdist cartoons. It's an exuberantly likable movie—not always satisfying but never drab, never ordinary.—P.K. (2/20/89) (Lincoln Plaza.)

The King of Marvin Gardens (1972)—An indecipherable, dark-toned movie about brothers and spurious goals and the American Dream. Set in the decaying playground of Atlantic City, in the gray, wintry off-season, it keeps declaring its alienation. Bruce Dern works hard trying to be charismatic as the promoter brother who fronts for black gangsters (Scatman Crothers is the big boss). Jack Nicholson is the artist brother. Trying to act intellectual he wears a prissy expression, huddles in his overcoat, and gives a dim, ploddingly serious performance. (If the roles had been reversed, the film might have had a *little* energy.) As Dern's aging, rejected mistress, Ellen Burstyn works valiantly, but her role is a series of florid gestures—it's like all of Claire Trevor's biggest scenes put together. This is an unqualified disaster of the type that only talented people have; the producer-director, Bob Rafelson, and the scriptwriter, Jacob Brackman, seem to be saying "Let them eat metaphors."—P.K. (Thalia SoHo; March 16.)

Lawrence of Arabia (1962)—If you went to see it under the delusion that it was going to be about T. E. Lawrence, you probably stayed to enjoy the vastness of the desert and the pleasures of the senses that a huge movie epic can provide. Directed by David Lean, from a script by Robert Bolt, loosely based on Lawrence's "Seven Pillars of Wisdom," this picture fails to give an acceptable interpretation of Lawrence, or to keep its action intelligible, but it is one of the most literate and tasteful and exciting of expensive spectacles. The central figure is played quite stunningly by Peter O'Toole, though he seems to be doing "Lord Jim"—which he was cast in a couple of years later (and then it looked as if he were doing Lawrence all over again). Bolt and Lean turn the hero into such a flamboyant poetic enigma that he is displaced in the film by a simpler hero—Omar Sharif's Ali, a handsome sheikh with liquid brown eyes and conventionally sympathetic lines to speak. As it became apparent that most people in the audience hadn't the remotest idea of what the Arabs and the Turks were doing in the First World War, or which was which, or why the English cared, the question raised by the movie was, Can complicated historical events and a complex hero really get across in a spectacle? With Alec Guinness, José Ferrer, Anthony Quinn, Arthur Kennedy, Jack Hawkins, Claude Rains, Anthony Quayle, and Donald Wolfit. Cinematography by Freddie Young; music by Maurice Jarre. (The film, substantially cut after its first release, has been restored to a more or less definitive version, running 217 minutes.)—P.K. (Ziegfeld.)

Lightning Over Braddock: A Rustbowl Fantasy—This first feature by the Pennsylvania independent filmmaker Tony Buba is a strange homemade mixture of fiction, autobiography, and social documentary. Buba has made fifteen short documentaries about a dying mill town called Braddock, where he was born and raised (and where he still lives); "Lightning" is in part a self-critical retrospective of his own work, a reflection on how his reputation has increased as his town's fortunes have declined. The movie is a little in love with its own flakiness, and Buba doesn't really have the skill (or maybe just the budget) to bring off the radical shifts in tone and style. But "Lightning Over Braddock" has a lively, likable spirit, and it's rarely predictable. Buba keeps things brisk and bouncy even while he's worrying about being politically correct.—T.R. (Film Forum 1; through March 21.)

Jean Arthur

Mississippi Burning—Set in Mississippi in the summer of 1964, it opens with a fictionalized re-creation of the murder of the three civil-rights workers—James Chaney, Andrew Goodman, and Michael Schwerner—but it isn't really about the civil-rights movement. The director, Alan Parker, treats Southerners the way he treated the Turks ten years ago in "Midnight Express." And he twists facts here as he did there, with the same apparent objective: to come up with garish forms of violence. Two F.B.I. men (Gene Hackman and Willem Dafoe) arrive to find out what happened to the three activists, and a huge manhunt is initiated. The movie hinges on the ploy that the F.B.I. men can't stop the K.K.K. from its terrorism against blacks until they swing over to vigilante tactics. And we're put in the position of applauding the F.B.I.'s dirtiest forms of intimidation. Hackman is superb, and there's impressive work by Frances McDormand, Brad Dourif, Park Overall, and others. But the film is morally repugnant. The script is credited to Chris Gerolmo (Parker says he rewrote it). —P.K. (12/26/88) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, and Loews Tower East. . . . ¶ Warner; through March 21.)

Murmur of the Heart (1971)—Louis Malle's exhilarating high comedy about French bourgeois life. He looks into his own back yard—the film is set in Dijon in 1954, at the time of Dien Bien Phu, and it's about the sex education of the fourteen-year-old Laurent (Benoit Ferreux), the youngest, brightest son of a successful gynecologist (Daniel Gélin) and his Italian-born wife (Léa Massari). Malle sees not only the prudent, punctilious surface but the volatile and slovenly life underneath. His bourgeois bestiary is funny and appalling and also—surprisingly—hardy and happy. This is perhaps the first time on film that anyone has shown us the bourgeoisie enjoying its privileges. Massari is superb as Clara, the carelessly sensual mother who is loved by her sons because of her indifference to the bourgeois forms, which they nevertheless accept—on the surface, that is. With Michel Lonsdale as Father Henri. The script is by Malle. In French.—P.K. (Lincoln Plaza; starting March 17.)

New York Stories—Directed by Woody Allen, Francis Coppola, and Martin Scorsese. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Gramercy, Guild, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex. . . . ¶ Cinema I; through March 16.)

Out Cold—Teri Garr is Sunny, who murders her husband. John Lithgow is the husband's business partner, a big, shy dope with a slow-motion brain who thinks he accidentally did the killing. And Randy Quaid is a lunkhead private detective. This trim, smart, evenly paced murder comedy is set mostly in and around San Pedro, California, but the calm with which the young English director, Malcolm Mowbray (who made the 1984 "A Private Function"), keeps everything in check doesn't seem American, exactly. Mowbray's deliberateness has a lunar dimension. The smoothness keeps you giggling. With Bruce McGill and Fran Ryan. The screenplay is by Leonard Glasser and George Malko.—P.K. (3/6/89) (Eastside Cinema, and 8th St. Playhouse.)

Pelle the Conqueror—An aging, weak-willed Swedish widower (Max von Sydow) and his young son (Pelle Hvenegaard) emigrate to Denmark and find work on a large estate, where they're exploited and abused. The boy, more spirited than his father, ultimately escapes. The movie, written and directed by Bille August from a novel by Martin Andersen Nexo, isn't as dreary as it sounds. August directs with great skill and feeling, and the cinematography, by Jorgen Persson ("Elvira Madigan"), is sensational. The images are never simply beautiful—they always carry a strong emotional and dramatic charge. Yet there's a basic dullness in Nexo's material which August can't transcend. For most of the picture's two and a half hours, we're moved and bored simultaneously. In Danish and Swedish.—T.R. (Lincoln Plaza.)

Rain Man—Dustin Hoffman is Raymond, an autistic savant who lives in an institution in Cincinnati, and Tom Cruise is his huckster brother Charlie, an L.A. car dealer, who kidnaps him, hoping to get hold of some of the three million dollars that their father has left in trust for Raymond's care. Hoffman upstages the movie; Cruise's performance consists of not smiling too much—so as not to distract his fans from watching Hoffman. The director, Barry Levinson, stretches out the scenes until they yawn. But the picture has its effectiveness: people are crying at it. Of course they're crying at it—it's a piece of wet kitsch. Ronald Bass was the principal screenwriter.—P.K. (2/6/89) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews New York Twin, and Loews Paramount.)

Tap—A thirties-style semi-musical with a good strong Cagneyish role for Gregory Hines. He plays an ex-con whose true vocation is to carry on the great black tap-dance tradition founded on jazz. That's Hines' vocation in real life, too, only his way of realizing it on the screen—he hooks up with a rock band and a synthesizer, and his taps go boom—is a lot less controversial than it would be in real life. Written and directed by Nick Castle, Jr., the film is the first to tell us about the black tap community in feature-length fiction terms, and those terms finally defeat it. The numbers are staged in old-movie-musical formats, white folks are everywhere, Harlem doesn't exist. But Hines is liberated, and is exciting for the first time on the screen. With Sammy Davis, Jr.; the young dancer Savion Glover; and, playing themselves, Sandman Sims, Bunny Briggs, Jimmy Slyde, Harold Nicholas, Arthur Duncan, Steve Condos, and Pat Rico.—A.C. (2/6/89; under Dancing.) (Criterion Center.)

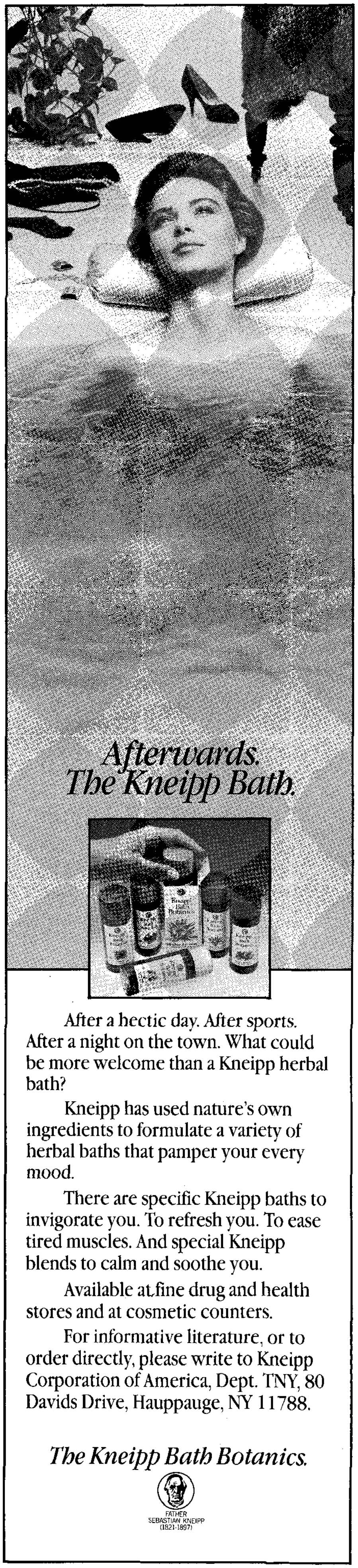
Three Fugitives—A crumbum farce by the French writer-director Francis Veber, working in this country. (It's a remake of his "Les Fugitifs.") Nick Nolte plays a veteran armed robber who goes to a bank to open an account and is taken hostage by Martin Short, a terrified twerp of an amateur holdup man. He needs money to keep his six-year-old daughter in a special school. That's the setup: the three are variously chased, and chase each other. Nolte keeps whamming Short on the head, and the tot ignores her devoted father. He's too small for her. She's smitten by big, blond, blue-eyed Nolte; queasy pedophiliac overtones hover in the air.—P.K. (2/20/89) (Embassy.)

True Believer—A nifty thriller—fast and tense—about a Manhattan lawyer (James Woods) who was a hero of the counterculture but is now defending drug dealers and getting paid in cash. When he's goaded by his new law associate (Robert Downey, Jr.) into taking on a murder case, his eyes widen at the bare possibility that the man he's defending might be innocent. The movie makes us share the lawyer's energy and charge as he investigates the crime. He doesn't want to sleep: he lives off the excitement of having a cause. It's a pick-me-up of a movie. Nothing great, nothing terribly distinctive, but the aliveness of the texture can quicken your senses and keep you fascinated. Directed by Joseph Ruben, from a script by Wesley Strick.—P.K. (2/20/89) (Movieland. . . . ¶ Art Greenwich Twin; through March 16. . . . ¶ Beekman, 23rd St. West Triplex, and Olympia; through March 21.)

Two English Girls (1972)—François Truffaut tries for gaiety and gentleness and charm in this adaptation of the only other novel by Henri-Pierre Roché, the author of "Jules and Jim," but everything is muffled, almost repressed. The story is about the messed-up lives of two English sisters who love the same man—a Frenchman (Jean-Pierre Léaud, badly miscast). The picture is uncomfortable and, when it's over, unresolved yet emotionally affecting. A bewilderingly sad movie. Script by Truffaut and Jean Gruault. In French.—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 20.)

Women on the Verge of a Nervous Breakdown—The most original pop writer-director of the eighties, Pedro Almodóvar is Godard with a human face—a happy face. The artificial is what sends him sky high, and the Madrid of this film is (as the closing song has it) "Puro Teatro." This is a movie where after a while you can't tell sexy from funny. Pepa (Carmen Maura), an actress who works in TV and commercials, turns on her answering machine and learns that she has been jilted. Infuriated, she dashes around, on spike heels, in a short, tight skirt, trying to confront her long-time live-in lover, the elegant, vain Iván (Fernando Guillén). The women of the title include Iván's early lover (Julieta Serrano), his new lover (Kiti Manver), and two (Rossy De Palma and María Barranco) who are involved with his son (Antonio Banderas). Sleek-legged and chic, they run the theatrical gamut. Cinematography by José Luis Alcaine. In Spanish.—P.K. (11/14/88) (Cinema Studio.)

Working Girl—Mike Nichols made this yuppie Cinderella romance, with Melanie Griffith as Tess McGill, a poor but enterprising girl from Staten Island who fights off the sleazoid bosses and struggles to break through the educational-background barriers and climb from Wall Street secretary to executive. We're supposed to be cheered by watching Tess become part of the establishment. Griffith is very appealing, and she carries what there is of the picture, but this is the kind of star performance in which the heroine's misty eyes and soft-focus smiles (which suggest bleariness) are supposed to turn our brains to jelly. After a bouncy, promising opening, the staging becomes so broad you can't tell whether satire is intended or just dumb jokes. With Sigourney Weaver, Harrison Ford, Joan Cusack, and Alec Baldwin. The script is credited to Kevin Wade.—P.K. (1/9/89) (Baronet, Waverly, and Criterion Center. . . . ¶ 34th St. East, and Regency; through March 16.)



Afterwards. The Kneipp Bath.
Kneipp Bath Botanics
FATHER SEBASTIAN KNEIPP (1821-1897)

After a hectic day. After sports. After a night on the town. What could be more welcome than a Kneipp herbal bath?

Kneipp has used nature's own ingredients to formulate a variety of herbal baths that pamper your every mood.

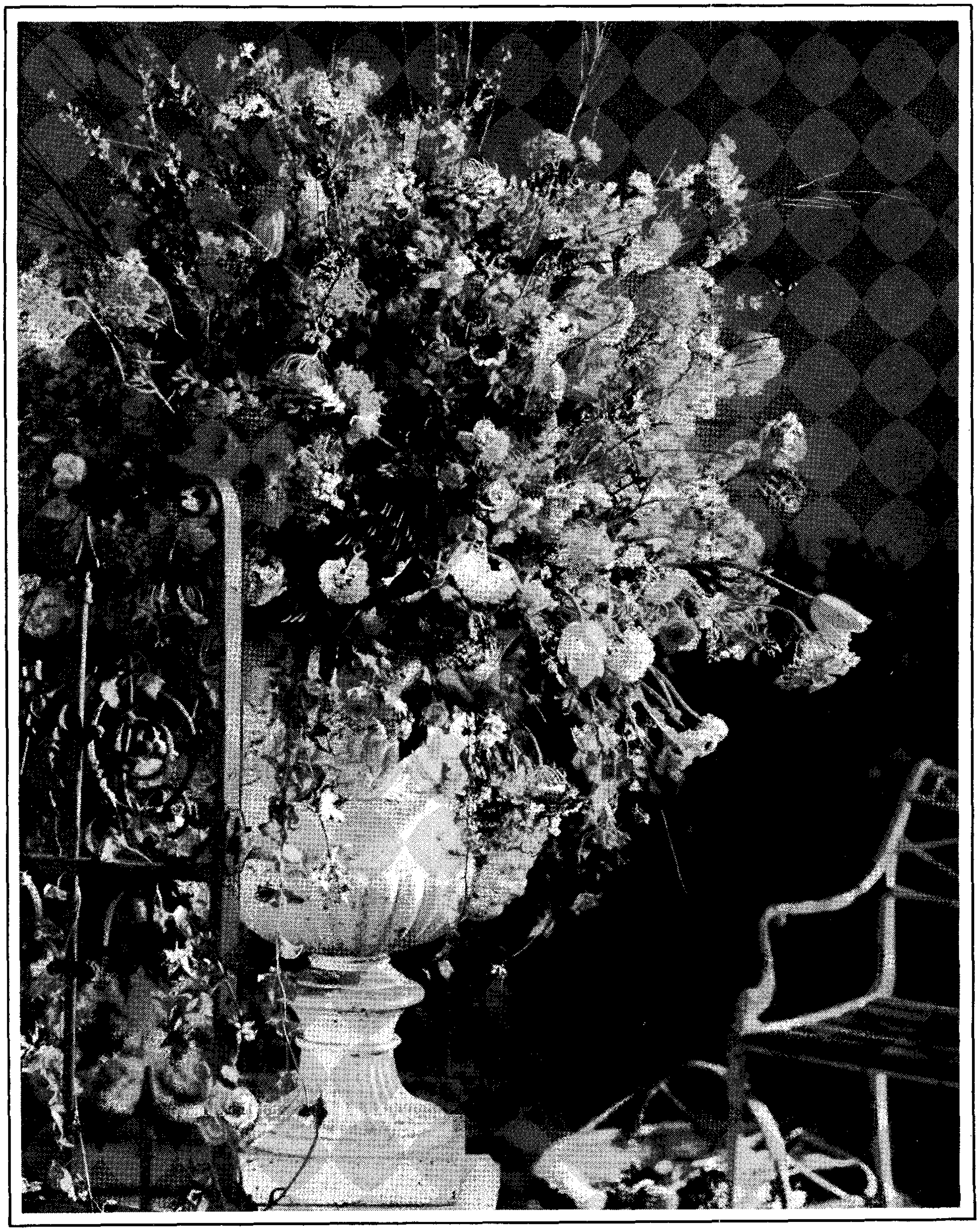
There are specific Kneipp baths to invigorate you. To refresh you. To ease tired muscles. And special Kneipp blends to calm and soothe you.

Available at fine drug and health stores and at cosmetic counters.

For informative literature, or to order directly, please write to Kneipp Corporation of America, Dept. TNY, 80 Davids Drive, Hauppauge, NY 11788.

The Kneipp Bath Botanics.

Macy's Flower Show
1989



MARCH 19 through APRIL 1 - HERALD SQUARE

macy's

WE'RE A PART OF YOUR LIFE

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

"I AM become Death, the destroyer of worlds," Robert Oppenheimer said when the atomic bomb he had helped to invent was tested successfully. Yet he supported its use against Japan for ordinary strategic and patriotic reasons. Nearly every American politician who has borne responsibility for nuclear weapons has been contradictory in a similar way. Eisenhower thought that the weapon was an unusable abomination. Yet he brought it into play in the relatively minor matter of Quemoy and Matsu. Kennedy knew that it made no sense to risk nuclear war over nuclear missiles in Cuba, especially when nuclear missiles in the Soviet Union had been threatening us all along. Yet he did risk nuclear war. When the question is asked "Does it make sense to risk the end of the world for the stature of the United States, or for endangered free peoples, or for the existence of Israel, or even for our own freedom?" the rational answer has to be no. But when push comes to shove we have always done just that. The alternative, yielding to "nuclear blackmail," seems to involve an abdication of national character which would be a kind of suicide: we would no longer be ourselves. The nuclear predicament seems to ask us to be ready to surrender our deepest values in order to avoid the end of everything. It seems to ask us to blackmail *ourselves*. There is an automatic rebellion against such conditions, and the rebellion is natural but does not resolve the illogic.

Physics, which led us into this predicament, provides an apt analogy. Newtonian physics describes the world we live in—a world where stones drop straight down from leaning towers, where billiard balls ricochet off each other according to laws that we know in our bones, because we see them in operation from birth. Nuclear physics describes dimensions that bracket the world of human experience but are not part of it. The nuclear realm is both too big and too tiny for us to have instinctive knowledge of its laws. And the scale of nuclear danger is beyond the range of our diplomatic and military traditions, which evolved in a Newtonian, not a nuclear, world. The danger raises issues that our ethical systems cannot address. It introduces into our system of sovereign states a kind of power that overloads and renders absurd the "power games" through which states relate to each other. And yet we remain Newtonian nations in nuclear circumstances—nations playing billiards when the physical laws out of which their kind of billiards evolved no longer apply. So far, awareness that nuclear weapons could destroy the Newtonian sphere has proved a sufficient restraint on the way the international game is played, and, happily, the indications are that restraint is becoming more and more habitual. But that doesn't change the basic incompatibility of scale between the danger and the game.

A private person experiences this predicament differently from a person who has official responsibility. A private person can also feel that the nuclear situation demands that he blackmail himself—but, in his case, into detaching himself not only from a political system that he values highly but also from the dense context of language, habits of mind, visions, and generational memory which at its outer limits is called a country. ("Country," rather than "nation," seems to be the right word here, because "nation" connotes power, whereas the private relationship we are talking about has to do with affection. Nations, one might say, protect countries.) It is often observed that modern life has dissipated traditions, but a short contemplation of what it might mean to be dominated by another culture makes us vividly aware of how profoundly tradition-bound we are.

The official person contemplates nuclear danger in front of a map of the world, but a private person tends to experience it locally. The experience is sub- and supra-geographic, the way the nuclear realm is subatomic and overarching. Nuclear danger contemplated in a purely private way is intimate—something we experience so subjectively that it is difficult to share our feelings, or even to find a language for them. On the whole, nuclear danger is something one experiences alone. In this it is sub-social. It's difficult to know how to translate this experience into the national zone of debates and opinions and voting booths while remaining true to oneself on all levels. But there is, perhaps, a larger logic of responsibility. A major factor in the restraint upon nuclear nations is *the political pressure of a worldwide* popular fear, which leaders do not always seem to share. Crossing cultural boundaries, that pressure is suprasocial. It also shows us that in the world of nuclear danger the significant unit is not the nation. The unit is the individual.

•

AN American living in Beijing writes:

A well-known Chinese curse is "May you live in interesting times," and increasingly we in the People's Republic are finding ourselves in an interesting time. Two weeks ago, we had the spectacle of President Bush being welcomed, fêted, outmaneuvered, and publicly rebuked; last week, after rioting and violence, martial law was imposed in Tibet. What makes these two events especially notable is the media attention that China has afforded both. We have not been accustomed here to seeing anti-Chinese protests or rioting on our television screens or reading about them in Chinese- or English-language newspapers. Nor can I recall any other state visit—even one as brief as President Bush's two-day stopover—that achieved anything less than "frank exchanges" certain to improve "bilateral coöperation."

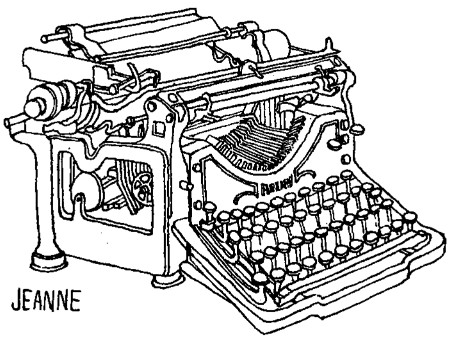
The consensus of the Western media accounts that have filtered back here is that the Chinese government's exclusion of the dissident Fang Lizhi from President Bush's banquet at the end of his visit was a "debacle" (the headline description in Hong Kong's influential South China *Morning Post*), and that, to quote the Washington *Post*, "both sides have bungled the Fang affair, allowing it to mar the end of what appears to be an otherwise successful visit by Mr. Bush." To judge from the publicity given the Fang affair here, however, the Chinese government doesn't feel that it bungled; in fact, it appears to feel that it successfully stage-managed everything. Ultimately, both sides made their points, and not even Mr. Fang is a loser. At the cost of missing a plate of Texas barbecue and a handshake from the President, he has been promoted from the thin ranks of prominent dissidents here to a status possibly comparable to that of Andrei Sakharov. (Actually, it would suit the present mood in China if one of its opponents were to achieve Sakharov's status—*if only* to demonstrate that China can tolerate some forms of dissent at least as well as the Russians can. And it's probably not coincidental that Fang, like Sakharov, is a celebrated scientist—an astrophysicist.)

The Chinese honor what might be called a "don't invite to the same party" tradition. It is quite probable that the Chinese authorities would have taken less umbrage if Bush had had a private audience with Fang, instead of inviting him to a gathering where he would be afforded the same status as President Yang Shangkun and Premier Li Peng. Possibly just as offensive to official Chinese sensibilities was the fact that Fang's invitation had been leaked to the Hong Kong press, even though his name was not on the list of five hundred guests submitted to the Chinese Foreign Ministry by the American Embassy. In any event, a few hours before the banquet Deng Xiaoping, in a discussion of China's hopes for a "stable environment," appeared to advise the President against "playing a card because it is expedient." And later General Secretary Zhao Ziyang said to Bush, in front of reporters, that American support for "those Chinese who are not satisfied with the Chinese government will be detrimental not only to China's political stability and the progress of its reform but also to the Sino-U.S. friendship." As far as is known, Mr. Bush did not respond directly to either warning; he may not have been told that the invitation had been extended by the American Embassy here, or perhaps he was counting on the presence of Mr. Fang to make his point symbolically for him.

When it wants to, China can be brutal in suppressing dissent—witness the sixteen now known dead and the more than one hundred injured in Lhasa this past week. And yet Fang was afforded white-glove treatment by Beijing's security police who stopped the car in which he and his wife, Li Shuxian, were being driven to the Great Wall Sheraton Hotel for the banquet. The Fangs and their escorts —Perry Link, who is the director of the Beijing office of the United States National Academy of Sciences, and his wife—skirted this roadblock and set out on foot for the hotel. There they were again stopped—several times— by impassive guards, who countered their official invitations by displaying copies of the official guest list. By their own account, the Fangs and the Links were quite persistent about trying to enter; however, they were not arrested, manhandled, or prevented from driving back across town to another hotel, the Shangri-La, where most of the three hundred and fifty out-of-town reporters covering the Bush visit were quartered, and telling and retelling their story at half a dozen hastily assembled press conferences.

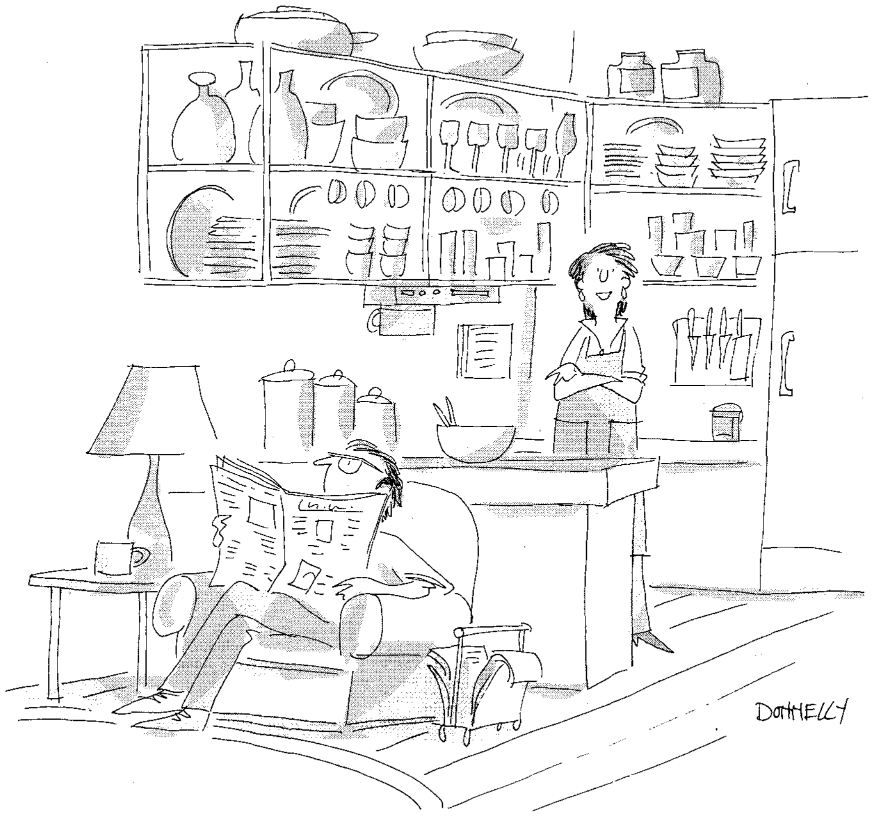
Whether the President noticed Mr. Fang's absence from the dinner is uncertain, but he must have noticed that the banquet was crowded out of the headlines the following day by the Fang incident, and that his rather mild request to the United States Ambassador, Winston Lord, to find out what had happened to Mr. Fang led to a statement by a Foreign Ministry spokesman that the Chinese had "resented" the invitation to "a certain individual unacceptable to the Chinese side." The statement went on, "This act of imposing one's own will on others can be interpreted only as a support to people of this kind and disrespect for the host country."

The President has apparently accepted this rebuke (at least, no American response has yet been reported), and now, in an unrelated development, we have the Lhasa riots and the comparatively tough response to them, which, in a departure from their journalistic tradition, the Chinese were the first to report. I have no doubt that Xinhua, the New China News Agency, is undercounting the casualties, but I find it significant that by breaking the news themselves the Chinese succeeded in gaining wide acceptance in the Western press for their version—that the riots were caused by robbers, looters, and a handful of Tibetan "separatists,"



rather than, as others have reported, by Buddhist monks and nuns seeking the return of the Dalai Lama. China, it seems, is mastering the skills of public relations.

• •



"I feel like fooling around with radicchio."

• •

Safari

Robert and Richard Blau grew up in Melville, Long Island. In high school, Robert was often Shazam the Clown, and worked the birthday-party circuit as a magician. Richard, his younger brother, assisted him. They started out small—finding the quarter behind the ear, pulling the rabbit out of the hat, and tearing the newspaper to bits and putting it back together. Gradually, they started to saw each other in half and to juggle things that were on fire, and soon they were bringing home thousands of dollars a week. They sank their earnings back into the business by buying more equipment, and stored it in their mother's basement. They began to question why they should go to college when they were already making enough money to buy a house. Word of mouth moved them up the entertainment ladder. They began booking sweet-sixteen parties and grand-opening appearances. Robert enrolled briefly in a local community college; Richard graduated from high school early. They hired other magicians and some dancers, and moved their equipment into a warehouse in Deer Park. By 1980, Shazam was no longer a clown but a million-dollar-a-year company. Today, Shazam is Chéz-zam (DC Comics felt that the original name was an infringement on a trademark it had registered, and asked some lawyer friends to ask the Blau brothers if they wouldn't mind changing it), and Robert and Richard Blau are in the business of throwing theme parties—a medieval bar mitzvah, say, or a wedding reception with an ice-age motif.

Robert is twenty-five, four years older than Richard. He is tall and slim, and has graying hair, which he combs straight back; Richard is shorter and heavier, and has a beard that looks as if it received daily maintenance. On a recent Saturday night, they were getting into their tuxedos in a dressing room at the Tamcrest Country Club, in Alpine, New Jersey. They were there because the Medical Staff Wives Association of Englewood Hospital had asked them to put on "It's a Hot Night in Rio"—one of Chéz-zam's more popular theme parties—for this year's fund-raiser.

"What Robert and I do," Richard said as he slipped his studs in, "is we allow people to escape their own reality and enter a new one. And we do this by creating what we call environmental and participatory fantasies. This may sound corny, but there's a lot of craziness in the world, and we like to think that we help people forget about it for a while."

"Think of it this way," Robert said. "Tonight's entertainment starts with 'The Safari.' O.K., so this means that there will be a few jungle girls, a safari man, and an array of jungle animals set in what will look like an actual jungle. The whole idea is for the doctors to interact with these characters in the environment that we've set up. The rest of the evening will go on from there. It always works."

In an adjacent dressing room, the performers were getting ready. The jungle girls gave themselves jungle faces by applying thick coats of black and white makeup. A white tiger and the safari man worked out a few dance steps in the corner. A gorilla moonwalked. A lion fussed with his tail. A cockatoo and a toucan spread their wings and practiced making strange-sounding noises. Along a side wall stood a few racks holding costumes for later on—they looked like the kind of outfits that Carmen Miranda used to feel comfortable in. Attached to the rack was an itinerary for the evening. It said:

It's a Hot Night in Rio
Englewood Hospital:
(1) Safari
(2) La Bamba
(3) Hooray for Hollywood
(4) Dames at Sea

At about nine, as the Englewood doctors and their spouses entered the dining room, a hose blasting dry-ice steam greeted them. A soundtrack boomed jungle noises. The animals were scattered through the room, moving in time to the noises. Richard Blau got behind a microphone and said, several times, "Welcome to the fantasy world of Chéz-zam. This is going to be one hot night in Rio. We want you to work your motors. Now get on that floor and dance." The safari noises on the sound system were replaced by Wang Chung's "Everybody Have Fun Tonight." The animals started to go from table to table and, in an I-won't-take-no-for-an-answer way, asked guests if they'd like to dance. This was obviously the participatory part of the fantasy.

Some of the participants found that they couldn't cut it in the jungle, and hung out in the foyer, saying things like "O.K., so by this time she's got a one hundred point five and has already lost something like seven pounds. Blood pressure is ninety over sixty. Potassium's low, and she's talking about going home. And so you know what I say? I say, 'Come on, who's the patient here, anyway?' "

Others seemed to fit right in. Leslie Simon, for example. She and her husband, Clifford, a pulmonary specialist, were positioned directly behind the gorilla in the Locomotion chain, and they taught the white tiger a few steps from before his time. The doctors (some of them wearing beepers on their cummerbunds), the safari animals, the safari man, and the jungle girls danced and cavorted for a good twenty-five minutes. Then it was time for the guests to sit down to a tricolored primavera appetizer and for the performers to make a costume change.

The acts that followed were what the Blau brothers call *strictly* participatory fantasies. The guests found that between courses they could dance with the Latino dancers during the "La Bamba" number, or with the person wearing the enormous Marilyn Monroe head during the "Hooray for Hollywood" segment. But these acts didn't attempt to create an environment: there was no Hollywood Boulevard; the doctors didn't get the sense that they were anywhere except in New Jersey. Out in the foyer, right before the "Dames at Sea" routine started, Robert and Richard explained that the guests could take only so many changes of atmosphere. "We don't want to totally overwhelm them," Robert said.

"Yeah," Richard said. "Over the years, we've found that one environment is enough to get their participatory juices flowing."

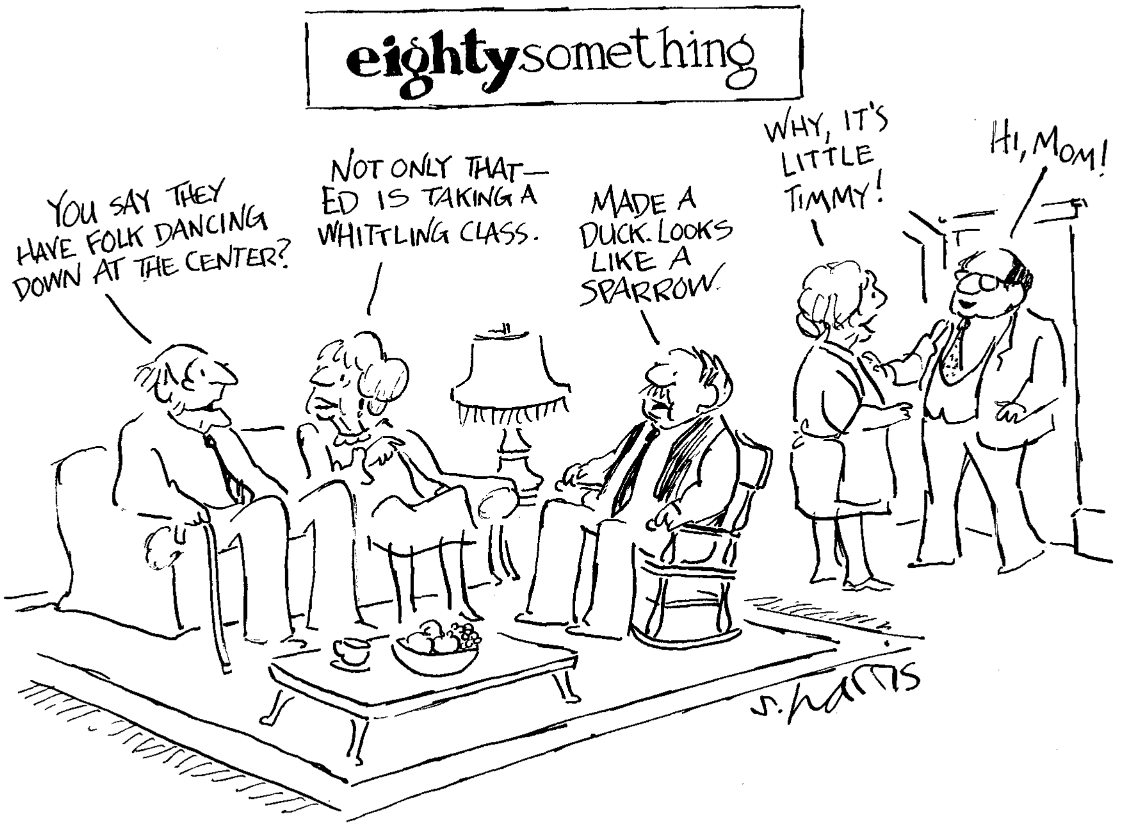
President Vigdís

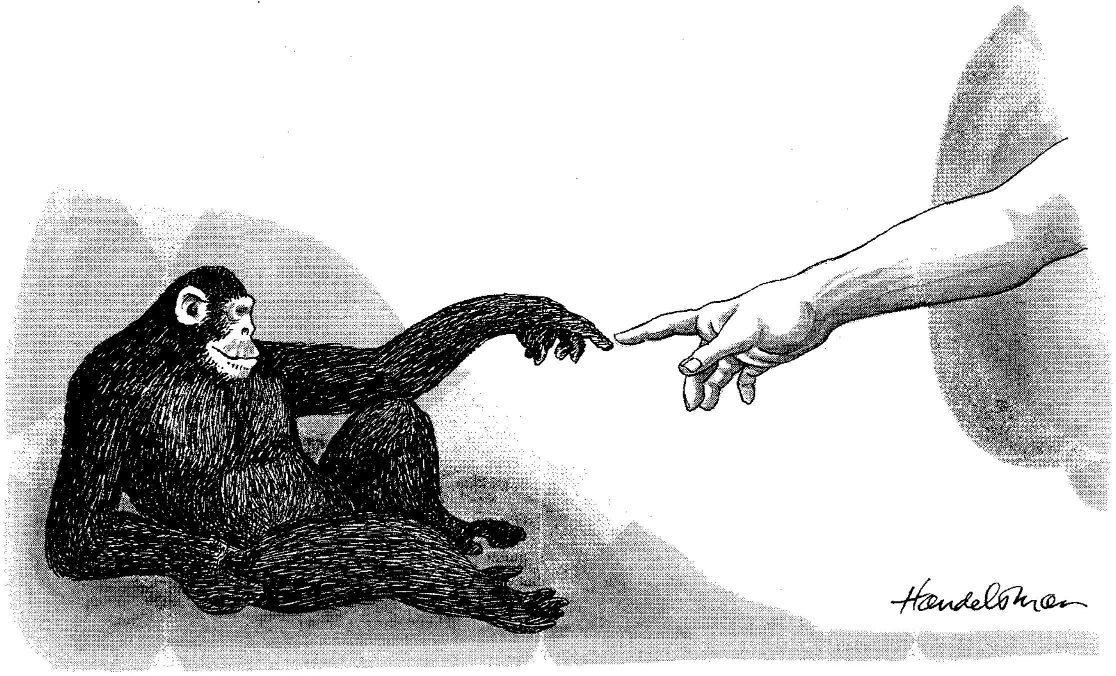
LETTER from a Massachusetts woman we know who has been living with her family in Iceland:

"What's Iceland like?" my friends write to ask. I can't really say. I visited here several times in the past, but always in the summer, when the long blue days finally, for a few hours, go pink but never black. This time, though, what Iceland is most like is the inside of our furnished apartment. (That's another story.) Looking out my kitchen window is like looking into the porthole of a front-loading washing machine. First, a drizzle falls on snow-peaked, bleached-white mountains, like water descending on a tub heaped with clothes; then snowy soapsuds begin to churn around and around. You want to stick your hand in, to check on how things are going, but once the cycle has begun you wonder if you ought to open the door before the winter is over.

When the February issue of the monthly tourist booklet *What's On in Reykjavik* came out, its cover pictured not Laugavegur, the chic shopping street, or Hallgrímskirkja, an oddly appealing church that resembles a nineteen-thirties radio attached to a skyward-facing breast, but a closed windowless door with some snow banked on the front step. Most people do get out, though—especially babies. Except on the windiest days, well-bundled babies spend hours sleeping unattended in mesh-covered, tanklike perambulators left on the (usually unshovelled) sidewalks. I don't intend to test the theory with my own baby, but Icelandic mothers claim that their kids sleep better and longer outdoors. Actually, what seems strangest to me about the practice is that one needn't take account of lunatics; everyone says that no case of baby-snatching has ever been reported in Iceland.

For any family, there comes a point when everybody, not just the baby, must get out. At such a point the other day—in a mood half combative, half festive—my husband and I decided to take the kids on a field trip to the post office. Bulky as astronauts in our down-filled apparel, we climbed into our new ten-year-old car. ("Climbed" *is* the word: only one lock, on the left back door,


eightysomething
YOU SAY THEY HAVE FOLK DANCING DOWN AT THE CENTER?
NOT ONLY THAT— ED IS TAKING A WHITTLING CLASS.
MADE A DUCK. LOOKS LIKE A SPARROW.
WHY, IT'S LITTLE TIMMY!
HI, MOM!
S. Harris



Evolution or Creation? A Compromise

• •

hadn't frozen, and we had to scramble into the front seat.) The morning's blizzard had dwindled to flurries, and we clanked along on our tire chains for about a mile, congratulating ourselves all the way. Then we turned onto an unplowed side road and settled into a deep, icy rut. Stuck. Instantly—as often happens in Iceland—people emerged from the snow, like angels from stardust, to offer assistance. A young man with one arm in a cast, and wearing no gloves, was the first hero to materialize: he tried to push the car backward with his one good (red) hand. In a matter of minutes, three drivers blocked behind us also came to help; hearing us speak English, they took up our language. Despite all the help, the more we tried to rock the car out of the tire tracks the deeper it spun into them. Finally, when we had just about given up, a beautiful middle-aged woman in a fur coat, with blond hair peeking out beneath the rim of a sort of bowler hat, emerged from a modest concrete house carrying a snow shovel.

Good heavens! It was Vigdís Finnbogadóttir, the President of Iceland. I recognized her not only from pictures of the 1986 Reykjavík summit, in which she posed in glamorous serenity next to Iceland's less photogenic Prime Minister, Steingrímur Hermannsson, and Reagan and Gorbachev, but also from postcards featuring her that I've been sending home this winter, many of them with the message "Doesn't she look like she ought to be Miss Iceland?" The postcard also depicts Bessastadir, her official residence, just outside town, but now I remembered being told that she preferred her little house in Reykjavík. She offered my husband the shovel and a few words of encouragement in English, and spoke in Icelandic to the others. While my husband hacked halfheartedly at the ice (it seemed obvious that the car would have to be towed), I watched the way these Icelanders, all of them young, were talking with their President, who is even more of a celebrity than usual these days, because she's the subject of a book that was Iceland's No. 1 best-seller at Christmastime. Although I couldn't understand a word that was said, it was clear that nobody was bowing and scraping. Everybody seemed to regard the President—she's known as Vigdís, and until just recently you could look her up in the telephone book under her first name, like everybody else—in a friendly, familiar way, as if she were an aunt who, if they didn't get out of here soon, might ask them to go pick up a loaf of bread and a quart of milk. (Or maybe summon a snowplow. Why hadn't the President's street been cleared?)

Then President Vigdís turned to me and held out her key ring. "Here," she said. "You go in my house and call a taxi. I'll move my car"—she pointed to it, parked over a small snowbank on the side of the road. "Then these people can get around you." The President of Iceland handing a stranger—and a foreigner—her house keys? Where were the bodyguards? The chauffeurs? I failed to accept the keys; I failed even to speak. "All right," she went on cheerfully, as if in answer to what I hadn't said. "*I'll* go call you a taxi." And she disappeared into her house. A few minutes later, she stepped outside, parked her car around the corner, and disappeared into her house again before we could thank her. Just then, somebody in a truck behind us unearthed a forgotten towrope, and soon pulled our car free.

While I thanked our helpers, with an effusiveness that seemed to embarrass them (Icelanders aren't cold; they're "cool," as in hip), my husband ran back to thank President Vigdís. She answered the door herself. "We don't need the taxi," he said. "But let me pay for it."

"I won't be taking money from you," she said, smiling, and that was that.

Driving away with an almost disappointing ease, I began to feel slightly giddy; maybe the salty fresh air had gone to my head. "Can you picture this at home?" I said. "We get stuck in front of the White House, and Reagan comes out and hands us his keys?" We were nearly at the post office before I realized that Ronald Reagan wasn't President of the United States anymore. All those weeks of staying indoors had caught me spinning my wheels in another kind of rut. Just then, the sun emerged in a small patch of sky that it was clearing for itself—like a large hand gamely wiping a windshield destined to frost over again in a moment.

GOODNESS AND MERCY

Bugs said so long to the disappearing land, a dark-blue finger of Labrador. The ship was passing through the Strait of Belle Isle, on its third day out from Montreal.

"Now I've got to make it to the white cliffs of Dover," she said. She made a face, rounding her eyes and her small, adept mouth, her singer's mouth, as if she had to accept some bad nuisance. "Else it's over the side and feed the fishes."

Bugs was dying, but she had been a very slender, white-skinned woman before she started that, so there wasn't a shocking difference. Her bright-silver hair was cut in a clever fluffed-out bob by her daughter, Averill. Her pallor was by no means ghastly, and the loose tops and caftans that Averill had made for her concealed the state of her arms and her upper body. Occasional expressions of fatigue and distress blended in with an old expression she had—a humorous, hardened plaintiveness. She was not looking badly at all, and her coughing was under control.

"That's a joke," she said to Averill, who was paying for the trip out of some money left to her by the father she had never seen, to remember. When they made the arrangements, they hadn't known what was going to happen—or that it was going to happen as soon as now looked likely.

"Actually, I intend to hang around making your life miserable for years to come," Bugs said. "I look better. Don't you think? Anyway, in the morning. I'm eating. I was thinking I'd start taking little walks. I walked to the rail yesterday, when you weren't here."

They had a cabin on the boat deck, with a chair for Bugs set up outside. There was a bench under the cabin window, occupied now by Averill and in the mornings by the University of Toronto professor whom Bugs called her admirer, or "that professorial jerk."

This was happening on a Norwegian passenger-carrying freighter, in the late seventies, in the month of July. All the way across the North Atlantic the weather was sunny, the sea flat and bright as glass.

Bugs' real name, of course, was June. Her real name, and her singing name, was June Rodgers. For the last year and three months she had not sung in public. For the last eight months, she had not gone to the Conservatory to give lessons. She had a few students coming to the apartment on Huron Street, in the evenings and on Saturdays, so that Averill could accompany them on the piano. Averill worked at the Conservatory, in the office. She biked home for lunch every day, to see if Bugs was all right. She didn't say she was doing it for that reason. She had the excuse of her special lunch—skim milk, wheat germ, and a banana mixed up in the blender. Averill was usually trying to lose weight.

Bugs had sung at weddings, she had been the paid soloist with church choirs, she had sung in the "Messiah" and the St. Matthew Passion and in Gilbert and Sullivan. She had sung supporting roles in Toronto productions of operas with famous imported stars. For a while in the fifties she had shared a radio program with a popular drunken tenor, who had got them both sacked. The name June Rodgers had been well enough known all the time that Averill was growing up. It was well enough known, at least, among the people that Averill usually met. It was a surprise for Averill, more than for Bugs, to run into people now who didn't recognize it.

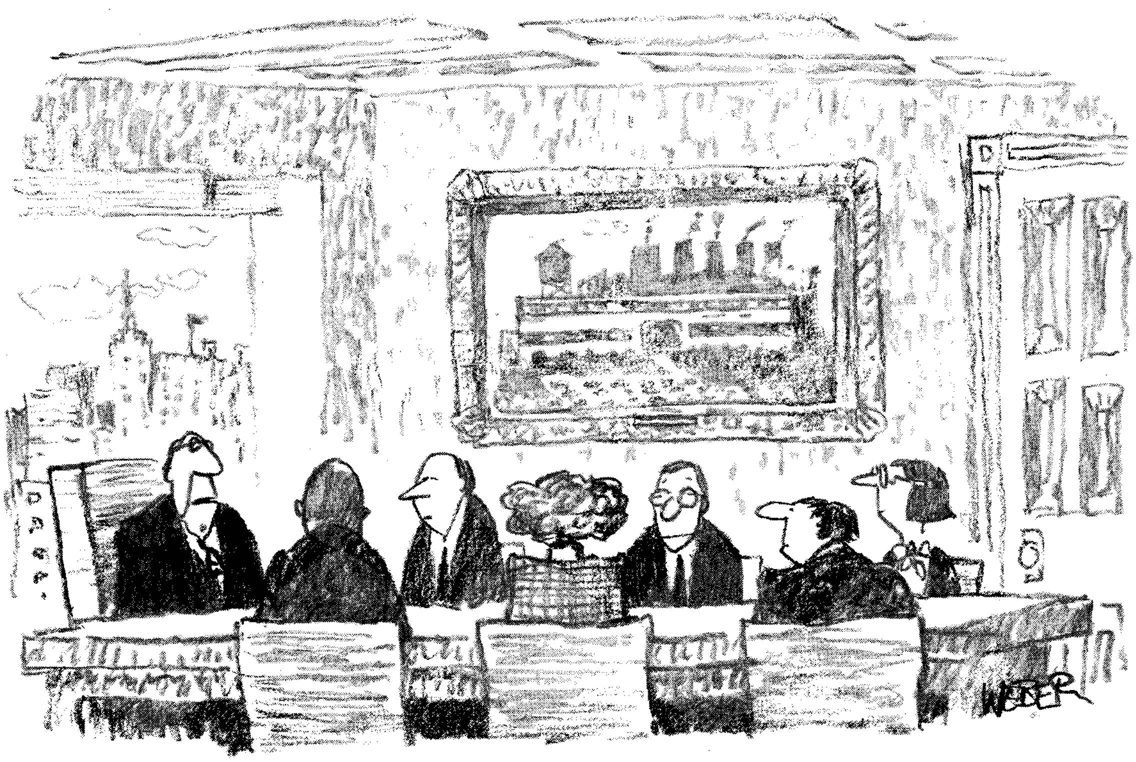
People on the boat hadn't recognized it. About half of the thirty or so passengers were Canadians, most of them from around Toronto, but they hadn't recognized it. "My mother sang Zerlina," Averill said during her first conversation with the professor. "In 'Don Giovanni,' in 1964." She had been ten at the time and remembered the occasion as one filled with glory. Apprehension, flurry, crisis—a sore throat cured by yoga. A peasant costume with a ruffled pink-and-gold skirt over piles of petticoats. Glory.

"Honey, Zerlina is just not a household word," Bugs said to her afterward. "Also, professors are dumb. They are dumber than ordinary. I could be nice and say they know about things we don't, but as far as I'm concerned they don't know shit."

But she let the professor sit beside her and tell her things about himself every morning. She told Averill what she'd learned. He walked the deck for one hour before breakfast. At home he walked six miles a day. He had caused a certain amount of scandal at the university a few years ago by marrying his young wife (his dimwit wife, said Bugs), whose name was Leslie. He had made enemies, stirred up envy and discontent among his colleagues with his dalliance, and then by divorcing his wife and marrying this girl who was one year younger than his oldest child. From then on, certain people were out to get him, and they did. He was a biologist, but he had devised a sort of general-science course—he called it a scientific-literacy course—for students in the humanities: a lively, unalarming course that he hoped would be a modest breakthrough. He got the approval of the higher-ups, but the course was scuttled by members of his own department, who devised all kinds of cumbersome, silly requirements and prerequisites. He retired early.

"I think that was it," Bugs said. "I couldn't keep my mind on it. Also, young women can make very frustrating mates for older men. Youth can be boring. Oh, yes. With an older woman a man can relax. The rhythms of her thoughts and memories—yes, the rhythms of her thoughts and memories will be more in harmony with his. What puke!"

Down the deck the young wife, Leslie, sat working on a needlepoint cover for a dining-room chair. This was the third cover she had done. She needed six altogether. The two women she sat with were glad to admire her pattern—it was called Tudor Rose—and they talked about needlepoint covers that they had made. They described how these fitted in with the furnishings of their houses. Leslie sat between them, somewhat protected. She was a soft, pink-skinned, brown-haired girl whose youth was draining away. She invited kindness, but Bugs had not been very kind to her when she hauled the needlepoint out of her bag.



"Pass the salt. I mean the buck."

• •

"Oh, my," said Bugs. She threw up her hands and waggled her skinny fingers. "These hands," she said, and got the better of a fit of coughing—"these hands have done plenty of things I am not proud of, but I must say they have never picked up a knitting needle or an embroidery needle or a crochet hook or even sewn on a button if there was a safety pin handy. So I'm hardly the person to appreciate, my dear."

Leslie's husband laughed.

Averill thought that what Bugs said was not completely true. It was Bugs who had taught her how to sew. Bugs and Averill both took a serious interest in clothes and were attentive to fashion, in a playful, unintimidated way. Some of their best hours together had been spent in cutting up material, pinning it together, getting inspirations.

The caftans, the loose tops that Bugs wore on the boat were patchworks of silk and velvet and brightly patterned cotton and crocheted lace—all from old dresses and curtains and tablecloths that Averill had picked up at second-hand stores. These creations were greatly admired by Jeanine, an American woman on the boat, who was making friends zealously.

"Where did you find those gorgeous things?" said Jeanine, and Bugs said, "Averill. Averill made them. Isn't she clever?"

"She's a genius," said Jeanine. "You're a genius, Averill."

"She should make theatre costumes," Bugs said. "I keep telling her."

"Yes, why don't you?" said Jeanine.

Averill flushed and could not think of anything to say, anything to placate Bugs and Jeanine, who were smiling at her.

Bugs said, "I'm just as glad she's not, though. I'm just as glad she's here. Averill is my treasure."

Walking the deck, away from Bugs, Jeanine asked Averill, "You mind telling me how old you are?"

Averill said twenty-three, and Jeanine sighed. She said that she was forty-two. She was married, but not accompanied by her husband. She had a long tanned face with glossy pinkish-mauve lips and shoulder-length hair, thick and smooth as an oak plank. She said that people often told her she looked as if she was from California, but actually she was from Wisconsin. She was from a small city in Wisconsin, where she had been the hostess of a radio phone-in show. Her voice was low and persuasive and full of satisfaction, even if she disclosed a problem, grief, shame.

She said, "Your mother is charming."

Averill said, "People either think that or they can't stand her."

"Has she been ill long?"

"She's recuperating," said Averill. "She had pneumonia last spring." This was what they had agreed to say.

Jeanine was more eager to be friends with Bugs than Bugs was to be friends with her. Nevertheless Bugs slid into her customary half-intimacy, confiding some things about the professor and disclosing the name she had thought up for him: Dr. Faustus. His wife's name was Tudor Rose. Jeanine thought these names appropriate and funny. Oh, delightful, she said.

She did not know the name that Bugs had given her. Glamour Puss.

Averill walked around the deck and listened to people talking. She thought about how sea voyages were supposed to be about getting away from it all, and how "it all" presumably meant your life, the way you lived, the person you were at home. Yet in all the conversations she overheard people were doing just the opposite. They were establishing themselves—telling about their jobs and their children and their gardens and their dining rooms. Recipes were offered, for fruitcake and compost heaps. Also ways of dealing with daughters-in-law and investments. Tales of illness, betrayal, real estate. *I said. I did. I always believe. Well, I don't know about you, but I.*

Averill, walking past with her face turned toward the sea, wondered how you got to do this. How did you learn to be so stubborn and insistent and to claim your turn?

I did it all over last fall in blue and oyster.

I'm afraid I have never been able to see the charms of opera.

That last was the professor, imagining that he could put Bugs in her place. And why did he say he was afraid?

Averill didn't get to walk alone for very long. She had her own admirer, who would stalk her and cut her off at the rail. He was an artist, a Canadian artist from Montreal, who sat across from her in the dining room. When he was asked, at the first meal, what kind of pictures he painted, he had said that his latest work was a figure nine feet high, entirely wrapped in bandages, which bore quotations from the American Declaration of Independence. How interesting, said some polite Americans, and the artist said with a tight sneer, I'm glad you think so.

"But why," said Jeanine, with her interviewer's adroit response to hostility (a special rich kindness in the voice, a more alert and interested smile), "why did you not use Canadian quotations of some sort?"

"Yes, I was wondering that, too," said Averill. Sometimes she tried to get into conversations this way, she tried to echo or expand the things that other people said. Usually it did not work well.

Canadian quotations turned out to be a sore subject with the artist. Critics had taken him to task for that very thing, accusing him of insufficient nationalism, missing the very point that he was trying to make. He ignored Jeanine, but followed Averill from the table and harangued her for what seemed like hours, developing a ferocious crush on her as he did so. Next morning he was waiting to go in to breakfast with her, and afterward he asked her if she had ever done any modelling.

"*Me?*" said Averill. "I'm way too fat."

POWDER COMPACT

Twenties, machine-age cloisonné, steel lines
Shimmying through the enamel plaque,
Priced voluptuously—as I wrote the check
My new love surged on its own extravagance.
Nocturnal, businesslike, here was your brisk,
Sinuous walk, your pagan-puritan air.
It was like buying you in miniature.
I didn't look inside; a stifling musk
Burst on us as you opened it: the past—
The original owner's scented powder puff!
That's all. I didn't hear *memento mori*
Whispered in her spilt, too intimate dust
Till now, or see in hers love's epitaph,
Still pink and scut-soft in its reliquary.

—James Lasdun

• •

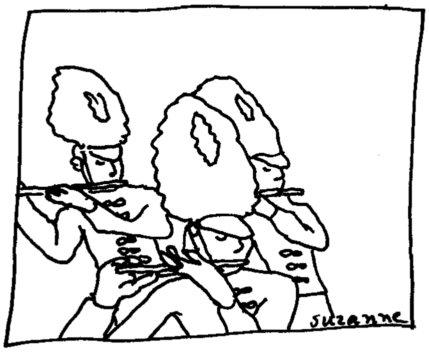
He said he didn't mean with clothes on. If he had been another sort of artist, he said (she gathered that the other sort was the sort he despised), he would have picked her out immediately as a model. Her big golden thighs (she was wearing shorts, which she didn't put on again), her long hair like caramelized sugar, her square shoulders and unindented waist. A goddess figure, goddess coloring, goddess of the harvest. He said she had a pure and childish scowl.

Averill thought that she must remember to keep smiling.

He was a stocky, swarthy, irritable-looking man. Bugs named him Toulouse-Lautrec.

Men had fallen in love with Averill before. Twice she had promised to marry them, then had had to get out of it. She had slept with the ones she was engaged to, and with two or three others. Actually, four others. She had had one abortion. She was not frigid—she did not think so—but there was something about her participation in sex that was polite and appalled, and it was always a relief when they let go of her.

She dealt with the artist by granting him a conversation early in the day, when she felt strong and almost lighthearted. She didn't sit down with him, and during the afternoon and evening she kept him at arm's length. Part of her strategy was to take up with Jeanine. That was all right, as long as Jeanine talked about her own life and didn't move in on Averill's.



"Your mother is a gallant woman and very charming," Jeanine said. "But charming people can be very manipulative. You live with her, don't you?"

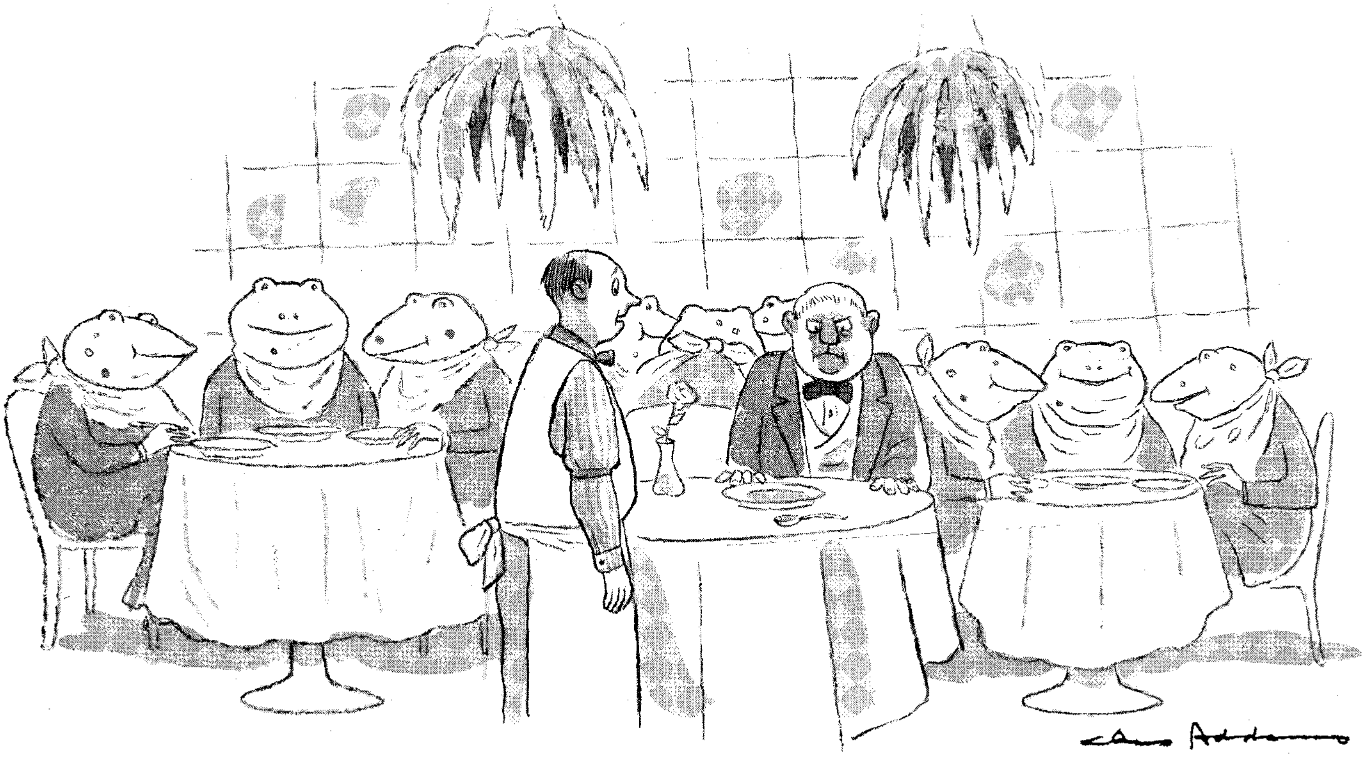
Averill said yes, and Jeanine said, "Oh, I'm sorry. I hope I'm not being too intrusive? I hope I haven't offended you?"

Averill was really only puzzled, in a familiar way. Why did people so quickly take for granted that she was stupid?

"You know, I've gotten so used to interviewing people," Jeanine said. "I'm actually quite bad at ordinary conversation. I've forgotten how to communicate in a nonprofessional situation. I'm too blunt and I'm too *interested*. I need help with that."

The whole point about coming on this trip, she said, was to get herself back to normal reality and find out who she really was when not blatting away into a microphone. And to find out who she was outside of her marriage. It was an agreement between her husband and herself, she said, that every so often they would take these little trips away from each other, they would test the boundaries of the relationship.

Averill could hear what Bugs would have to say about that. "Test the



"Nobody else has complained about flies in the soup."

• •

boundaries of the relationship," Bugs would say. "She means get laid aboard ship."

Jeanine said that she did not rule out a shipboard romance. That is, before she had a look at the available men she had not ruled it out. Once she got a look, she resigned herself. Who could it be? The artist was short and ugly and anti-American. That in itself wouldn't have been entirely off-putting, but he was infatuated with Averill. The professor had a wife on board—Jeanine was not going to scramble around copulating in linen closets. Also he was long-winded, had little grainy warts on his eyelids, and was taken up with Bugs. All the other men were out for one reason or another—they had wives with them, or they were too old to please her or too young for her to please them, or they were chiefly interested in each other or in members of the crew. She would have to use the time to give her skin a good overhaul and to read a book all the way through.

"Who would you pick, though," she said to Averill, "if *you* were picking for me?"

"What about the captain?" said Averill.

"Brilliant," Jeanine said. "A long shot, but brilliant."

She found out that the captain's age was O.K.—he was fifty-four. He was married, but his wife was back in Bergen. He had three children, grown up or nearly. He himself was not a Norwegian but a Scot, born in Edinburgh. He had gone to sea at sixteen and had captained this freighter for ten years. Jeanine discovered all this by asking him. She told him that she was going to do an article for a magazine, on passenger-carrying freighters. (She might really do this.) He gave her a tour of the ship and included his own cabin. She thought that a good sign.

His cabin was spick-and-span. There was a photograph of a large, pleasant-looking woman wearing a thick sweater. The book he was reading was by John le Carré.

"He won't give her a tumble," Bugs said. "He's too canny for her. A canny Scot."

Averill had not thought twice about revealing Jeanine's confidences, if they were confidences. She was used to bringing home all information, all enlivening tidbits—home to the apartment on Huron Street, to the cabin on the boat deck, to Bugs. All stirred into the busy pot. Bugs herself was a marvel at egging people on—she got extravagant tangled revelations from unlikely sources. So far as Averill knew she had not kept anything a secret.

Bugs said that Jeanine was a type she had seen before. Glitz on the surface and catastrophe underneath. A mistake to get too chummy with her, she told Averill, but she remained fairly chummy herself. She told Jeanine stories that Averill had heard before.

She told about Averill's father, whom she did not describe as a jerk or an admirer but as a cautious old bugger. Old to her way of thinking—in his forties. He was a doctor, in New York. Bugs was living there; she was a young singer trying to get her start. She went to him for a sore throat, sore throats being the bugbear of her life.

"Eye, ear, nose, and throat man," Bugs said. "How was I to know he wouldn't stop there?"

He had a family. Of course. He came to Toronto, once, to a medical conference. He saw Averill.

"She was standing up in her crib, and when she saw him she howled like a banshee. I said to him, Do you think she's got my voice? But he was not in the mood for jokes. She scared him off. Such a cautious old bugger. I think he only slipped up the once.

"I've always used bad language," Bugs said. "I like it. I liked it long before it got to be so popular. When Averill had just started to school, the teacher phoned and asked me to come in for a talk. She said she was concerned about some words that Averill was using. When Averill broke her pencil or anything, she said, Oh, shit. Or maybe, Oh, fuck. She said whatever she was used to hearing me say at home. I never warned her. I just thought she'd realize. And how could she? Poor Averill. I was a rotten mother. And that's not the worst part. Do you think I owned up to that teacher and said she got it from me? Indeed not! I behaved like a lady. Oh dear. Oh, I do appreciate you telling me. Oh dear. I'm an awful person. Averill always knew it. Didn't you, Averill?"

Averill said yes.

ON the fourth day, Bugs stopped going down to the dining room for dinner.

"I notice I'm getting a bit gray around the gills by that time," she said. "I don't want to turn the professor off. He may not be so stuck on older women as he lets on."

She said she ate enough at breakfast and lunch. "Breakfast was always my best meal. And here I eat a huge breakfast."

Averill came back from dinner with rolls and fruit.

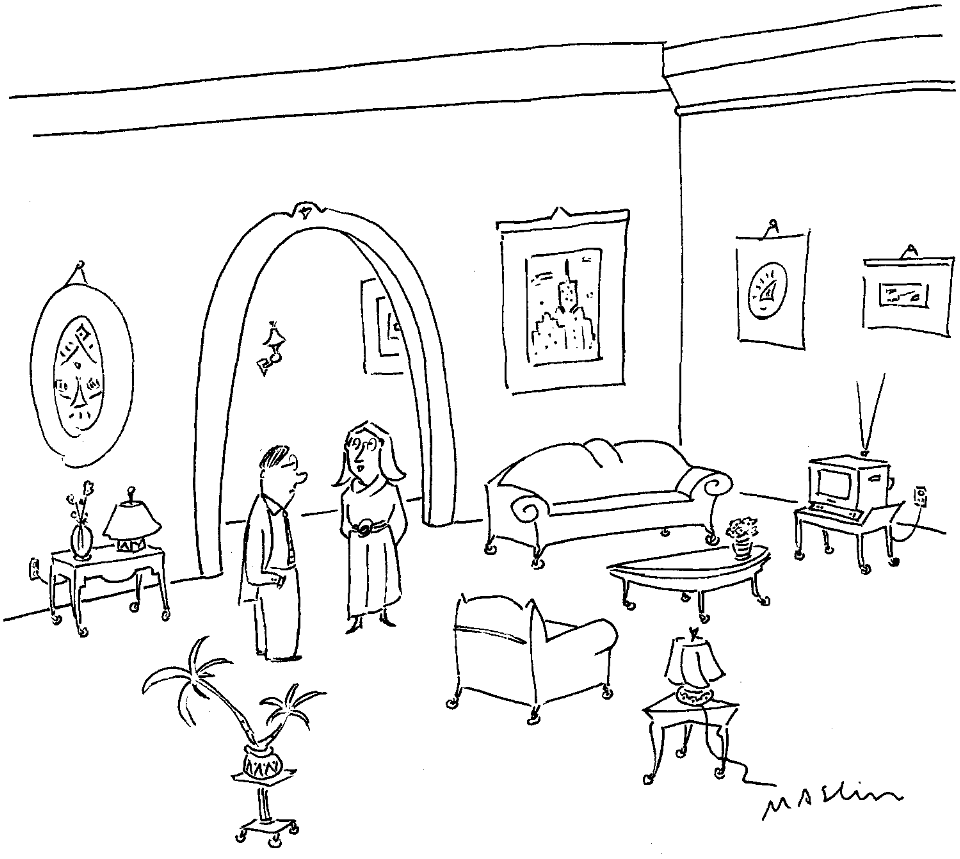
"Lovely," said Bugs. "Later."

She had to sleep propped up.

"Maybe the nurse has oxygen," Averill said. There was no doctor on the ship, but there was a nurse. Bugs did not want to see her. She did not want oxygen.

"These are not bad," she said of her coughing fits. "They are not as bad as they sound. Just little spasms. I've been figuring out—what they are punishment for. Seeing I never smoked. I thought maybe—singing in church and not believing? But no. I think—'Sound of Music.' Maria. God hates it."

AVERILL and Jeanine played poker in the evenings with the artist and the Norwegian first mate. Averill always went back to the boat deck a few times to check on Bugs. Bugs would be asleep or pretending to be asleep, the fruit and buns by her bed untouched. Averill pulled out of the game early. She did not go to bed immediately, though she had made a great point of being so sleepy that she could not keep her eyes open. She slipped into the cabin to retrieve the uneaten buns, then went out on deck. She sat on the bench beneath the window. The window was always wide open, on the warm, still night. Averill sat there and ate the buns as quietly as she could, biting with care through the crisp, delicious crust. The sea air made her just as hungry as it was supposed to do. Or else it was having somebody in love with her—the tension. Under those circumstances she usually gained weight.



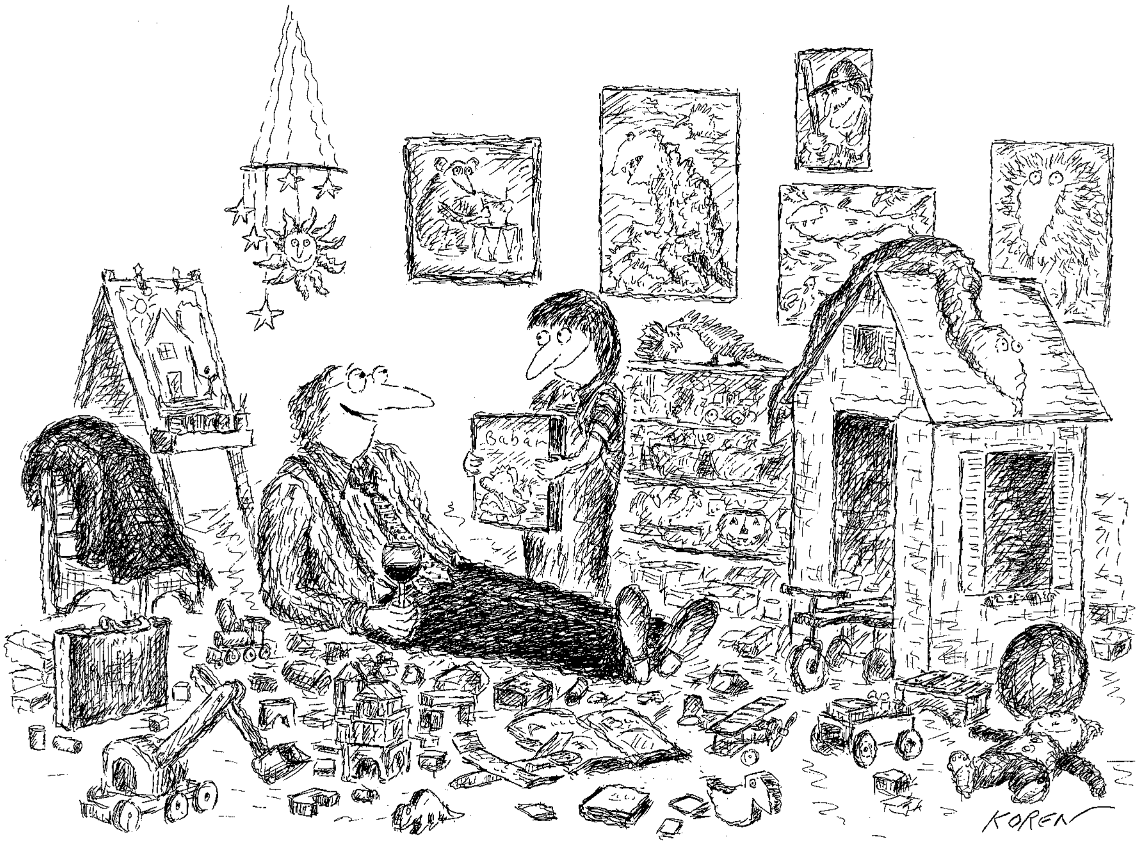
"Have you been here since I put everything on casters?"

She could listen to Bugs' breathing. Little flurries and halts, ragged accelerations, some snags, snores, and achieved straight runs. She could hear Bugs half-wake, and shift and struggle and prop herself higher up in the bed. And she could watch the captain, when he came out for his walk. She didn't know if he saw her. He never indicated. He never looked her way. He looked straight ahead. He was getting his exercise, at night, when there would be the least chance of having to be sociable. Back and forth, back and forth, close to the rail. Averill stayed still—she felt like a fox in the brush. A night animal, watching him. But she didn't think he would be startled if she should move or call out. He was alert to everything on the ship, surely. He knew she was there but could ignore her, out of courtesy, or his own sense of confidence.

She thought of Jeanine's designs on him, and agreed with Bugs that they were doomed to failure. Averill would be disappointed if they were not doomed to failure. The captain did not seem to her a needy man. He did not need to disturb you, or flatter, or provoke, or waylay you. None of that *look at me, listen to me, admire me, give me.* None of that. He had other things on his mind. The ship, the sea, the weather, the cargo, his crew, his commitments. The passengers must be an old story to him. Cargo of another sort, requiring another sort of attention. Idle or ailing, lustful or grieving, curious, impatient, mischievous, remote—he would have seen them all before. He would know things about them right away, but never more than he needed to know. He would know about Jeanine. An old story.

How did he decide when to go in?

Did he time himself, did he count his steps? He was gray-haired and straight-backed, with a thickness of body around the waist and the stomach speaking not of indulgence but of a peaceable authority. Bugs had not thought up any name for him. She had called him a canny Scot, but beyond that she had taken no interest. There were no little tags about him for Bugs to get hold of, no inviting bits of showing-off, no glittery layers ready to flake away. He was a man made long ago, not making himself moment by moment and using whomever he could find in the process.



"Daddy has to clear his head for a few minutes before he can deal with 'Babar.'"

• •

One night before the captain appeared, Averill heard singing. She heard Bugs singing. She heard Bugs wake and resettle herself and start singing.

Sometimes in the last months Bugs had sung a phrase during a lesson, she had sung under her breath, with great caution, and out of necessity, to demonstrate something. She did not sing like that now. She sang lightly, as she used to do in practice, saving her strength for the performance. But she sang truly and adequately, with unimpaired—or almost unimpaired—sweetness.

"*Vedrai carino*," Bugs sang, just as she used to sing when setting the table or looking out the rainy window of the apartment, making a light sketch that could be richly filled in if she chose. She might have been waiting for somebody at those times, or wooing an improbable happiness, or just limbering up for a concert.

Vedrai carino,
Se sei buonino,
Che bel remedio,
Ti voglio dar

Averill's head had pulled up when the singing started, her body had tightened, as at a crisis. But there was no call for her; she stayed where she was. After the first moment's alarm, she felt just the same thing, the same thing she always felt, when her mother sang. The doors flew open, effortlessly, there was the lighted space beyond, a revelation of kindness and seriousness. Desirable, blessed joy, and seriousness, a play of kindness that asked nothing of you. Nothing but to set out this bright order. It altered everything, and then the moment Bugs stopped singing it was gone. Gone. It seemed that Bugs herself had taken it away. Bugs could imply that it was just a trick, nothing more. She could imply that you were a bit of a fool to take such notice of it. It was a gift that Bugs was obliged to offer, to everybody.

There. That's all. You're welcome. Nothing special.

Bugs had that secret, which she openly displayed, then absolutely protected—from Averill, just as from everybody else.

Averill is not particularly musical, thank God.

The captain came on deck just as Bugs finished singing. He might have caught the tail end of it or been waiting decently in the shadows until it was over. He walked, and Averill watched, as usual.

Averill could sing in her head. But even in her head she never sang the songs that she associated with Bugs. None of Zerlina's songs, or the soprano parts of the oratorios, not even "Farewell to Nova Scotia" or any of the folk songs that Bugs mocked for their sappy sentiments though she sang them angelically. Averill had a hymn that she sang. She hardly knew where it came from. She couldn't have learned it from Bugs. Bugs disliked hymns, generally speaking. Averill must have picked it up at church, when she was a child, and had to go along with Bugs when Bugs was doing a solo.

It was the hymn that starts out, "The Lord's my Shepherd." Averill did not know that it came from a psalm—she had not been to church often enough to know about psalms. She did know all the words in the hymn, which she had to admit were full of strenuous egotism, and straightforward triumph, and, particularly in one verse, a childish sort of gloating:

> My table Thou hast furnished,
> In Presence of my Foes

How blithely and securely and irrationally Averill's head-voice sang these words, while she watched the captain pace in front of her, and later, when she herself walked safely down to the rail:

> Goodness and Mercy all my Life
> Shall surely follow me;
> And in God's House forevermore
> My dwelling place shall be.

Her silent singing wrapped around the story she was telling herself, which she extended further every night on the deck. (Averill often told herself stories—the activity seemed to her as unavoidable as dreaming.) Her singing was a barrier set between the world in her head and the world outside, between her body and the onslaught of the stars, the black mirror of the North Atlantic.

BUGS stopped going down to lunch. She still went to breakfast, and was lively then, and for an hour or so afterward. She said she didn't feel any worse, she was tired of listening and talking. She didn't sing again, at least not when Averill could hear her.

ON the ninth night, which was the last night out, before they were to dock at Tilbury, Jeanine gave a party in her cabin. Jeanine had the largest and best cabin on the boat deck. She provided champagne, which she had brought on board for this purpose, and whiskey and wine, along with caviar, grapes, heaps of smoked salmon and steak tartare and cheese and flatbread, from the unsuspected resources of the kitchen. "I'm squandering," she said. "I'm flying high. I'll be wandering around Europe with a knapsack on my back stealing eggs out of henhouses. I don't care. I'll take all your addresses and when I'm utterly broke I'll come and stay with you. Don't laugh!"

Bugs had meant to go to the party. She had stayed in bed all day, not even going to breakfast, in order to save her strength. She got up and washed, then propped herself back against the pillows to do her makeup. She did it beautifully, eyes and all. She brushed out and teased and sprayed her hair. She put on her grand soloist's dress, which Averill had made—an almost straight-cut but ample long dress of dark-purple silk, its wide sleeves lined with more silk, of iridescent pink and silver.

"Aubergine," said Bugs. She turned to make the dress flare out at the hem. The turn made her unsteady, and she had to sit down.

"I should do my nails," she said. "I'll wait a little, though. I'm too jittery."

"I could do them," Averill said. She was pinning up her hair.

"Could you? But I don't think. I don't think I'll go. After all. I think I'd rather just stay here and rest. Tomorrow I have to be in good shape. Landing."

Averill helped her take off the dress and wash her face and put her nightgown back on. She helped her into bed.

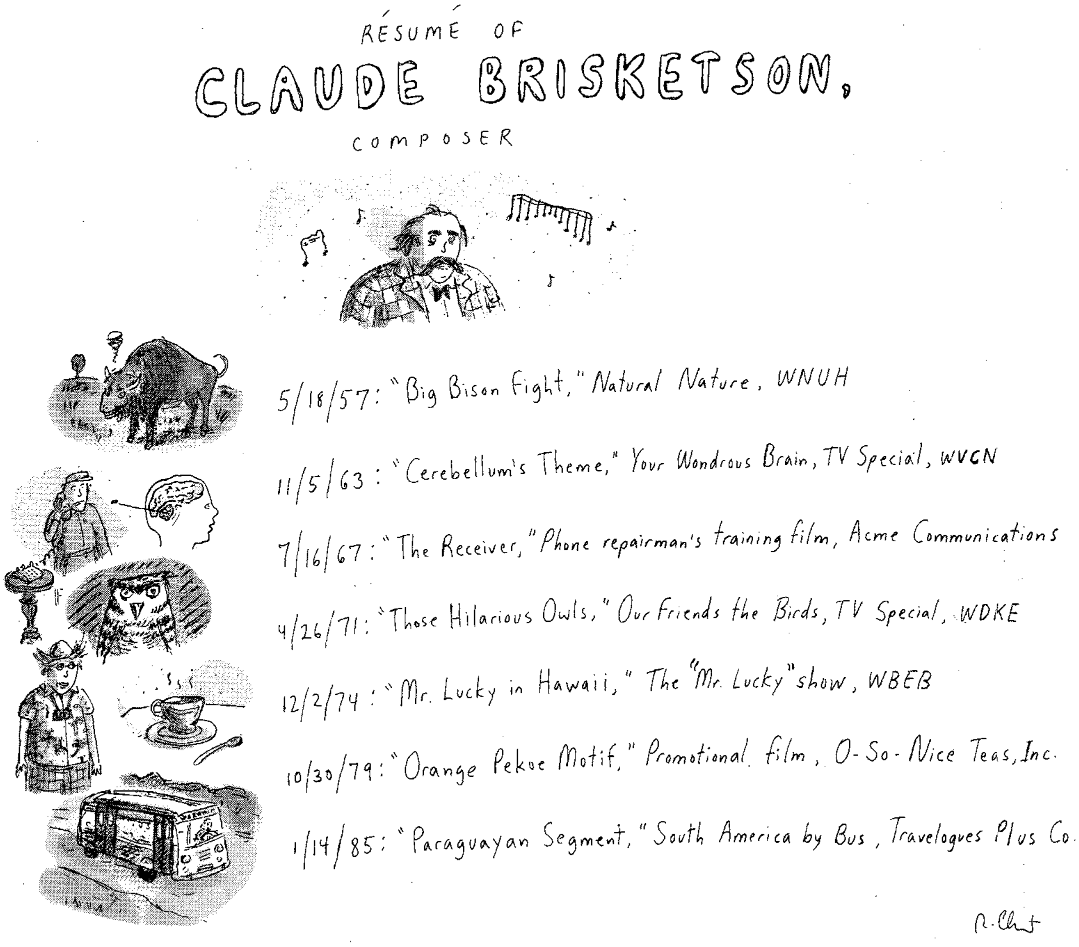
"It's a crime about the dress," Bugs said. "Not to go. It deserves to get out. You should wear it. You wear it. Please."

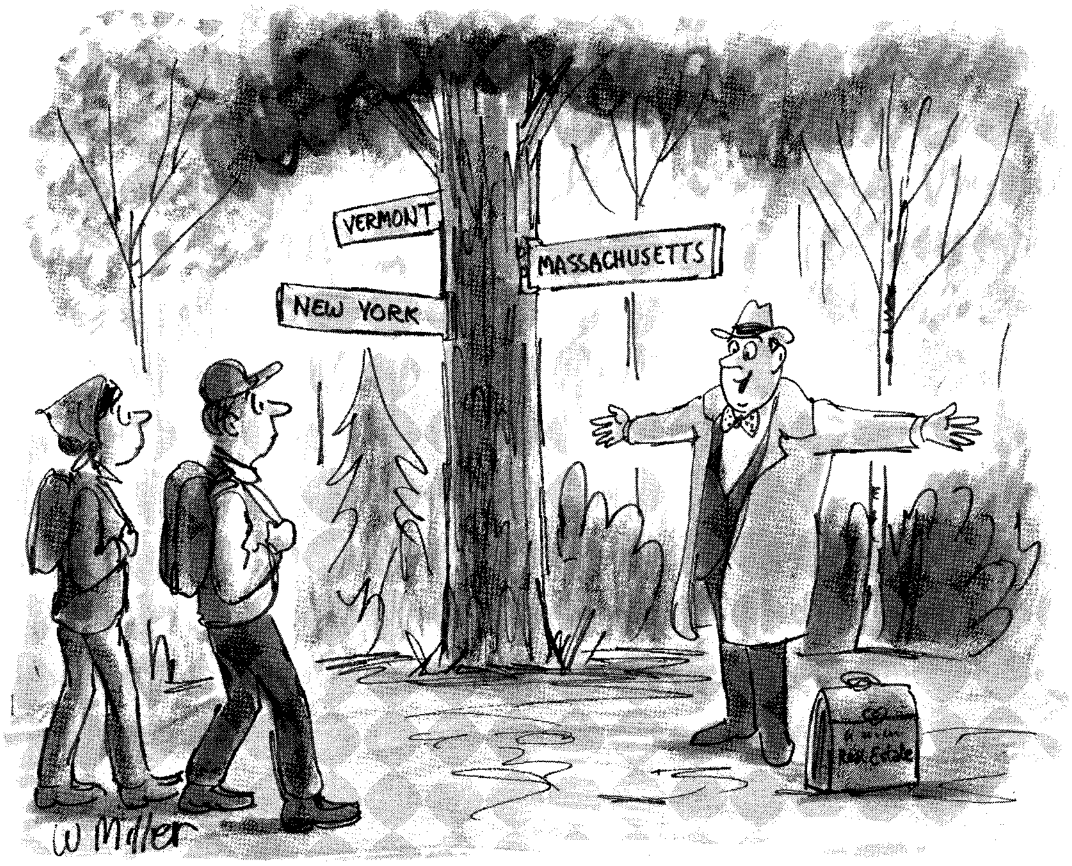
Averill did not think that purple suited her, but she ended up discarding her own green dress and putting on Bugs'. She went down the hall to the party, feeling strange, defiant, and absurd. It was all right—everybody had dressed up, some to a remarkable extent. Even the men had decked themselves out somehow. The artist wore an old tuxedo jacket with his jeans, and the professor appeared in a white suit of rather floppy cut, looking like a plantation dandy. Jeanine's dress was black and skimpy, worn with seamed black stockings and big chunks of gold jewelry. Leslie was swathed in taffeta, with red and pink roses on a creamy ground. Over her curvy bum the material was bunched out into one huge rose, whose petals the professor kept patting and tweaking and arranging to best advantage. It would seem that he was newly entranced with her. She was relieved and proud, shyly blooming.

"Your mother is not coming to the party?" said the professor to Averill.

"Parties bore her," Averill said.

"I get the impres-


RÉSUMÉ OF
CLAUDE BRISKETSON,
COMPOSER
5/18/57: "Big Bison Fight," Natural Nature, WNUH
11/5/63: "Cerebellum's Theme," Your Wondrous Brain, TV Special, WVCN
7/16/67: "The Receiver," Phone repairman's training film, Acme Communications
4/26/71: "Those Hilarious Owls," Our Friends the Birds, TV Special, WDKE
12/2/74: "Mr. Lucky in Hawaii," The "Mr. Lucky" show, WBEB
10/30/79: "Orange Pekoe Motif," Promotional film, O-So-Nice Teas, Inc.
1/14/85: "Paraguayan Segment," South America by Bus, Travelogues Plus Co.
R. Chast



"Welcome to the burgeoning tri-state area!"

• •

sion that many things bore her," the professor said. "I have noticed that with performing artists, and it is understandable. They have to concentrate so much on themselves."

"Who is this—the Statue of Liberty?" said the artist, brushing the silk of Averill's dress. "Is there a woman inside there at all?"

Averill had heard that he had been discussing her with Jeanine lately, wondering if she was possibly a lesbian, and Bugs was not her mother but her rich and jealous lover.

"Is there a woman or a hunk of concrete?" he said, molding the silk to her hip.

Averill didn't care. This was the last night that she would have to see him. And she was drinking. She liked to drink. She liked especially to drink champagne. It made her feel not excited but blurry and forgiving.

She talked to the first mate, who was engaged to a girl from the mountains and showed an agreeable lack of love interest in herself.

She talked to the cook, a handsome woman who had formerly taught English in Norwegian high schools and was now intent on a more adventurous life. Jeanine had told Averill that the cook and the artist were believed to be sleeping together, and a certain challenging, ironic edge to the cook's friendliness made Averill think that this might be true.

She talked to Leslie, who said that she had once been a harpist. She had been a young harpist playing dinner music in a hotel, and the professor had spotted her behind the ferns. She had not been a student, as people thought. It was after they became involved that the professor had her enroll in some courses, to develop her mind. She giggled over her champagne and said that it had not worked. She had resisted mind development but had given up the harp.

Jeanine spoke to Averill in a voice as low and confidential as she could make it. "How will you manage with her?" she said. "What will you do in England? How can you take her on a train? This is serious."

"Don't worry," Averill said.

"I have not been open with you," said Jeanine. "I have to go to the bathroom, but I want to tell you something when I come out."

Averill hoped that Jeanine did not intend to make more disclosures about the artist or give more advice about Bugs. She didn't. When she came out of the bathroom she began to talk about herself. She said that she was not on a little vacation, as she had claimed. She had been turfed out. By her husband, who had left her for a sexpot moron who worked as a receptionist at the station. Being a receptionist involved doing her nails and occasionally answering the telephone. The husband considered that he and Jeanine should still be friends, and he would come to visit, helping himself to the wine and describing the pretty ways of his paramour. How she sat up in bed, naked, doing—what else?—her fingernails. He wanted Jeanine to laugh with him and commiserate with him over his ill-judged and besotted love. And she did—Jeanine did. Time and again she fell in with what he wanted and listened to his tales and watched her wine disappear. He said he loved her—Jeanine—as if she were the sister he'd never had. But now Jeanine meant to pull him out of her life by the roots. She was up and away. She meant to live.

She still had her eye on the captain, though it was the eleventh hour. He had turned down champagne and was drinking whiskey.

The cook had brought up a coffee tray for those who did not drink or who wished to sober up early. When somebody finally tried a cup, the cream proved to be on the turn—probably from sitting for a while in the warm room. Unflustered, the cook took it away, promising to bring back fresh. "It will be good on the pancakes in the morning," she said. "With brown sugar, on the pancakes."

Jeanine said that somebody had told her once that when the milk was sour you could suspect that there was a dead body on the ship.

"I thought it was a kind of superstition," Jeanine said. "But he said no, there's a reason. The ice. They have used all the ice to keep the body, so the milk goes sour. He said he had known it to happen, on a ship in the tropics."

The captain was asked, laughingly, if there was any such problem on board this ship.

He said not that he knew of, no. "And we have plenty of refrigerator space," he said.

"Anyway, you bury them at sea, don't you?" said Jeanine. "You can marry or bury at sea, can't you? Or do you really refrigerate them and send them home?"

"We do as the case dictates," said the captain.

But had it happened with him, he was asked—were there bodies kept, had there been burials at sea?

"A young chap once, one of the crew, died of appendicitis. He hadn't any family we knew of; we buried him at sea."

"That's a funny expression, when you think of it," said Leslie, who was giggling at everything. "Buried at sea."

"Another time—" said the captain. "Another time, it was a lady."

Then he told Jeanine and Averill and a few others who were standing around a story. (Not Leslie—her husband took her away.)

One time on this ship, the captain said, there were two sisters travelling together. This was on a different run, a few years ago, in the South Atlantic. The sisters looked twenty years apart in age, but that was only because one of them was very sick. She might not have been so much the elder—perhaps she was not the elder at all. Probably they were both in their thirties. Neither one was married. The one who was not sick was very beautiful.

"The most beautiful woman I have ever seen in my life," said the captain, speaking solemnly, as if describing a view or a building.

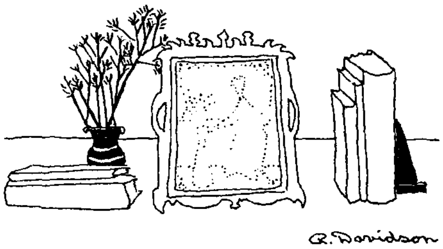
She was very beautiful, but she did not pay attention to anybody except her sister, who was laid up in the cabin with what was probably a heart condition. The other one used to go out at night and sit on the bench outside the window of their cabin. She might walk to the rail and back, but she never stirred far from the window. The captain supposed that she was staying within hearing distance, in case her sister needed her. He could see her sitting there when he went out for his late-night walk, but he pretended not to see her, because it seemed to him she didn't want to be seen, or to have to say hello.

But there was a night when he was walking past and he heard her call to him. She called so softly he barely heard her. He went over to the bench, and she said, Captain, I'm sorry, my sister has just died.

I'm sorry, my sister has just died.

She led him into the cabin, and she was absolutely right. Her sister was lying on the bed next to the door. Her eyes were half open, she had just died.

"Things were in a bit of a mess, the way they sometimes are on such occasions," the captain said. "And by the way she reacted to that I knew she hadn't been in the cabin when it happened, she'd been outside."



Neither the captain nor the woman said a word. They set to work together to get things cleaned up, and they washed the body off and straightened it out and closed the eyes. When they were finished, the captain asked whom he should notify. Nobody, the woman said. Nobody. There is nobody but the two of us, she said. Then will you have the body buried at sea, the captain asked her, and she said yes. Tomorrow, he said—tomorrow morning—and she said, Why do we have to wait, couldn't we do it now?

OVERTIME

The rolling stock comes to rest
just before dawn, the switch engines
sigh as though the day ahead
could be longer than the one ending.

A man swinging a lantern wakes
all those who have slept through
the shift in the corners of boxcars.
Rubbing our eyes and lighting up,

we rise, refreshed at the end
of what must have been a long night.
No one says, Thank God for Labor,
the 20th century, the Brotherhood

of Railway Workers (never to be
confused with the brotherhood of man),
no one says thanks for the eight-hour day,
the child-labor laws, and social insecurity.

In the freight yards of the world we are
a sober and thankless crew, concerned
with who slept with our women, who
sat at our breakfast tables over coffee,

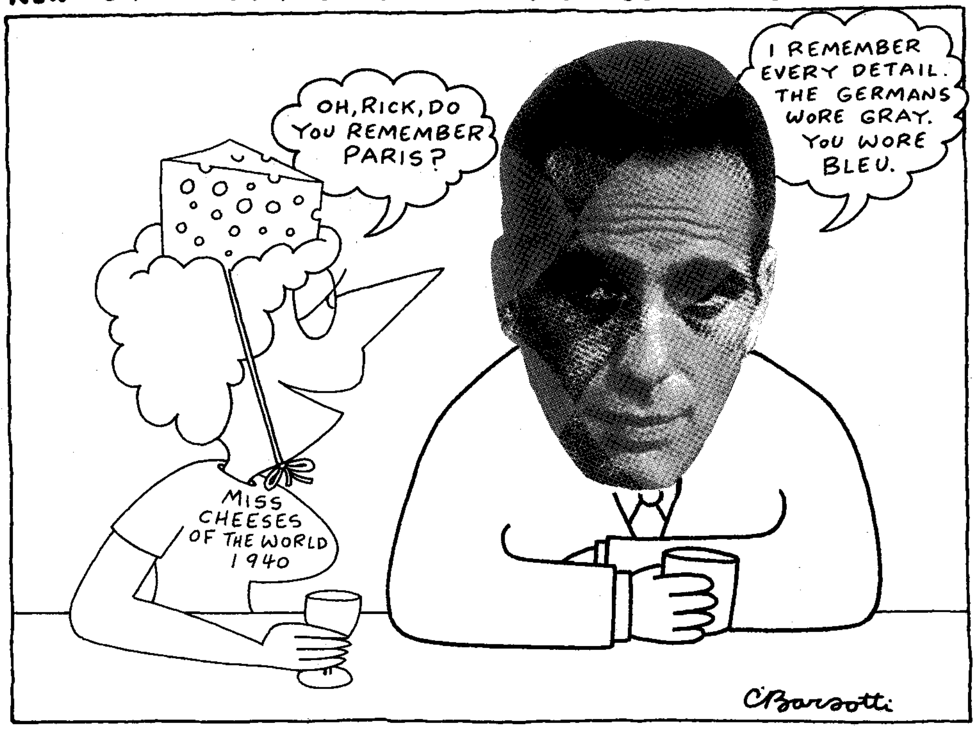
French toast, and eggs, who petted the dog
or kicked him. Progress is so delicate,
you could say, like the morning glories
trumpeting on the fence that separates

your yard from the ones we won't get.
Or perhaps you say nothing, knowing
what I have yet to learn, that by midnight
all these riches will be taken away.

—Philip Levine

• •

NEW TECHNOLOGY ALLOWS PRODUCT PLUGS IN CLASSIC MOVIES


OH, RICK, DO YOU REMEMBER PARIS?
I REMEMBER EVERY DETAIL. THE GERMANS WORE GRAY. YOU WORE BLEU.
MISS CHEESES OF THE WORLD 1940
CBarsotti

Of course that was a good idea, though the captain wouldn't have urged it on her himself. The less the other passengers, and even the crew, have to be aware of a death on board, the better. And it was hot weather, summer in the South Atlantic. They wrapped the body up in one of the sheets, and between them they put it out through the window, which was wide open for air. The dead sister was light—wasted. They carried her to the rail. Then the captain said that he would just go and get some rope and tie the body up in the sheet so that it wouldn't fall out when they dropped it over. Couldn't we use scarves, she said, and she ran back to the cabin and came out with an assortment of scarves and sashes, very pretty stuff. He bound the body up in the sheet with those and said that he would now go and get his book, to read the service for the dead. The woman laughed and said, What good is your book to you here? It's too dark to read. He saw that she dreaded being left alone with the body. She was right, too, about its being too dark to read. He could have got a flashlight. He didn't know whether he had even thought of that. He really did not want to leave her; he did not like the state she was in.

He asked her what he should say, then. Some prayers?

Say whatever you like, she said, and he said the Lord's Prayer—he did not recall if she joined in—then something like, Lord Jesus Christ, in Thy name we commit this woman to the deep; have mercy on her soul. Something like that. They picked up the body and rolled it over the rail. It hardly made a splash.

She asked if that was all, and he told her yes. He would just have to fill out some papers and make up the death certificate. What did she die of, he asked. Was it a heart attack? He wondered what kind of spell he had been under not to have asked that before.

Oh, she said, I killed her.

"I knew it!" Jeanine cried. "I knew it was murder!"

The captain walked the woman back to the bench under the window of the cabin—all lit up now like Christmas—and asked her what she meant. She said she had been sitting here, where she was now, and she heard her sister call. She knew her sister was in trouble. She knew what it was—her sister needed an injection. She never moved. She tried to move—that is, she kept thinking of moving: she saw herself going into the cabin and getting out the needle, she saw herself doing that, but she wasn't moving. She strained herself to do it but she didn't. She sat like stone. She could no more move than you can move out of some danger's way in a dream. She sat and listened until she knew that her sister was dead. Then the captain came and she called to him.

The captain told her that she had not killed her sister.

Wouldn't her sister have died anyway, he said. Wouldn't she have died very soon? If not tonight, very soon? Oh, yes, she said. Probably. Not probably, the captain said. Certainly. Not probably—certainly. He would put heart attack on the death certificate, and that would be all there was to it. So now you must calm down, he said. Now you know it will be all right.

He pronounced "calm" in the Scottish way, to rhyme with "lamb."

Yes, the woman said, she knew that part of it would be all right. I'm not sorry, she said. But I think you have to remember what you have done.

"Then she went over to the rail," the captain said, "and of course I went along with her, because I couldn't be sure what she meant to do, and she sang a hymn. That was all. I guess it was her contribution to the service. She sang so you could hardly hear her, but the hymn was one I knew. I can't recall it, but I knew it perfectly well."

"Goodness and Mercy all my Life," Averill sang then, lightly but surely, so that Jeanine squeezed her around the waist and exclaimed, "Well! Champagne Sally!"

The captain showed a moment's surprise. Then he said, "I believe that may have been it." He might have been relinquishing something—a corner of his story—to Averill. "That may have been it."

Averill said, "That's the only hymn I know."

"But is that all?" Jeanine said. "There wasn't any family fortune involved, or they weren't both in love with the same man? No? I guess it wasn't TV."

The captain said no, it wasn't TV.

Averill believed that she knew the rest of it. How could she help knowing? It was her story. She knew that after the woman sang the hymn, the

captain took her hand off the rail. He held her hand to his mouth and kissed it. He kissed the back of it, then the palm-to-rhyme-with-lamb. Her hand, that had lately done its service to the dead.

In some versions of the story that was all he did, that was enough. In other versions, he was not so easily satisfied. Nor was she. She went with him inside, along the corridor into the lighted cabin, and there he made love to her on the very bed that according to him they had just stripped and cleaned, sending its occupant and one of its sheets to the bottom of the ocean. They landed on that bed because they couldn't wait to get to the other bed under the window, they couldn't wait to hurtle into the lovemaking that they kept up till daybreak and that would have to last them the rest of their lives.

Sometimes they turned the light off, sometimes they didn't care.

The captain had told it as if the mother and daughter were sisters and he had transported the boat to the South Atlantic and he had left off the finale—as well as supplying various details of his own—but Averill believed that it was her story he had told. It was the story that she had been telling herself night after night on the deck, her perfectly secret story, delivered back to her. She had made it, and she had to believe now that he had taken it and told it.

Believing that such a thing could happen made her feel weightless and distinct and glowing, like a fish lit up in the water.

Bugs did not die that night. She died two weeks later, in the Royal Infirmary in Edinburgh. She had managed to get that far, on the train.

Averill was not with her when she died. She was a couple of blocks away, eating a baked potato from a takeout shop.

Bugs made one of her last coherent remarks about the Royal Infirmary. She said, "Doesn't it sound *Old World*?"

Averill, coming out to eat after having been in the hospital room all day, had been surprised to find that there was still so much light in the sky, and that so many lively, brightly dressed people were in the streets, speaking French and German, and probably lots of other languages that she couldn't recognize. Every year at this time, the captain's home town held a festival.

Averill brought Bugs' body home on a plane, to a funeral with fine music, in Toronto. She found herself sitting beside another Canadian returning from Scotland—a young man who had played in a famous amateur golf tournament and had not done as well as he had expected. Failure and loss made these two kind to each other, and they were easily charmed by the other's ignorance of the world of sport and of music. Since he lived in Toronto, it was easy for the young man to show up at the funeral. In a short time he and Averill were married. After a while they were less kind and less charmed, and Averill began to think that she had chosen her husband chiefly because Bugs would have thought the choice preposterous. They were divorced.

But Averill met another man, a good deal older than herself, a high-school drama teacher and play director. His talent was more reliable than his good will—he had an offhand, unsettlingly flippant and ironical manner. He either charmed people or aroused their considerable dislike. He had tried to keep himself free of entanglements.

Averill's pregnancy, however, persuaded them to marry. Both of them hoped for a daughter.

Averill never saw again, or heard from, any of the people who were on the boat.

Averill accepts the captain's offering. She is absolved and fortunate. She glides like the spangled fish, inside her dark silk dress.

She and the captain bid each other good night. They touch hands ceremoniously. The skin of their hands is flickering in the touch.

—Alice Munro

REFLECTIONS

THE JOURNALIST AND THE MURDERER

II—THE MURDERER

MY first sight of Jeffrey MacDonald—who is serving three consecutive life sentences for the murder of his pregnant wife and two children in 1970, when he was an Army doctor at Fort Bragg, North Carolina—was of a tall, well-built man in a light-blue cotton jumpsuit negotiating a feat of poise. A prisoner at the Terminal Island Federal Correctional Institution, near Long Beach, California, is brought to the visitors' room in handcuffs; he is released from them when he puts his wrists through a slot in a barred door so a guard on the other side can remove them. Meeting a visitor under these circumstances would not seem to offer much scope for a soigné entrance, but MacDonald somehow managed to get through the humiliating ritual as if he were an actor swiftly shedding his costume before greeting friends in the greenroom, rather than a prisoner coming out of solitary confinement for a few hours. In the summer of 1987, he had been transferred to Terminal Island from the federal prison in Arizona where he was serving out his sentence so that he could attend the trial of a suit he had brought against Joe McGinniss, the author of a book about the murder case called "Fatal Vision." MacDonald has always maintained his innocence, and he was led to believe by McGinniss that the book would support his claim; instead, it portrayed him as a psychopathic killer. The MacDonald-McGinniss trial lasted six weeks and ended in a hung jury; two days before my visit to Terminal Island, a settlement had been reached, with three hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars being paid to MacDonald. During the trial, for bureaucratic reasons, he had been kept "in the hole" at the prison, and was still being held there. His cell was five feet by nine, and was furnished with a bunk bed and a toilet; he was allowed out for exercise for one hour a day.

MacDonald and I sat facing each other across a small, plastic-topped table in a very small room that was separated from an identical visitors' room (which remained unoccupied) by a glass partition. The rules had changed at Terminal Island, and journalists were now allowed to bring in notebooks and tape recorders; thus a tape recorder sat on the table between us. MacDonald had brought a clipboard to which a thick sheaf of papers was attached, and he talked rapidly and relentlessly, like an executive or a politician with a prepared line of patter always at the ready; he used "we" a lot, instead of "I." However, unlike many compulsive talkers, who regard what you may occasionally say as an annoying interruption, he would fall silent and pay very close attention whenever I spoke. I could almost feel the intensity of his listening, and I was struck by his intelligence as an interlocutor. Only gradually would the string of his interest in what I was saying slacken and would he relapse into the old, armored, obsessed, aggressive story—"unjust conviction," "biased judge," "suppressed evidence," "new witnesses"—by which his existence had been shaped for the eight years since his conviction.

Both in the prepared story and in his unpremeditated responses MacDonald used language that was at curious odds with his person: he himself bristled with tense aliveness, but his language was dead, flat, soft, clichéd, unnuanced. The discrepancy became even more marked when, back in my hotel room, I listened to the tape recordings I had made in the prison. Isolated and stripped of the man's strong gestural presence, the plain words had an awful puerility. In "Fatal Vision," a great many pages are given over to excerpts from tape recordings that MacDonald made for McGinniss in prison, and I recognized the language: "The year at Princeton was incredibly great," a section entitled "The Voice of Jeffrey MacDonald" begins, and goes on, "I was in absolute love with Colette and I thought having Kimberly was neat and we had tons of people over to the house."

SHOE REPAIR

A few months after seeing MacDonald, I had dinner with Michael Malley, MacDonald's roommate at Princeton and one of his lawyers, and at the end of the evening he brought up the problem of MacDonald's speech. "Language is not one of Jeff's skills," he said. "He doesn't express feelings well, and he doesn't express subtleties. If I were to remake Jeffrey MacDonald, I'd start with his language—simply to make him more expressive. Language is what makes people human, and it is the primary way we have of knowing who other people are. I think there were two reasons why Jeff lost the criminal trial. One was that the judge hamstrung us in the evidence we could present. And the other reason was Jeff. He didn't have the ability to make the jury believe him. This is an idea that Jeff doesn't like. He thinks he tells his story well. But I always say to him, 'The best time I ever heard you tell your story was at the Army hearing [in 1970, MacDonald had been cleared of the crime by an Army tribunal], when you broke down and stopped talking, when you couldn't go on talking'—and that grizzled Army colonel and those three Army officers sitting up there with him choked back their sobs."

At the time of the dinner—in April, 1988—I was in correspondence with MacDonald, and in my next letter I took the occasion of the meeting with Malley to delicately broach the subject of his speech and ask if he himself had any sense of it as a problem. MacDonald's reply ran to fourteen pages. He wrote, in part:

> Your comments re: me being vivid in person but not so in letters and transcripts surprises me only a little. . . . If I come across as guarded, surely the major factor must be the fact that I'm wrongly accused

"Hi, I'm Todd Harnik and I'm in over my head, right?"

• •

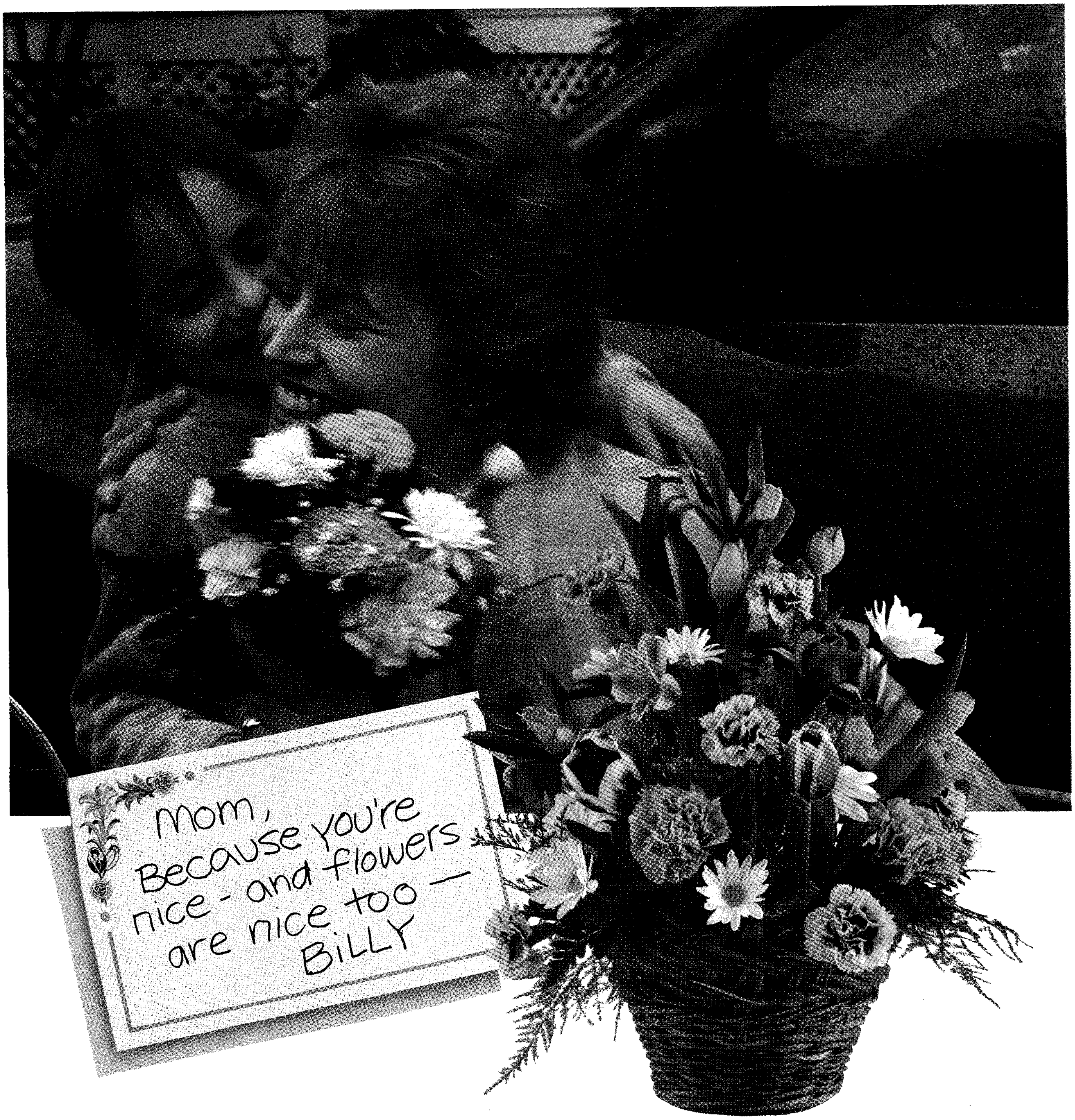
> and convicted. And every sentence I've said in my defense, or *didn't* say in my defense, has been exhaustively analyzed. My gestures, my words, my letters, my dreams, my memory—*all* have been dissected publicly and privately, and I began to feel *nothing* but tiny portions of my memory are sacred anymore. . . .
>
> I personally feel the hair on the back of my neck rise when you ask this question, because (to me) inherent in the question is a defense of Joe McGinniss's outrageous intentional mis-portrayal. What the question seems to say is "Jeff is partially responsible for Joe's admittedly not-too-accurate portrayal." I think that is pure bunk, a total cop-out for his complete & utter failure to be truthful and accurate. . . . McGinniss should have to answer for his lies, his deceit, his fraudulent actions, his misreporting. . . . Surely writers rarely, if ever, have had *greater* access to a subject, excepting husband/wife teams. Not only did we meet, dine, talk, correspond, interact over four years—but we lived together, he had access to an entire lifetime of correspondence, and he had total access to every single friend & acquaintance of any importance at all in my life. In addition, he acted as part of my *defense* team, for God's sake, a situation where every conceivable vulnerability is dissected over & over ad nauseam. In addition, he saw me under extreme stress, and had total access to many others who lived or worked with me under other conditions of stress.
>
> So McGinniss has *no* excuse for his false portrayal. He wasn't watching a distant subject through a haze—he was deeply involved, as "best friend," for four years—and still managed to miss the entire core of my being.

I did not press MacDonald further on the subject of his speech. Later, on rereading the transcript of the McGinniss trial, I came across a section of testimony that, had I remembered it, would have made me think twice before suggesting to MacDonald that there was something funny about his speech. This was the testimony of the psychiatrist Michael Stone, who had been hired by Daniel Kornstein, McGinniss's attorney, to confirm the truth of McGinniss's theory, expressed in "Fatal Vision," that MacDonald suffered from the complaint of pathological narcissism, which McGinniss had read about in books by Otto Kernberg and Christopher Lasch. (In his cross-examination, Gary Bostwick, representing MacDonald, was able to point out that pathological narcissism does not appear in the Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of Mental Disorders of the American Psychiatric Association—which, however, doesn't mean that the disorders that do appear are any less questionable; our standard psychiatric diagnostic nomenclature has all the explanatory power of the nomenclature of medieval physiology involving the four humors.) Although Stone had never examined (or even met) MacDonald, he was in no doubt, after reading the six-hundred-page transcript of the tape recordings MacDonald had made for McGinniss, that the man suffered from something even worse than pathological narcissism—namely, "malignant narcissism, which is . . . like pathological narcissism-plus." Stone told the jury that he had made a concordance of the "various abnormal traits and qualities and examples" he had found in the transcript, but that "the most impressive bit of evidence vis-à-vis pathological narcissism . . . is not what is on any given page but what is *not* in any of the pages."

"What do you mean by that?" Kornstein inquired.

Stone replied, "In all of this, there is nothing that touches one as genuine about either [MacDonald] or anybody else, with the possible exception of his own peevishness and propensity to anger when his will is thwarted. But, apart from that, no one comes alive for the reader. I read this material twice. I have, as I say, made a concordance tool. I couldn't tell you what Colette was really like; I couldn't tell you what Kimmy was really like. . . . None of them come alive; they're all stiff figures. And that is an amazing thing to experience when reading six hundred pages of autobiographical material."

In writing to MacDonald that "less comes through about you in your writing and in transcripts of your speech than is usual," I had made the same error that Stone made in marvelling at MacDonald's incapacity for rendering Tolstoyan portraits of himself and his family. MacDonald's bland dullness on tape seemed unusual to me and to Stone (and also to McGinniss, who had told me how he groaned whenever a new tape arrived from the prison) because of its contrast to the excitingly dire character of the crime for which he stood convicted: a murderer shouldn't sound like an accountant. But in fact—as every journalist who has worked



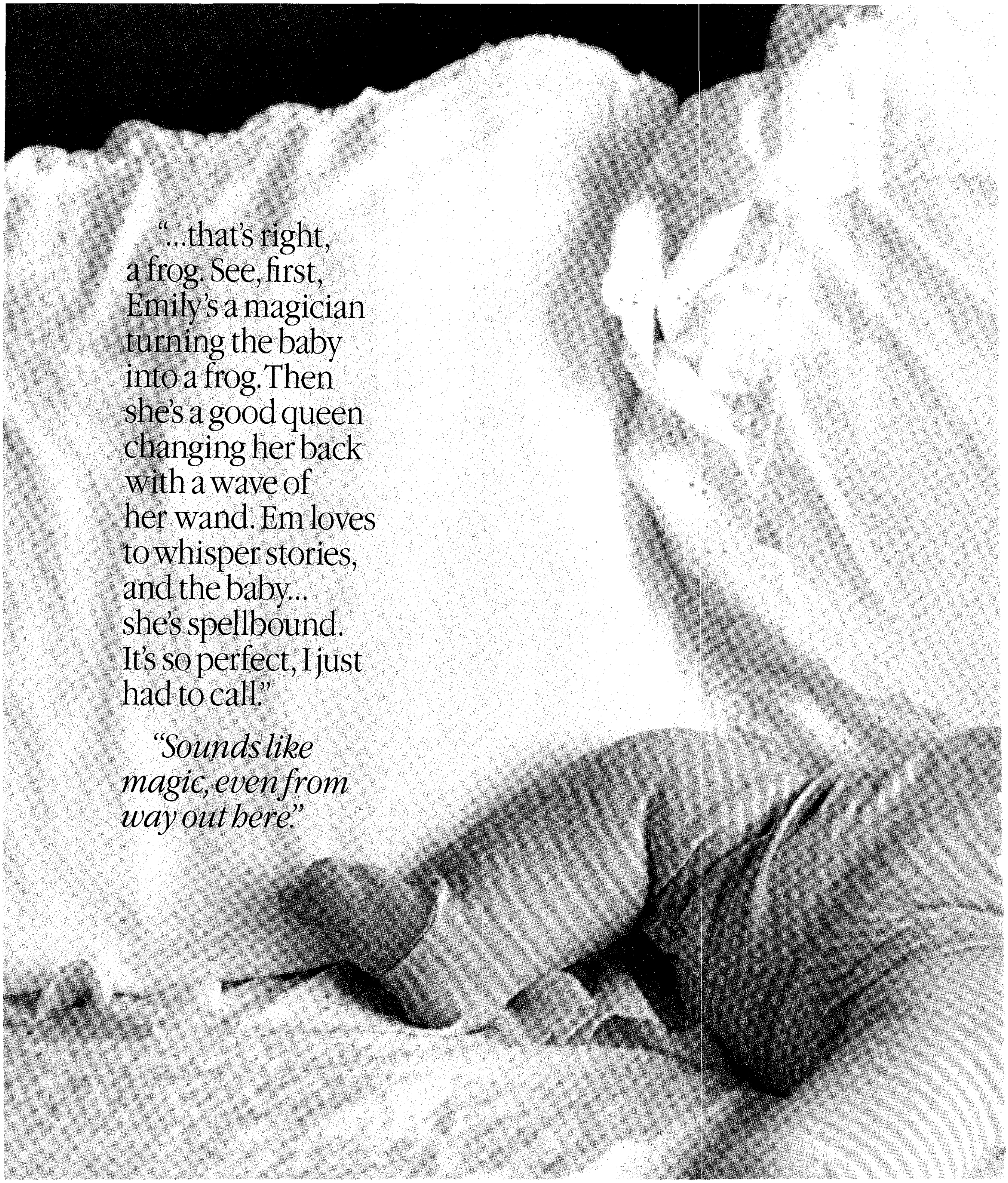
There is an age, usually about five or six,
when the miracle of flowers becomes apparent to us all.
As children we sense it rather than understand it.
And this wonderful gift of flowers can be sent to anyone,
almost anywhere, by simply asking your florist
to send it through FTD® It's the gift of a lifetime,
because with flowers from FTD the feeling never ends.

Call 1-800-648-5788, extension 701,
to receive a free copy of our
FTD Floral Gift Guide.

FTD®

Flowers...
The feeling never ends.™

®A registered trademark of FTDA.
©1988 FTDA.



"...that's right, a frog. See, first, Emily's a magician turning the baby into a frog. Then she's a good queen changing her back with a wave of her wand. Em loves to whisper stories, and the baby... she's spellbound. It's so perfect, I just had to call."

"Sounds like magic, even from way out here."

AT&T's uncompromising sound clarity takes you this close. So go ahead, call. Reach out and touch someone.®

you right there and keeps

AT&T
The right choice.

with a tape recorder will confirm—MacDonald's uninterestingness is not unusual at all. In Philip Roth's experimental novel "The Counterlife," the novelist-narrator Zuckerman observes:

> People don't turn themselves over to writers as full-blown literary characters—generally they give you very little to go on and, after the impact of the initial impression, are barely any help at all. Most people (beginning with the novelist—himself, his family, just about everyone he knows) are absolutely unoriginal, and his job is to make them appear otherwise. It's not easy. If Henry was ever going to turn out to be interesting, I was going to have to do it.

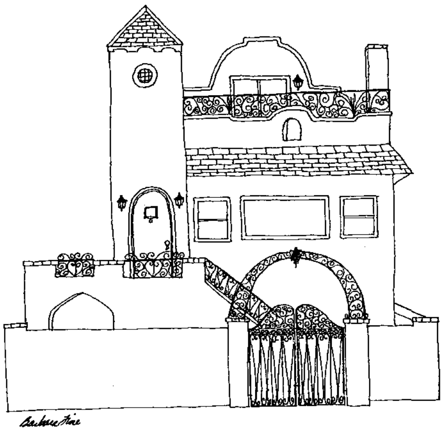
However, when a journalist fetches up against someone like Henry ("naïve and uninteresting" and "perfectly ordinary" is Zuckerman's description of him), all he can do—since his job is to report, not to invent—is flee from him and hope that a more suitable subject will turn up soon. For while the novelist, when casting about for a hero or a heroine, has all of human nature to choose from, the journalist must limit his protagonists to a small group of people of a certain rare, exhibitionistic, self-fabulizing nature, who have already done the work on themselves that the novelist does on his imaginary characters—who, in short, present themselves as ready-made literary figures. In the MacDonald-McGinniss case we have an instance of a journalist who apparently found out too late (or let himself find out too late) that the subject of his book was not up to scratch—not suitable for a work of nonfiction, not a member of the wonderful race of auto-fictionalizers, like Joseph Mitchell's Joe Gould and Truman Capote's Perry Smith, on whom the New Journalism and the "nonfiction novel" depend for their life. MacDonald was simply a guy like the rest of us, with nothing to offer but a tedious and improbable story about his innocence of a bad crime. In the normal course of things, McGinniss would probably have quickly recognized MacDonald's ordinariness, abandoned the project of writing about him, and once again taken up the search for the larger-than-life subject that is as crucial to a journalist's work as the quest for a rare image is crucial to the photographer's art. But, for various reasons, McGinniss chose not to see what was staring him in the face. One reason, it may be assumed, was his old weakness for being "inside"; the offer of being privy to conversations that no other outsider could hear, of having "access" to MacDonald that would be withheld from others, was no doubt irresistible to him. Another was the pressure of MacDonald's desire to be written about. As my reading of the transcript of MacDonald's prison tapes has shown me what poor McGinniss was up against in trying to fashion a Raskolnikov out of a Jeffrey MacDonald, so have my meetings and correspondence with MacDonald himself permitted me to feel some of the man's seductiveness and to understand why McGinniss would have succumbed to its force. By the time McGinniss was fully aware that MacDonald would not work out as a character—and one of the leitmotivs of McGinniss's letters to MacDonald in prison is his constant attempt to prod him into being interesting, even to the point of trying to stir him up by revealing a number of sexual indiscretions of his own (which Bostwick took great pleasure in reading out loud in the courtoom)—he was too deeply implicated in the process whereby a piece of writing is transformed into a commodity, and also too heavily in personal debt. (His money problems—his need for a mortgage and a new furnace and so on—are another leitmotiv of the correspondence.)

The solution McGinniss arrived at for dealing with MacDonald's characterlessness was not a satisfactory one, but it had to do. At the criminal trial, the prosecution had argued that it did not have to show that MacDonald was the kind of person who could have committed the crimes—it had only to show that he had indeed committed them—but this was precisely what McGinniss, the nonfiction novelist, *did* have to show. The means he adopted was to quote long descriptions by Kernberg and Lasch of their vivid characters, the pathological narcissists, his idea evidently being that some of the aura of those characters would come off on MacDonald—that, by extension, their interesting horribleness would become his. When Kernberg (in a passage quoted by McGinniss) speaks of pathological narcissists' "grandiosity, extreme self-centeredness, and remarkable absence of interest and empathy for others, in spite of the fact that they are so very eager to obtain admiration and approval," and adds,

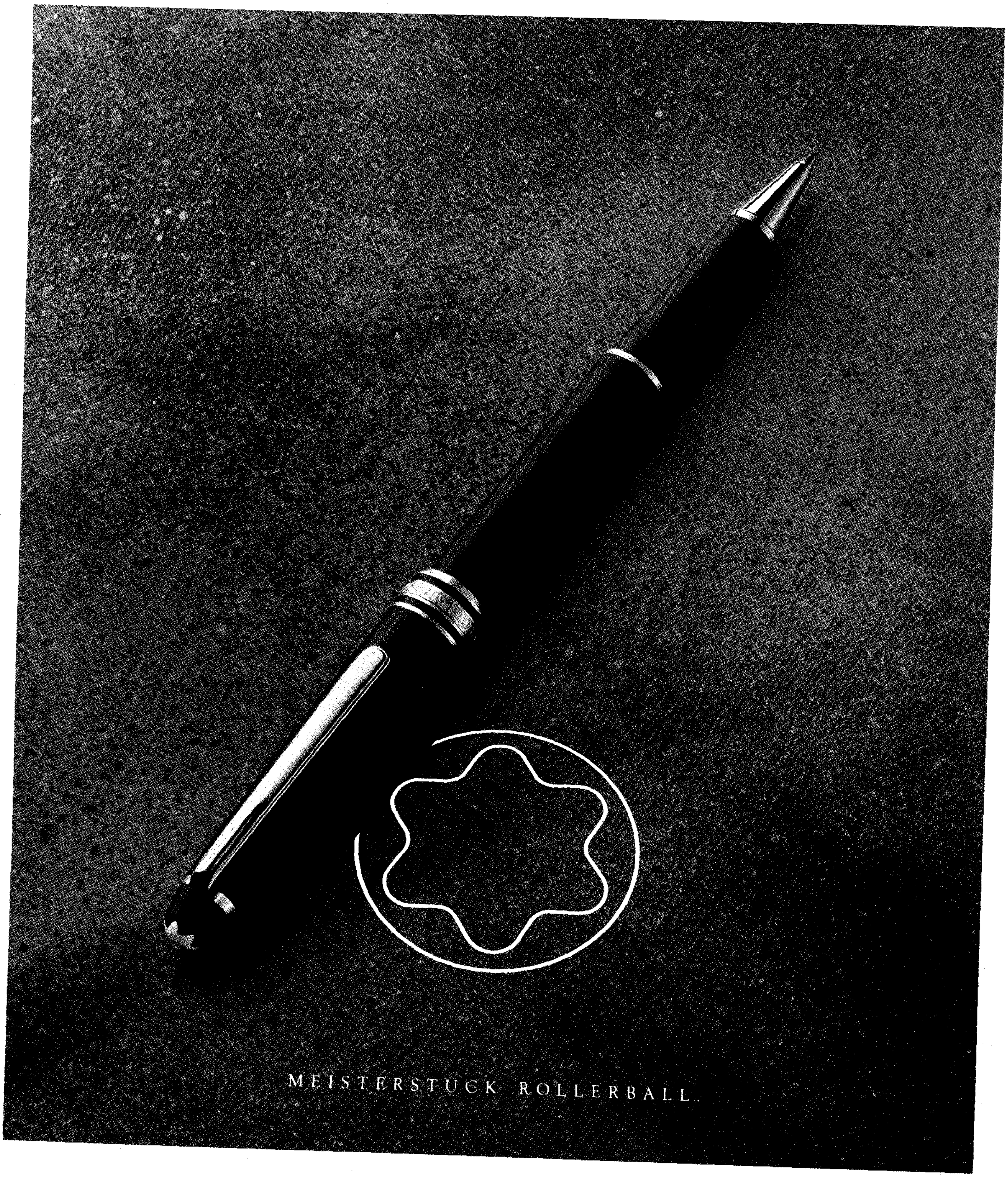
> They feel that they have the right to control and possess others and to exploit them without guilt feelings, and, behind a surface which very often is charming and engaging, one senses coldness and ruthlessness,

he could be talking about the sinister Grandcourt in "Daniel Deronda" and Osmond in "The Portrait of a Lady." Unfortunately for McGinniss's project, however, there is nothing in the preceding six hundred pages of "Fatal Vision" to suggest that Kernberg was talking about Jeffrey MacDonald; nor does McGinniss's quotation from Lasch on the narcissist's "boundless rage against the female sex," based on his "fear of the devouring mother of the pre-Oedipal fantasy," connect with anything McGinniss could show MacDonald to have done.

Hervey Cleckley's psychopath worked a little better for McGinniss. "The Mask of Sanity," first published in 1941, is an extremely odd book, which begins (to give an idea of its period flavor) with an attack on "Finnegans Wake" and includes among its vignettes of anti-social behavior the case of an "intelligent and in some respects distinguished young man" who was discovered having sex with four black "unwashed laborers" in a tourist cabin in the South. For some reason, this quaint and rather mad book continues to exert its hold on the imaginations of American psychiatrists; it appeared in a fifth edition as recently as 1976, and is still used as a textbook in medical schools throughout the country. The book's thesis, which is buried among masses of the sort of thing cited above, is that there is a kind of evildoer called a psychopath, who does not seem in any way abnormal or different from other people but in fact suffers from "a grave psychiatric disorder," whose chief symptom is the very appearance of normality by which the horror of his condition is obscured. For behind "the mask of sanity" there is not a real



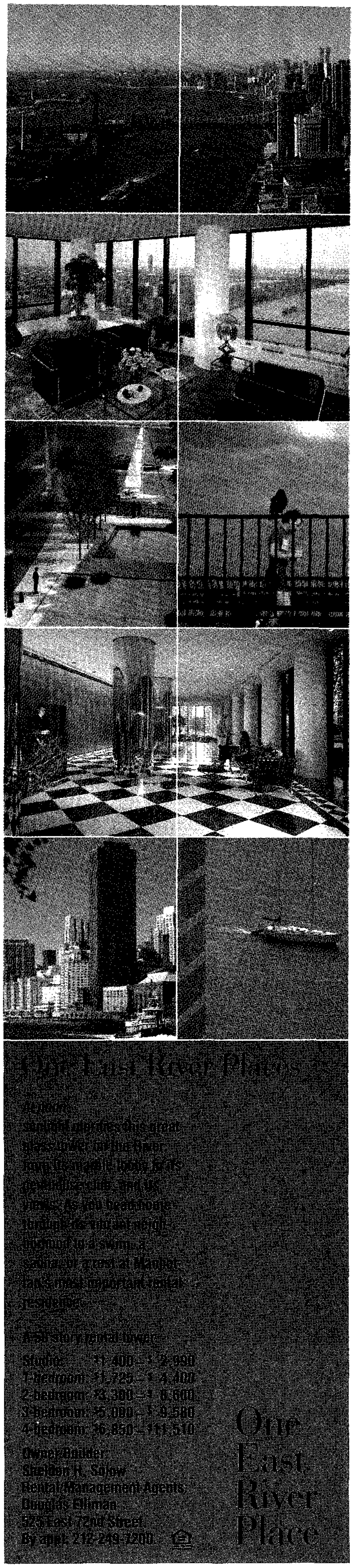
The new Meisterstück from Montblanc.


MEISTERSTUCK ROLLERBALL

The art of writing.

MONT
BLANC

For the store nearest you call Koh-I-Noor Rapidograph Inc. (201) 479-4124. In Canada, (416) 671-0696.



One East River Place

[illegible]

A 50 story rental tower

Studio: $1,400 – $ 2,990
1-bedroom: $1,725 – $ 4,400
2-bedroom: $3,300 – $ 6,600
3-bedroom: $5,000 – $ 9,580
4-bedroom: $6,850 – $11,510

Owner/Builder
Sheldon H. Solow
Rental/Management Agents
Douglas Elliman
525 East 72nd Street
By appt. 212-249-7200

One
East
River
Place

human being but a mere simulacrum of one. Cleckley writes:

> We are dealing here not with a complete man at all but with something that suggests a subtly constructed reflex machine which can mimic the human personality perfectly. This smoothly operating psychic apparatus not only reproduces consistently specimens of good human reasoning but also appropriate simulations of normal human emotion in response to nearly all the varied stimuli of life. So perfect is this reproduction of a whole and normal man that no one who examines him can point out in scientific or objective terms why he is not real. And yet one knows or feels he knows that reality, in the sense of full, healthy experiencing of life, is not here.

Cleckley's "grave psychiatric disorder" is, of course, the same disorder that afflicted Count Dracula, Frankenstein's monster, and a host of other wonderful literary creations. The attempt to solve the problem of evil and perpetuate the Romantic myth of the innate goodness of man through the fanciful notion that the people who commit evil acts are lacking in the usual human equipment—are not "real" human beings at all but soulless monsters—is a familiar topos of Victorian Romantic literature. That Cleckley's book remains to this day a serious psychiatric text is a testament to the strength of this fantasy among psychiatrists. To McGinniss, the concept of the psychopath did not so much offer a solution to his literary problem of making MacDonald a believable murderer as give him permission to evade the problem—just as the concept itself evades the problem it purports to solve. To say that people who do bad things don't seem bad is to say something we all already know: no one flaunts bad behavior, everyone tries to hide it, every villain wears a mask of goodness. The concept of the psychopath is, in fact, an admission of failure to solve the mystery of evil—it is merely a restatement of the mystery—and only offers an escape valve for the frustration felt by psychiatrists, social workers, and police officers, who daily encounter its force. For McGinniss, the Cleckley tautology must also have offered a way out of his moral dilemma in regard to MacDonald. If MacDonald only seemed to be a fellow human being, and was actually a "subtly constructed reflex machine" (wearing a mask? Cleckley never quite got the bugs out of his figural machinery), then McGinniss owed him nothing, and could betray him with impunity, since he was betraying not "him" but only some sort of unholy "it."

When I returned to New York from California, I telephoned Dr. Stone. At the trial, he had attempted to fuse Cleckley's Dracula with Kernberg's Grandcourt in his diagnostic portrait of MacDonald, achieving rather odd results. Now, on the phone, he said he welcomed the opportunity to enlarge on his testimony—he had a *great deal* to tell me, he said—and a few days later I opened the door to his office, on the ground floor of an apartment building on Central Park West. The office was like a Victorian parlor—or perhaps like a stage set for one—furnished with a grand piano, velvet draperies, Persian rugs, brocaded sofas and chairs, ornate inlaid tables, books in old leather bindings, and dimly glowing lamps. Stone, a tall, loosely built man in his middle fifties, with a kindly, soft, rosy face and white hair, motioned for me to sit on one of the brocaded sofas in front of a low marble-topped table, and seated himself nearby in a bentwood rocker.

Stone's eagerness to talk to me had been preceded by his eagerness to testify for the defense. At the trial, under Bostwick's cross-examination, he had had to concede that in his first telephone conversation with Kornstein—before he had seen any of the transcripts on which he based his testimony—he had all but agreed to testify. In reply to a question about his fee as an expert witness, he told Bostwick he had not yet determined the fee, because "I have spent upwards of nineteen hundred hours, and I feel that some of that has been out of a special interest on my part," and that "no one asked me to make a concordance of six hundred pages of material. I did that myself to help orient things in my own mind, and I feel that I will charge a lower amount as a result." Now, in his office, Stone said, "I had read 'Fatal Vision' years before, and it was pretty clear that Jeff MacDonald was a very pathological person."

"You thought that from reading the book?" I asked.

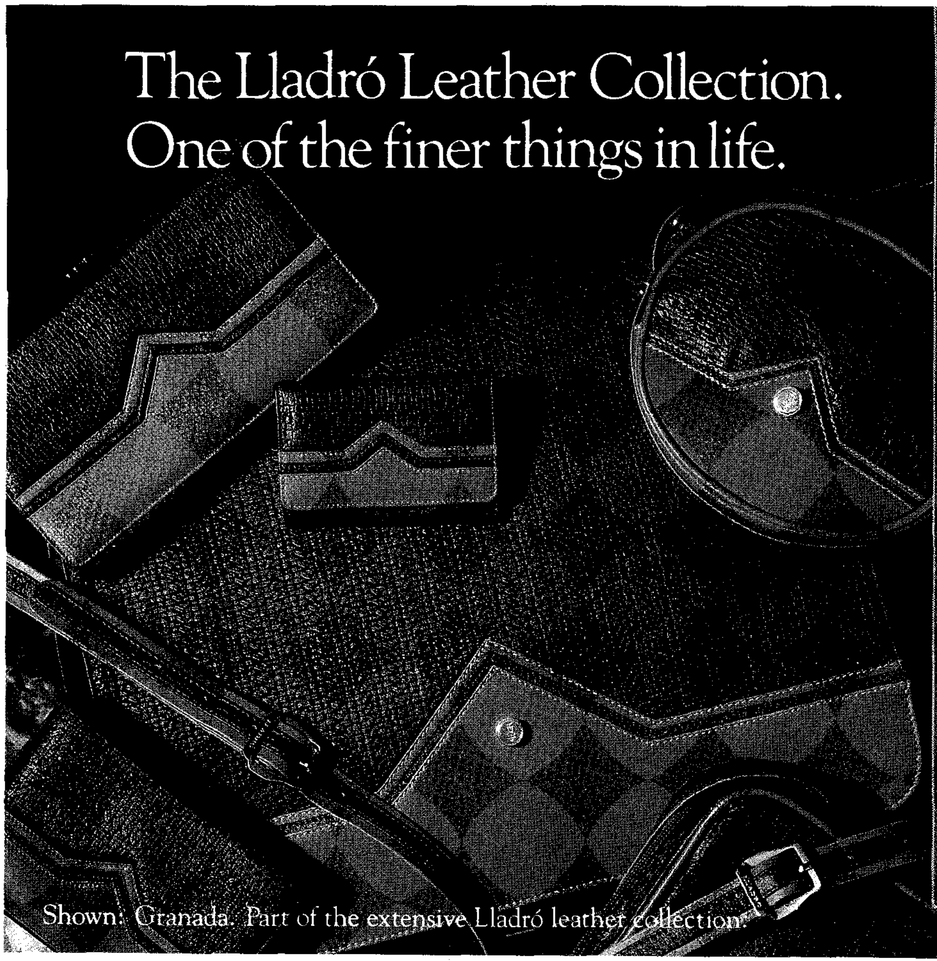
"Oh, sure. The man was at the very least a pathological liar, and since he was also a killer, that made him a very ugly and obnoxious person—a threat to the body social, and clearly a very sick personality. However, I had not paid too much attention to this when I read the book—it was just another interesting book. By the time they asked me to look into the matter as a personality-disorder expert, I had become a—if you will—murderologist, as a hobby. I had amassed a large collection of psychobiographies of murderers, and I was much more familiar with the famous killers of the past twenty or thirty years than I had been when I read the book. The whole subject had become very intriguing to me, so I was very enthusiastic about participating in the trial. They sent me a transcription of the thirty tapes of Jeff MacDonald talking while in jail—his pseudo-autobiography. It was all fake."

"Fake?"

"Well, the whole thing was a tissue of hyperbole and outright lies and deceit. I made an index of the examples of lying, self-aggrandizement, boasting, etc., page by page, so I would be better prepared at the trial to cite chapter and verse for anything they might ask me. It is a remarkable exercise in lying. Now, knowing full well that I couldn't admit this into evidence—the law is adversarial in structure, and thus antithetical to scientific method—I nevertheless conducted a little experiment, just to see if I was on the right track. After reading the hundreds and hundreds of pages of the transcript, I took four pages at random and had my secretary Xerox a dozen copies, which I gave to the class at Cornell that I teach on personality disorders. The students are Ph.D. psychologists and young psychiatrists. I didn't tell them anything except 'Here are four pages from a tape recording that somebody made about his life. Here is a list of the D.S.M. 3 standard diagnostic personality disorders. Please scribble down whether you think the person's words convey any evidence pertaining to the presence of one or several of these disorders.' And everyone picked up that he was narcissistic, and most that he was anti-social—just from the four pages! And my wife picked it up from *one* page, because I had the stuff lying on the bed one evening, and she glanced at it and said, 'My God, who is this narcissistic son of a bitch?' Ha, ha! Just like that! Of course, at the trial they asked me, 'How can you diagnose a person you haven't examined?' Often, you can't, but with personality disorders you can sometimes do a better job when you haven't examined the person than when you have, because the subject is going to lie through his teeth. Kernberg's concept of pathological narcissism is nothing more than the confluence of narcissistic traits—poor empathy, self-aggrandizement, manipulative and exploitive use of others—with anti-social qualities like ruthlessness, conning people, hurting others, taking liberties with the rules by which society regulates itself. So it was not surprising that my wife and my dozen students could make the diagnosis at the snap of a finger. However, I couldn't introduce my experiment into evidence, because it was hearsay. It bothered the hell out of me. Here was a man who by the best scientific standards was exactly what Joe McGinniss said he was, and yet I couldn't introduce that evidence into court."

I said that it seemed to me his experiment was hardly up to the best—or any—scientific standards, since it had no controls.

"Yes," Stone said, "I could have gone about it in that scrambled way,



The Lladró Leather Collection.
One of the finer things in life.

Shown: Granada. Part of the extensive Lladró leather collection.

From Spain, where tradition counts and pride still matters, come the leathers of Lladró. Born of soft, supple skins culled from the choicest Andalusian hides. Worked and sewn by masters of the craft. Stylish. Lasting. Luxurious. With the rich, sensuous feel that sets Lladró leathers above and apart.

The Lladró Leather Collection. One of the finer things in life. For people who expect no less.

LLADRÓ®
VALENCIA
Lladró USA 43 W. 57th Street
New York, NY 10019

© 1989 Lladró USA, Inc.

HERS
(formerly MOM'S)

• •

using several normal people—somebody with a different personality disorder, some other convicted person—along with Jeff MacDonald. But none of that could have been admitted into evidence unless the other side had overseen the experiment, and they would never have agreed to do that because they know bloody well that inside he's exactly the way the book says he is."

"This is your belief, but you haven't established it."

"No. But I suspect strongly that Bostwick knew he wasn't dealing with Lord Fauntleroy."

"You don't feel that there is any possibility that MacDonald is innocent?"

"No. In fact—and this, too, was something I wasn't able to say in court, since Bostwick cleverly ate up all the time with a bunch of silly questions and I had to catch a plane—the four intruders who MacDonald claimed were responsible for the murders represented the only truth, psychologically speaking, that he told. There really *were* four people who intruded on the hedonistic life style and whoring around of Jeff MacDonald: the four people who intruded on his disinclination to be a responsible husband and father; namely, Colette, Kristen, Kimberly, and the unborn son. Three white and one black—the hidden one."

Stone went on to speak of seeing MacDonald in the courtroom. "I was highly nervous about being in the presence of this man," he said. "I had the feeling his eyes could bore holes through a tank. The steely stare of this hostile man! I made a point of finding out when he would be paroled, and when I learned that it was after the time I would no longer be on earth I felt bolder."

"You talk about him as if you really knew him, as if he were a real person," I said. "But actually he's a character in a book. Everything we know about him we know from McGinniss's text."

Stone said nothing for a moment, and I wondered whether my remark had been imprudent. In asking a character in one text to comment on the ontological status of a character in another text, was I alerting Stone too soon—as I had alerted McGinniss too soon—to the dangers of subjecthood? Stone wavered, but—obviously made of hardier metal than McGinniss—resolutely went on with his mission of self-disclosure. "He's not a Dickens character," he finally said, correctly, if irrelevantly.

"You really don't like him," I said.

"No. It's hard to like a man who stabs his pregnant wife to death. It takes more—what shall I say?—love of mankind than I possess. I'm more of the school of 'You get what you earn, and you have to earn what you get.' "

Stone had spoken earlier of the chain of abuse and brutalization that links generations of violent people. I asked him, "Isn't it possible that bad things were done to MacDonald in his early years? That his childhood wasn't all that idyllic, and that he repressed what happened?"

"Yes."

"If you knew that to be so, would you feel more benign toward him?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Because he's a liar. Because he's not man enough to say, 'I committed those murders because I was under the influence of amphetamines. I didn't know what I was doing. Colette was taking a course in psychology, she was going to wear the pants in the family. This was threatening to me; I felt left out. I was beginning to fondle the older girl too much, and she caught me'—this is Colette's stepfather's theory; he told me about it during the trial—'so in a moment of frenzied feeling that ruined my whole life I just killed the whole lot of them.' If he could say all that, I'd still want him put away for the rest of his life, but at least I'd have some respect for the fact that he could be honest about what happened. No way. He can't do that. He's not built to do that."

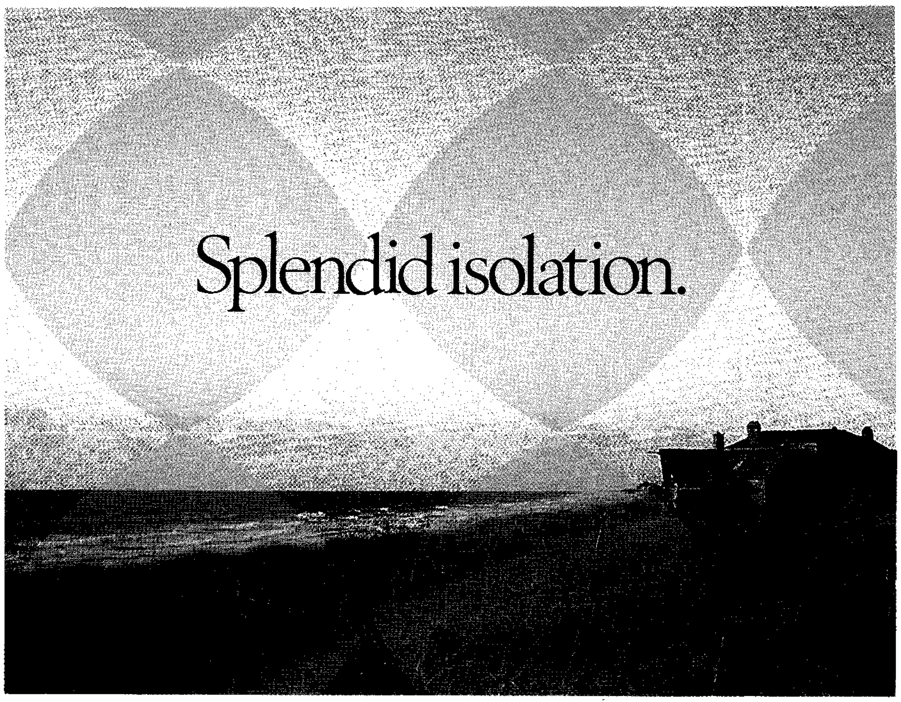
"You take a very harsh view, which is unusual for a psychotherapist in our culture."

"Unfortunately, it *is* unusual. I am at odds with many of my colleagues as a result of that. I feel that the profession has too much of this '*Tout comprendre, tout pardonner*' attitude. And there is also the 'We can fix it' attitude—the notion that if we can send a man to the moon surely we can make a psychopath go straight. But a person who has a propensity to murder is beyond the pale of psychotherapy. It is folly to think that a person like that could be corrected through the process of one-to-one therapy. He is a lost soul."

As Michael Stone's office had astonished and mystified me, so did Ray Shedlick's windowless office in a security firm on the outskirts of Durham, North Carolina, seem immediately familiar, with its dark-wood panelling, framed certificates, athletic trophies, and a poignant sort of bareness and neatness—the emblems of rural American officialdom. Shedlick, a retired New York City police detective, was hired by MacDonald in 1982 as an investigator. A tall, slender man of fifty-five, with a very agreeable manner, wearing a red jersey shirt and tinted glasses, he had met me at the Durham airport and driven me to the office, a few miles away, where we now sat waiting for a third member of the party, a writer and professor named Jeffrey Elliot, who taught at nearby North Carolina Central University. Elliot was preparing a book on the MacDonald case and had appeared in the McGinniss trial as a rebuttal witness to William F. Buckley, Jr., and Joseph Wambaugh. Bostwick was at first reluctant to call him—a man who was writing a book on MacDonald did not seem to be the wisest choice as an expert on the author-subject relationship. But MacDonald was very insistent that he do so, and after speaking with Elliot on the telephone Bostwick changed his mind, realizing that he had stumbled upon a treasure. He would not have been able to invent a witness who would better embody the high-mindedness he sought to hold up as an alternative to the ruthless expediency that Buckley and Wambaugh declared to be the standard in the writing profession.

"Dr. Elliot," Bostwick said in his examination (Elliot has a doctorate in political science), "do you have an opinion as to whether an author who is attempting to obtain information from a living subject he is going to write about may tell that living subject something that in fact the author does not believe to be true, in order to obtain more information from the subject?" (The clumsiness of Bostwick's syntax derived from a series of objections by Kornstein to earlier versions of the question, in which the word "lie" was used; they were sustained, forcing Bostwick into these contortions.)

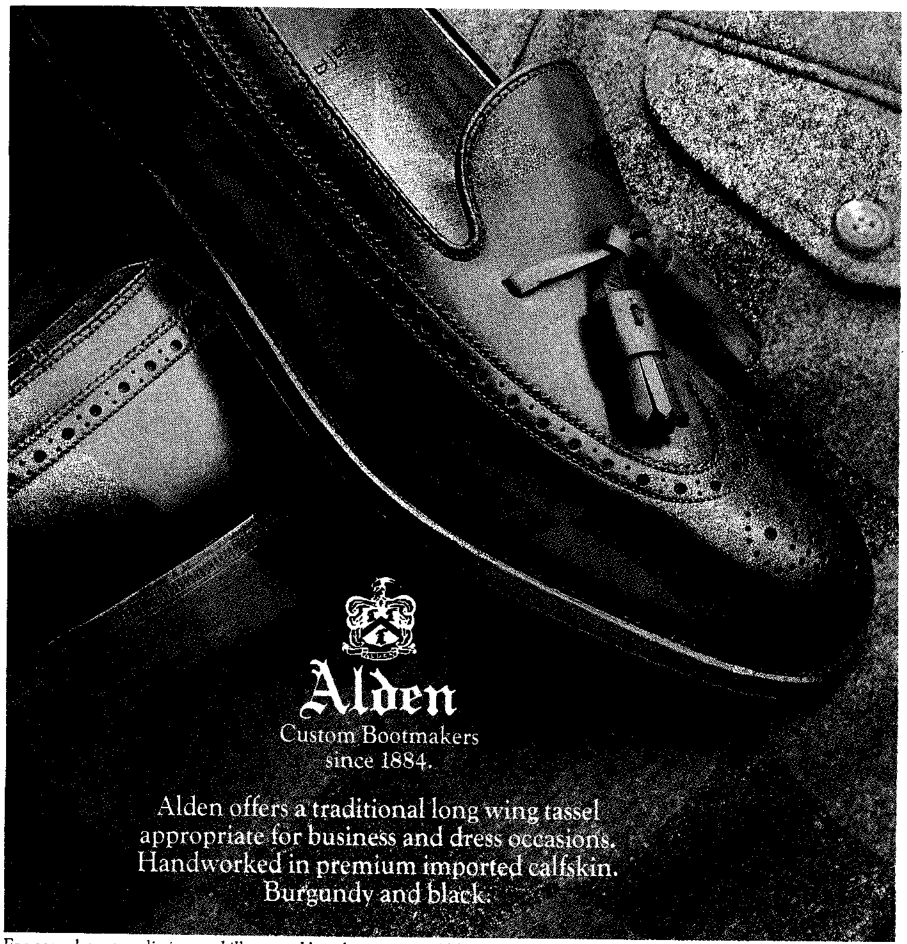
Elliot replied, "My opinion is that,


Splendid isolation.

The beach here is all yours. The creeks and marshland will remain wild and unspoiled forever. And the magnificent new championship course by Pete and P.B. Dye is the private domain of club members and their guests. People who say nothing lasts forever have never been to DeBordieu, call toll free 800-476-7070 (in SC 546-4176) or write DeBordieu, PO Box 1746, Georgetown, SC 29442.

DeBordieu

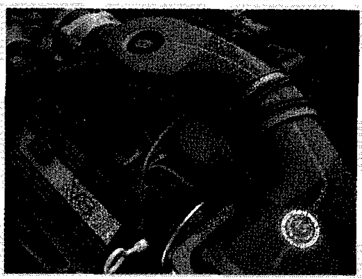
Obtain the Property Report required by Federal Law and read it before signing anything. No Federal agency has judged the merits or value, if any, of this property.


Alden
Custom Bootmakers
since 1884.

Alden offers a traditional long wing tassel appropriate for business and dress occasions. Handworked in premium imported calfskin. Burgundy and black.

For complete store listing and illustrated brochure, write: Alden Shoe Company, Dept. 3N, Middleborough, MA 02346.

C A D I L L A C®



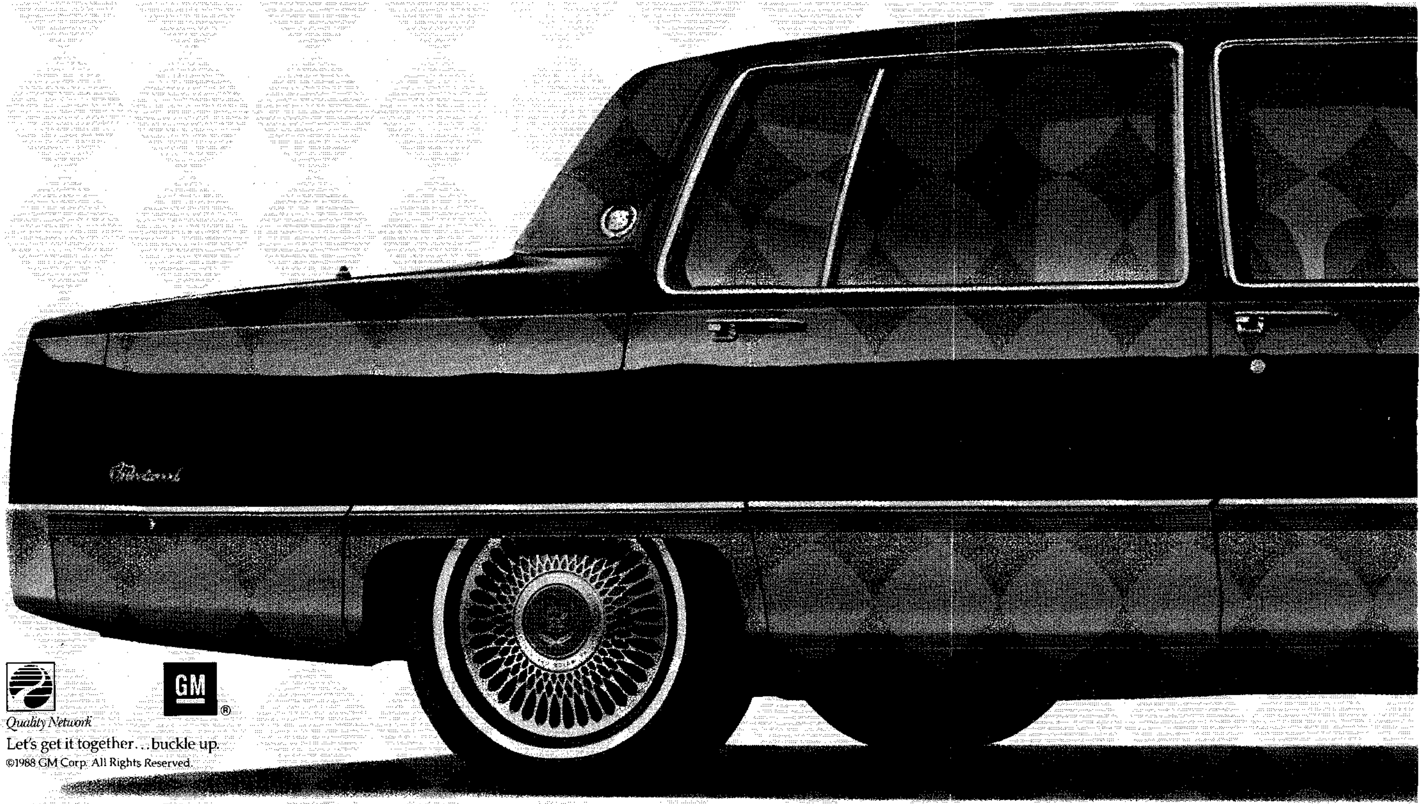
A 4.5 liter V8 gives you responsive performance.

FLEETWOOD

It's totally new. It's longer. And it's the state of the art in six-passenger luxury.

Introducing the all-new Fleetwood Sedan and Coupe. They're longer. With full-size room for six. A more spacious sedan interior. Greater luggage capacity. And totally new, aerodynamic styling.

The Fleetwood's luxurious interior is appointed with American walnut. The Fleetwood Sixty Special is fitted with an



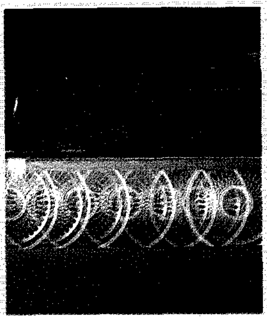
Quality Network

GM®

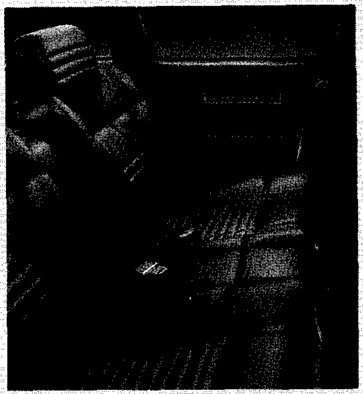
Let's get it together…buckle up.

©1988 GM Corp. All Rights Reserved.

S T Y L E



The security of standard anti-lock brakes.



Comfort-engineered seats in the Fleetwood Sixty Special are fitted with ultra-soft leather seating areas.

interior developed for Cadillac by renowned Italian designer Giorgio Giugiaro and includes patented 22-way power front seats.

And now, they're all covered by the exclusive, new Cadillac 4-year/50,000-mile Gold Key Bumper to Bumper Warranty.* Every Fleetwood is also backed by 24-hour Cadillac Roadside Service, the first program of its kind offered by any domestic manufacturer.

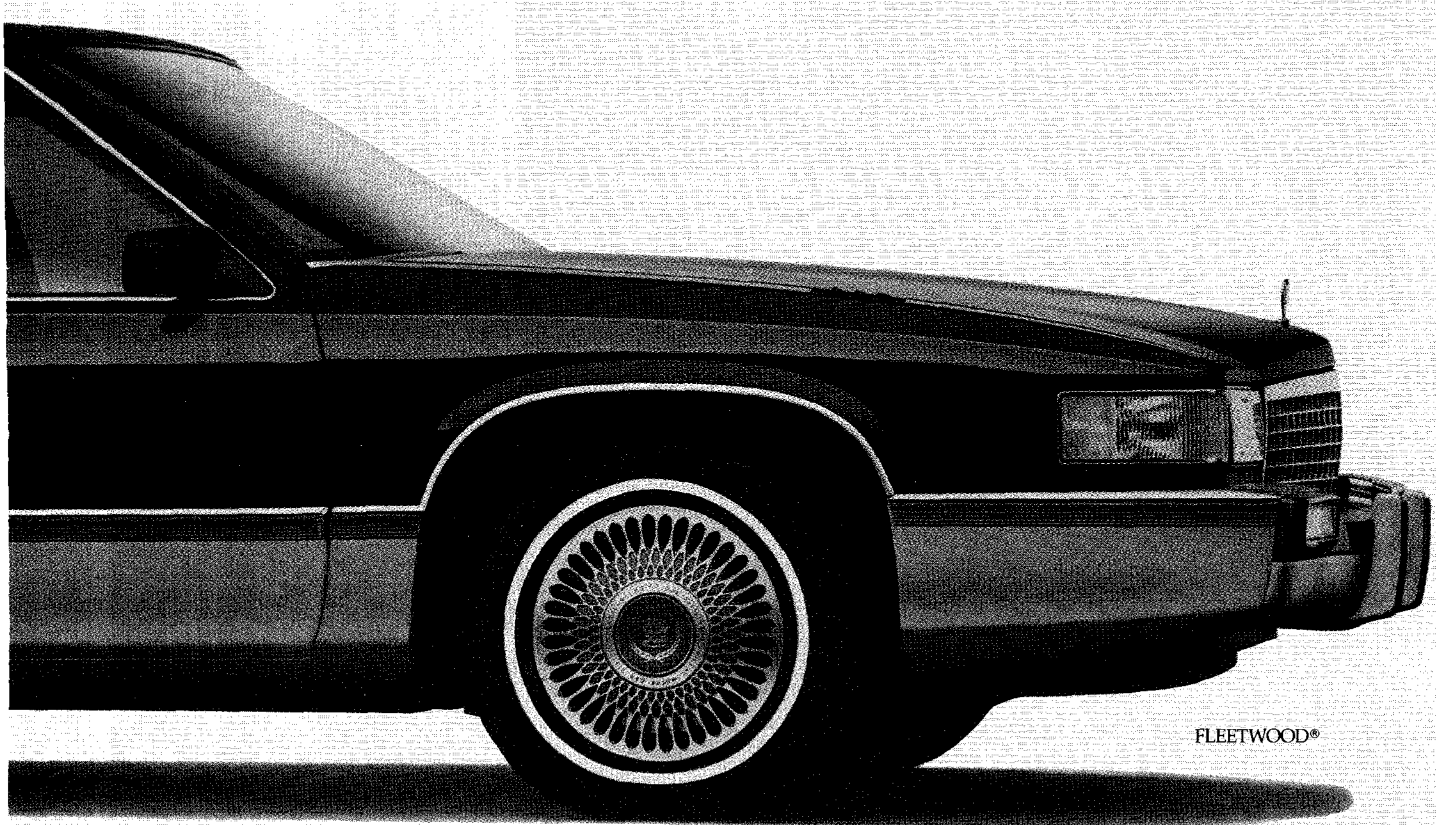
The new, longer Fleetwood. State-of-the-art luxury, Cadillac style.

Please call 1-800-333-4CAD for product literature and the location of your nearest Cadillac dealer.

*See your dealer for terms of this limited warranty.

®

The only way to travel is Cadillac style.™



FLEETWOOD®

Watch Cadillac and **THE MASTERS**® on CBS-TV April 8th and 9th.

while I'm sure there are those who do this, it is extremely irregular and unprofessional and, in my view, lacking in integrity and principle. I have not done it. I would not do it. And most authors whom I have interviewed, whom I know, whom I work with, would not deceive or lie or tell falsehoods, either in terms of getting assignments or, once they receive the assignments, of manipulating their subjects in order to write a story that they thought would fetch them either greater money or greater notoriety. Such conduct would likely result, particularly if discovered, in a ruination of reputations, publishers, and publishing houses, and would destroy credibility in terms of getting future assignments and projects." He continued, "Obviously, if one expects to interview well-known international and national figures, an attitude of hostility or belligerency is certainly going to kill the interview before it begins. But that's very, very different from expressing directly—either verbally or in writing—untruths which lead the subject to believe that in fact you have one position when you have another. That, I think, is just unacceptable."

In his cross-examination, Kornstein, attempting to show that Elliot, when it came to the point, was no better than Wambaugh or Buckley, brought up an interview with Fidel Castro that Elliot had done for *Playboy* in 1985, and asked, "Now, when you were interviewing Fidel Castro, you didn't tell him that you were against his Cuban revolution, did you?"

"No, I did not," Elliot replied.

"And you didn't tell him that you thought he was a mass murderer, did you?"

"I did not."

"In fact, didn't you try to appear sensitive and understanding of his particular point of view?"

"Sensitive and understanding and willing to listen."

"Right. You were not confrontational?" Kornstein said, forgetting the first rule of cross-examination: Ask only questions you know the answers to.

"Yes, I was," Elliot replied. "There were many places where I was, and if you read the interview in *Playboy* you will see that."

Kornstein said, "That was part of your process of being sensitive and understanding?"

Elliot, recognizing his opportunity, replied with unction, "There are times when a particular question must be asked, and whether it's comfortable or not truth requires that you ask it."

A few weeks before my trip to Durham, I had spoken with Elliot on the telephone. At the trial, under Bostwick's questioning, he had identified himself as a "distinguished adviser on international relations" to Mervyn Dymally, a black California congressman. He had listed black politics, civil rights, and civil liberties among the courses he taught at North Carolina Central, and the Association for the Study of Afro-American Life and History among the professional organizations he belonged to, and he had cited several black men and women—Alex Haley, Shirley Chisholm, and Julian Bond—among the subjects he had interviewed, so I had assumed that he himself was black. But on the telephone I learned that Elliot was white and Jewish. He had got into the field of black studies by accident. An early teaching job had been at the University of Alaska, where he had been hired to teach history; when he arrived, he was told that he would be teaching a course in black studies. "I had no formal preparation in black studies, and it came to me very quickly that the faculty and administration's aim was to kill the black-studies program," he told me. "When their intent became clear to me, I determined that I would teach the course anyway, and learn as I went along. And the more I taught it and studied it, the more interested I got in it. It became clear to me that there was a lack of books in the field, and since blacks weren't writing them, I would. And when I talked to the publishers they would say, 'Well, this is a good idea, but you should know that, one, blacks don't buy books and don't read them, and, two, there is no market for black-related subject matter.' I viewed that as racist."

Elliot, when he arrived at Shedlick's office, proved to be a short, rotund man with thinning curly gray hair, a dark complexion, and thick glasses; he looked older than his age, which was forty. Although our telephone conversation had prepared me for his seriousness and earnestness, it had not prepared me for his austerity. It is rare to be in the presence of someone as grudging of himself as Elliot is; the ordinary small gestures of affability that we automatically extend to one another and automatically expect others to extend to us were not extended by Elliot. He stayed within himself, he would give no quarter, he refused every gambit of friendliness and playfulness. Shedlick and Elliot were well acquainted; Elliot's research for his book on MacDonald had brought him to Shedlick, and Shedlick had said of him, "Dr. Elliot is not one you can buffalo. He's very adroit, very probing, very factual. You can't pull the wool over his eyes. We hit it right off." After Elliot's arrival, Shedlick spoke very little and listened to Elliot with the nonchalantly pleased air of a music teacher hearing a favorite pupil give a flawless performance of a difficult composition.

I asked Elliot how he had come to be writing a book about MacDonald. He said, "After watching a film version of 'Fatal Vision' on television, I had an intuitive hunch that something was wrong, and as soon as the movie was over I went to my study and wrote to Dr. MacDonald, requesting an interview. Two weeks later, I received a letter from him saying that he'd been deluged with requests for interviews and that he wanted to do only one major one, and after reviewing my résumé and the clippings and books I had sent him he had decided to grant that interview to me. I then contacted *Playboy* and they ultimately approved the project. [Elliot's interview with MacDonald appeared in the April, 1986, issue.] I spent months preparing for the interview, and then spent about twenty-five hours with MacDonald in prison."

"Do you believe he's innocent?" I asked.

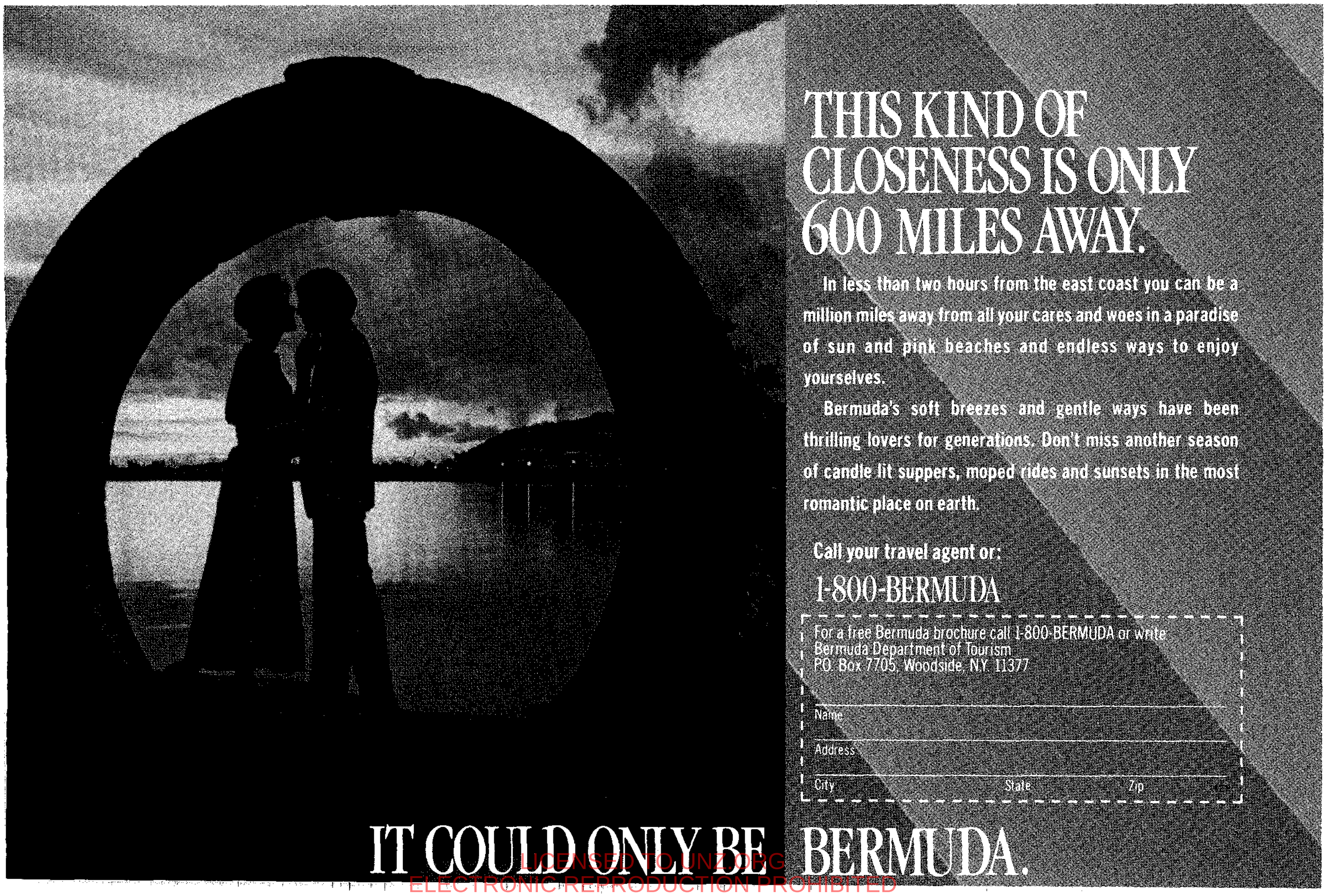
"My position is that, at the very least, he deserves a new trial," Elliot said. "I would never say that I believe him to be innocent beyond a shadow of a doubt. But I would say that much of the evidence that has come out post-trial and much of the evidence that was suppressed at the time of the trial would cast a very different light on Dr. MacDonald's case if presented in court, and that in all likelihood an impartial jury would reach a very different conclusion. There is no question in my mind but that his story is believable—far in excess of reasonable doubt. If I had to believe either the government's position, which I consider very flawed, or his position, where there are still some unanswered questions, I would believe his position. I would certainly not commit him to prison on the basis of the government's case."

"One would much prefer to believe that a person one is having regular dealings with—as you are having with MacDonald—is innocent. Otherwise you are in a very uncomfortable position."

"That's right. And when the idea was raised of my writing a book telling MacDonald's story it was not a project I rushed into with great abandon. Before I would do so, I had to be persuaded that there *was* another side, and that the other side could be made credible. I was not going to make myself look foolish proclaiming MacDonald's innocence when it could not be demonstrated. You know the stories about Norman Mailer and these Eastern journalists who have interceded on behalf of various individuals in prison. I didn't want to be that kind of writer. I had to be persuaded. And I'll tell you that one of the things that most persuaded me was the package of Xeroxes of Joe McGinniss's letters that MacDonald sent me. Those letters, more than anything else, convinced me that there was another side to the story. They were so calculated, so manipulative and deceitful—and just so wrong, in terms of what McGinniss actually felt, as against what he wrote—that I had to wonder whether McGinniss had perhaps failed to tell the truth in his book. Those letters were very disturbing. I had always admired Joe McGinniss. I had used his book 'The Selling of the President' in class, and to read those letters assuring MacDonald—right up to publication—that the book would exonerate him was outrageous. At the very least, they showed a stunning lack of ethics on the part of Joe McGinniss. I don't believe in situational ethics, and I certainly don't believe that journalists have to lie and misrepresent in order to get someone to work with them. Also, I think that such duplicity casts grave doubts on what is written. To me, if freedom of the press depends on the right to lie, then it's a freedom that ought not to be protected. To tell Mrs. MacDonald on the telephone, 'I won't rest until your son is acquitted,' and then to turn around and write that book—there's something about that that's very unsavory."

I asked Elliot whether he found his relationship with MacDonald different from his relationship with other subjects.

He replied, "Not really. I view this as an important project, but I don't have a deep interpersonal relationship with him. I view this as a story that deserves to be told and that may have considerable consequences. But I am not enchanted by Dr. MacDonald the man. I'm not motivated by my personal liking for him. He certainly has not


THIS KIND OF CLOSENESS IS ONLY 600 MILES AWAY.

In less than two hours from the east coast you can be a million miles away from all your cares and woes in a paradise of sun and pink beaches and endless ways to enjoy yourselves.

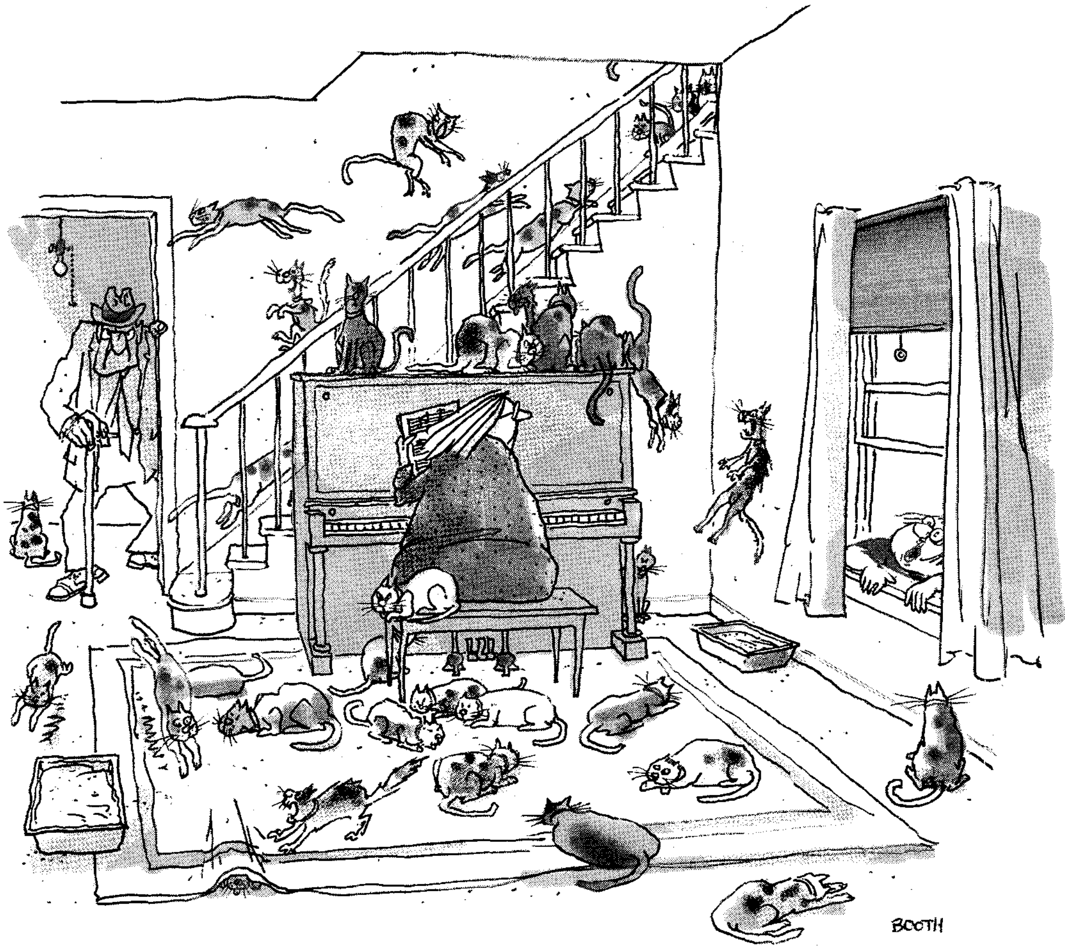
Bermuda's soft breezes and gentle ways have been thrilling lovers for generations. Don't miss another season of candle lit suppers, moped rides and sunsets in the most romantic place on earth.

Call your travel agent or:
1-800-BERMUDA

For a free Bermuda brochure call 1-800-BERMUDA or write
Bermuda Department of Tourism
P.O. Box 7705, Woodside, N.Y. 11377

Name
Address
City State Zip

IT COULD ONLY BE BERMUDA.



"Glendora Hagan got in another load of cats, Elinor honey. Can you take a couple?"

seduced me. We clearly don't have the kind of relationship that he and McGinniss had. Of course, I didn't know him until he was in prison, but under no circumstances would we have run on the beach together. I'm very different in temperament and personality from Joe McGinniss. I suspect there was a closer fit between the two of them than there is between the two of us."

"How would you characterize this difference? How are you different from McGinniss?"

"I view McGinniss as part of the Eastern literati, as someone who relishes fame, someone who is adept at name-dropping, who enjoys the accoutrements of money and influence, who likes partying and lighthearted leisure activities. I view myself as a sober academic, a serious writer who writes serious things. MacDonald and McGinniss are more traditional males than I am. They are passionately interested in sports. I am more interested in serious issues, questions of public significance."

Elliot told me about his upbringing: "I grew up in Los Angeles in a typical white Jewish family, originally from Eastern Europe. My father was not one to take expensive vacations, nor did he believe in ostentatious display. He believed in the work ethic. He taught us the work ethic and the importance of saving your money, and not spending it in a flighty manner. We had the kind of family that if at dinner I said that I had seen this bug outside, my mother or my father—usually my father—would say 'Are you interested in insects? Do you want to see more?' and if I said yes, that Saturday we would be at the Museum of Natural History.

"We were very political. We worked in political campaigns, talked politics at dinner, and became involved in causes we felt were worthy of the investment of our energies. My mother and father emphasized the importance of social commitment and of righting wrongs—all those clichés spouted by others but dismissed when it comes to effort. So when I saw the wrong of the Vietnam War, as my mother and father had, it was natural for me to proceed from simply talking about it to writing about it and marching in demonstrations. It is the same with racism, sexism, et cetera. I now teach at a predominantly black university. I have had offers to teach at prestigious institutions. But I feel it is important to use whatever talents I have to try to build certain kinds of bridges. I try to be the kind of person who demonstrates—more through my actions than through my words—that not all whites are any one thing. That's what I choose to do, as opposed to the need to teach at Harvard or Yale, or other places where they don't particularly need me, where lots of professors are more than willing to go."

Beginning to feel about this paragon as Kornstein must have felt, I couldn't resist asking an unpleasant question: "Have you had offers from Harvard or Yale?"

"I never applied," Elliot said, and added, "I get routine offers from various schools."

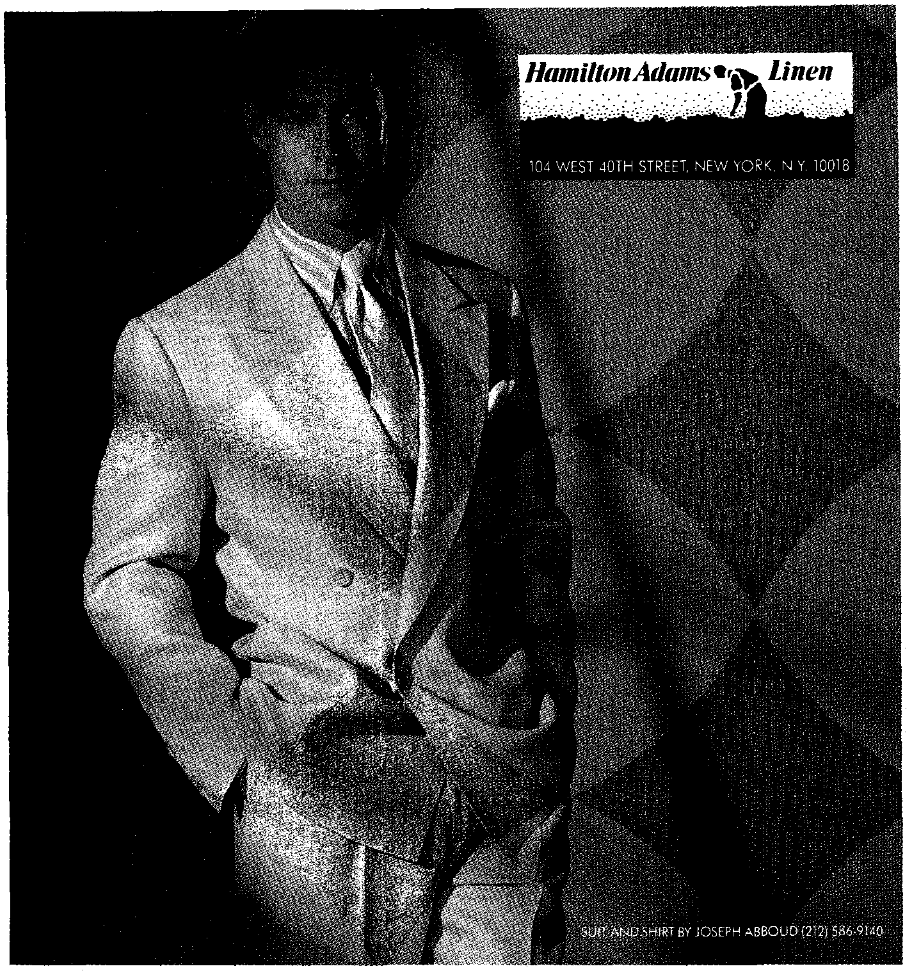
I asked another leading question: "You talked about the decadent life style of the East Coast literati and their leisure-time activities. Do you yourself have any leisure?"

"What I do, what I derive the greatest pleasure from, is clearly my work. If I were to win a trip to Hawaii—seven days in the sand at the beach—it would be a sentence. I would immediately begin to think in terms of what I could do on the trip so that I could write about it. Whom could I interview? What articles could I write?

"Not long ago, I was invited to a party at the home of the then richest man in the world, Adnan Khashoggi, who had just purchased his fifty-seventh home in California. I was then doing a book on an Indian guru—a guru to the stars and to Khashoggi. I was told that Elizabeth Taylor would be at the party, and Cary Grant and Michael York. I flew there, and I was surrounded by multimillionaires and, in some cases, multibillionaires. It was an interesting experience, but not greatly so. Most of the people I spoke to were somewhat vacuous. They talked about their latest purchases or their favorite restaurants or their yachts or their latest deals. These are not the sort of things that motivate me. I don't identify with them, and I resent the decadence they represent, knowing that a third of the country lives in poverty, and that kids are dying in Ethiopia. I identify more with working-class people, who struggle to make ends meet, who are good to their families, and work hard to change things that need to be changed.

"MacDonald is not *my* role model. I don't intend to live my life according to the values he espouses. But whether I like him or dislike him is irrelevant in terms of why I pursue the case. I feel the case has implications well beyond him. If in fact the government can lie and send an innocent man to prison, then it can do the same thing to people who are less powerful and less influential and less wealthy than Dr. MacDonald. Our prisons are full of poor people who are not fortunate enough to have the media interested in them. On the other hand, after spending time with Dr. MacDonald I can say that he is not the sort of lighthearted, play-oriented, vacuous person he has been portrayed to be. He has a very serious side. He is very well read. He can speak articulately about many subjects, and his life has been shattered. But, no, his personal interests and the interests that bound him to McGinniss are of no interest to me. It's his case that interests me."

Elliot went on to say that the piece of hubris that he—like McGinniss and others—believed responsible for MacDonald's downfall was an appearance he made on the Dick Cavett show in the fall of 1970, shortly after he had been cleared by the Army. On the show, he had attacked the Army's Criminal Investigation Division for bungling its investigation of the crime and accusing him of it. (McGinniss, who had seen a tape of the show, told me how appalled he had been by MacDonald's performance: "The guy is sitting there laughing, making jokes on


Hamilton Adams Linen
104 WEST 40TH STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10018
SUIT AND SHIRT BY JOSEPH ABBOUD (212) 586-9140

The Resort As Dramatic As The Desert Around It.

The Boulders, where your luxurious guest casita is uniquely shaped into the spectacular desert landscape, and 27 superb holes of golf await you in a private, country-club setting. Contact your travel agent or call 1-800-553-1717.

THE BOULDERS
Carefree, Arizona

national television with Dick Cavett. He's sitting there talking about the murder of his wife and children—using this as a vehicle for celebrity. This was something that bothered me from the start. Why was he not just not reluctant to talk about it but desperate to capitalize on this tragedy and use it as a springboard to fame?") Elliot said, "When he went on the Cavett show, and named names and talked about how incompetent and stupid and bungling those Army people were, it galvanized them to move, to reopen the investigation. It was that show that led the Army to say, 'Do you mean to say that after we acquit him he goes after us?' MacDonald was his own worst enemy on that show. He was his own worst enemy in hiring Joe McGinniss, he was his own worst enemy in not insisting on seeing a draft of the book, he was his own worst enemy when he made McGinniss part of the defense team and gave him everything, just sort of hoping, on the basis of blind faith and McGinniss's letters, that McGinniss would do the right thing."

"McGinniss interprets this not as naïveté but as a kind of arrogance," I said. "He sees it as part of the pathology of narcissism."

"The simpler explanation is that this guy had no experience of authors," Elliot said. "He desperately wanted his story told, and here was this young, somewhat dashing—not to *me*—somewhat charismatic, well-known journalist coming to him. There's no question but that he was caught up in the glamour of the press and TV and that he welcomed the opportunity to go on the Dick Cavett show and stick it to the people who had stuck it to him. But he was so unpolished and so unsophisticated that he never realized that people watching the show would say, 'He doesn't sound very devastated for somebody who has just lost his wife and kids—all he's talking about is what happened to *him*.' It made people think he was cold and self-centered."

"That he should have been interested in appearing on the Cavett show at all, and that he didn't appear to be upset by the loss of his family—it does give one pause," I said.

"We can't conclude that he committed murder because he's not a very likable person. People are looking for perfection in him, and they're looking for qualities they think he ought to have had. It may well be that he doesn't possess the tenderness, sensitivity, judgment, warmth that we might wish he had. But that doesn't mean he committed three murders."

ON an overcast day a few weeks later, I drove out on Long Island to see Bob Keeler in his office at *Newsday*. He is a fast-talking man in his mid-forties, with slightly receding hair and a slightly soft outline, who has an air of bracing directness and unpretentiousness. He told me that he had covered the MacDonald case for *Newsday* since 1973 and, a year or so before the criminal trial, had decided to write a book about it—"a sort of evenhanded book, not dealing exclusively with one side or the other, but a journalist's book, a balanced book." By the time of the trial, Keeler had submitted an outline and sample chapters to Doubleday, which held off giving him a contract until after the trial. Unfortunately for Keeler, when McGinniss entered the arena the publisher with whom he signed a contract was Dell, a subsidiary of Doubleday, and that finished Keeler's chances.

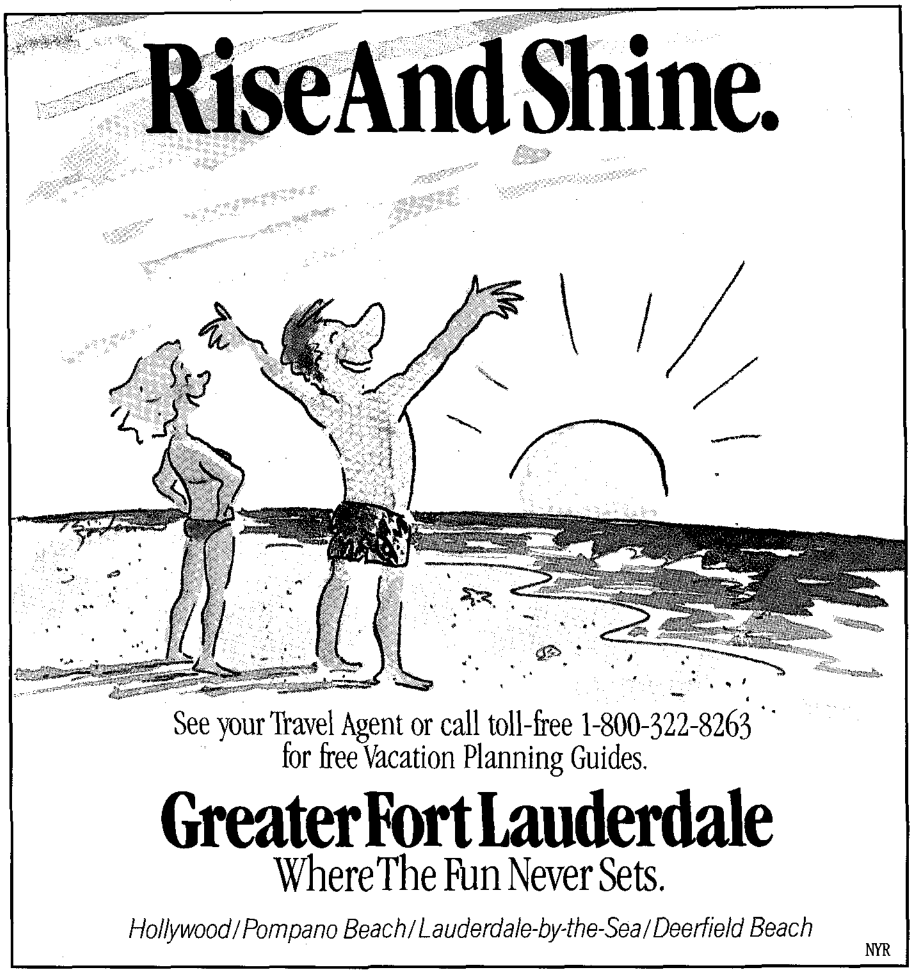
"You had bad luck there," I said. "If McGinniss hadn't come along—"

"No, something else would have happened," Keeler broke in. "When it comes to money, I have lousy luck. I'm not rich. I have my salary, and I make out, and I have a nice house. But I'm not the kind of person who is ever going to get rich." He continued, "Anyway, I decided I would go ahead and write my book and try to find another publisher. At the time, I thought Joe was going to write a book about Jeffrey the Tortured Innocent, and I didn't think that this should be the only book about the case, because I didn't think Jeffrey was innocent. But as time wore on I realized that my book was not going to get published—that all this effort, the dozens and dozens of hours I had put into the project, had been in vain. And when I became aware that McGinniss didn't think Jeffrey was innocent either, I began to give Joe material I had gathered on Long Island. I wanted to help out in whatever way I could, so that—I guess egotistically—I'd have some sense of participation in the book, even though it wasn't mine."

"That was very generous of you," I said.

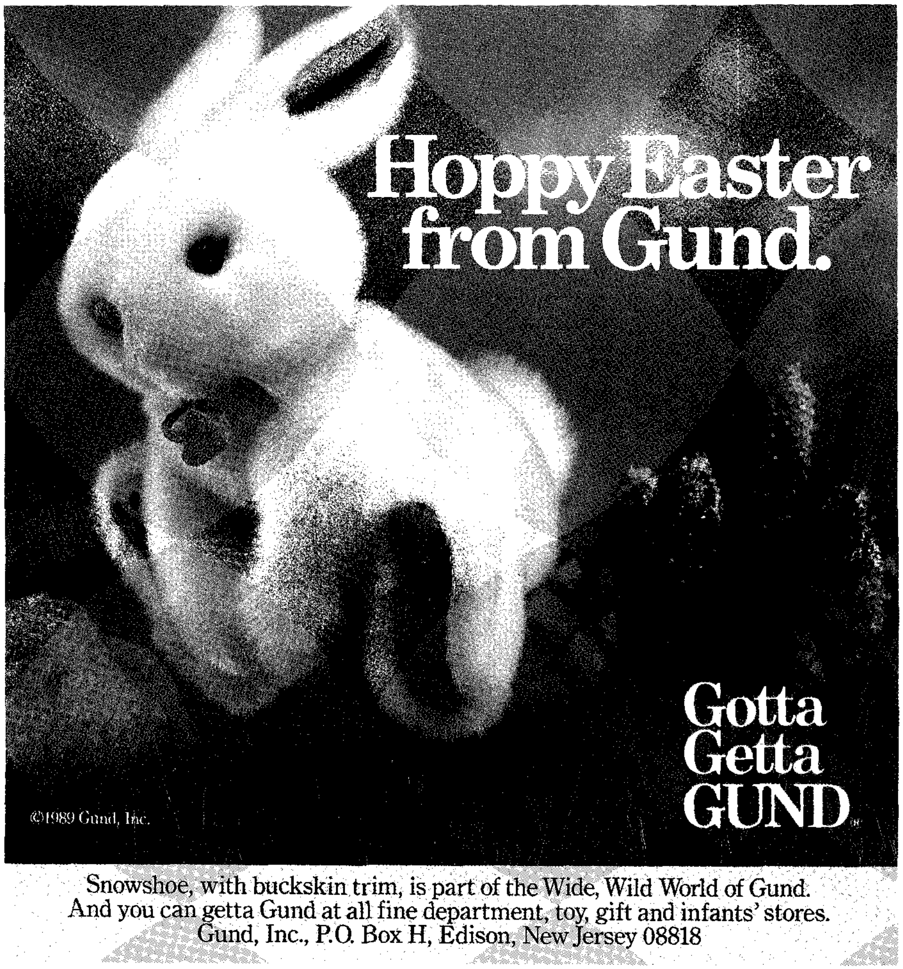
"Well, by that time I didn't have anything to lose. I had all this information I had gathered for a purpose that no longer existed. So what was I going to do? Let it die someplace in a drawer? If the guy was writing a book that was going to be truthful, and I could help him in some small way, no big deal. Then there came a time when MacDonald, or one of MacDonald's henchpersons, sent me a bunch of McGinniss's letters to him. That's when I began to get a little ticked off at Joe. You saw what he said in the letters: 'Don't talk to Keeler.' I thought that was excessive. It was like the football Giants beating up on the Peewee football team. There was no chance I was going to get this book published. There was another thing about the letters, too—all those maudlin sentiments about 'Oh, how terrible it is that you're away, and it's such a terrible injustice.' I think McGinniss went beyond what most journalists would do in not telling Jeffrey the truth about his feelings. We could have a whole philosophical discussion here. McGinniss could say to me, 'You never told Jeffrey about your feelings, either.' That's true, I never did. In fact, one of the things about my coverage of this case that I feel good about is that I was on it for a decade and I don't think Jeffrey MacDonald ever figured out that I thought he was guilty from the first day I started writing about it. To me, that says I was writing evenhandedly and fairly. He never asked me what I thought, and I never told him what I thought, because in my view that's the way a journalist ought to behave. You ought not to be going around to people volunteering your feelings. That's daily journalism. Now, Joe was in a different situation with MacDonald: in addition to being source-and-reporter, they were business partners. So one can ask, philosophically, 'Does that change Joe's obligations to Jeffrey in terms of truth?' I don't know. I personally don't think Joe should have deceived Jeffrey."

As Keeler spoke, I could not but reflect on my own situation. As McGinniss's relationship to MacDonald had differed from the usual journalist-subject relationship in having a profit-sharing aspect, so my relationship to McGinniss was untypical because of the breach that had taken place between us so early in our acquaintance. But in all other respects—the most fundamental respects—McGinniss's enterprise with MacDonald and my enterprise with McGinniss were like all the other problematic associations of writers and subjects from which long works of nonfiction, and sometimes lawsuits, derive. In both cases, a writer had refused to accept the subject's point of view, adopting, instead, the point of view of the subject's adversaries: as McGinniss had come to see MacDonald with the eyes of the government prosecutors, so I, as I proceeded with my researches, had come to regard McGinniss with the eyes of Bostwick and his staff. I was more fortunate than McGinniss precisely because of his refusal to speak with me: by banishing me, he had freed me from the guilt I would otherwise have felt. You cannot betray someone you don't know; you can only irritate and anger him and make him wish he had never made himself known to you. However, in another respect—a literary rather than a personal one—I was just as unfortunate as McGinniss. Like him, I had drawn a subject for whom I had no love and out of whom, consequently, it would be hard to fashion a literary character. I noted earlier that MacDonald was not one of the "naturals" of nonfiction who, like Perry Smith and Joe Gould, do a lot of the writer's work for him through their own special self-invention; but I omitted a crucial element of the transformation from life to literature that the masters of the nonfiction genre achieve. This is the writer's identification with and affection for the subject, without which the transformation cannot take place. The Joe Goulds and the Perry Smiths of life tend to be windy bores and pathetic nut cases; only in literature, after they have got under the skin of a writer, do they achieve the ambition of fantastic interestingness that in actuality they only grotesquely gesture toward. MacDonald had no such ambition. He insisted,


Rise And Shine.

See your Travel Agent or call toll-free 1-800-322-8263 for free Vacation Planning Guides.

Greater Fort Lauderdale
Where The Fun Never Sets.
Hollywood/Pompano Beach/Lauderdale-by-the-Sea/Deerfield Beach
NYR


Hoppy Easter from Gund.

Gotta Getta GUND.

©1989 Gund, Inc.

Snowshoe, with buckskin trim, is part of the Wide, Wild World of Gund.
And you can getta Gund at all fine department, toy, gift and infants' stores.
Gund, Inc., P.O. Box H, Edison, New Jersey 08818

and continues to insist, on his ordinariness: "I'm just this nice guy caught in a nightmare of the law, fighting for my innocence." McGinniss, if he had believed him and had written about him as innocent, would have created a more convincing, if still not deeply fascinating, character, rather than the incoherently unevil murderer he had to settle for. Similarly, if I believed in McGinniss's side of the lawsuit and could write about him as the victim of a vicious act of vengeance on the part of a disgruntled subject, I, too, could create a better character. Like McGinniss's MacDonald, my McGinniss doesn't quite add up.

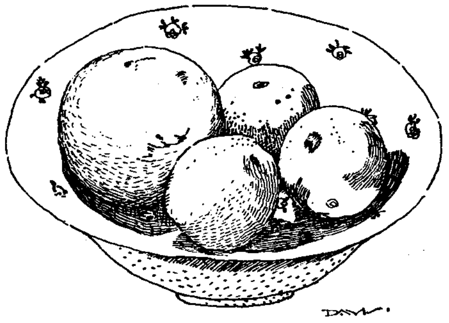
"Did you feel bad about giving up the book?" I asked Keeler.

"I was disappointed. It was the first time in my life that I had a subject for a book—I felt competent, I knew the subject inside out. I honestly don't know whether my book would have sold as well as Joe's. My book would have probably been a more balanced, journalistic book, not necessarily coming to any conclusion, though I probably would have had to do that in the end. You can't dodge that bullet."

"Do you have a theory about the motive?"

"I don't think it was any one thing, but it's clear from everything Jeffrey has said, and from everything I know and from everything Joe knows, that Jeffrey's penis should go to the Smithsonian Institution when he dies. I mean, this man was extremely active sexually, extremely promiscuous, and it's not clear whether Colette became aware of that or not." Keeler went on to criticize McGinniss for not probing more deeply into MacDonald's past on Long Island, where Keeler felt the answer to the enigma of the man's personality lay, gleaming and waiting to be plucked. "He should have spent months there, talking to people," Keeler said. "I didn't have a chance to do that kind of reporting. I was then working eighteen hours a day as *Newsday's* bureau chief in Albany, and could work on the book only on weekends. In fact, to be honest about it, I don't understand what Joe did with those four years he was writing the book. If you're going to be a reporter, you have to practice the craft. You have to go out and talk to people. You have to track things down. You have to talk to dozens and dozens of people." He paused, and then said, "I don't want this to sound like total sour grapes—that I'm saying all these terrible things about Joe as a journalist, and about his moral choices, just because he got his book written and I didn't. The fact is, I'm sort of bemused by the whole thing. It's typical of my luck. Here was a chance for me to make some money, and I wasn't much surprised when it didn't work out; I sort of felt in my bones that it wasn't going to work out."

As I was saying goodbye, Keeler, with his irrepressible desire to be helpful, thrust upon me a large blue loose-leaf book containing the transcripts of his interviews with MacDonald, McGinniss, and others for an article, "Convict and Writer," that appeared in *The Newsday Magazine* on September 11, 1983. The transcripts were methodically arranged and labelled according to subject matter ("Jeff Origins," "Joe Reporting," "Joe Trial"), and were prefaced by lists of the questions Keeler planned to ask, and an outline of the text. When I got home, I leafed through the book and put it aside. I had not asked for it, and I felt there was something almost illicit about having it in my possession. To read Keeler's interviews would be like eavesdropping on someone else's conversation, and to use anything from them would be like stealing. Above all—and cutting much deeper than any concern about eavesdropping and stealing—was the affront to my pride. An interview, after all, is only as "good" as the journalist who conducts it, and I felt—to put it bluntly—that Keeler, with his prepared questions and his newspaper-reporter's directness, would not get from his subjects the kind of authentic responses that I try to elicit from mine with a more Japanese technique. When I finally read Keeler's transcripts, however, I was in for a surprise and an illumination. MacDonald and McGinniss had said exactly the same things to the unsubtle Keeler that they had said to me. It hadn't made the slightest difference that Keeler had read from a list of prepared questions and I had acted as if I were passing the time of day. From Keeler's blue book I learned the same truth about subjects that the analyst learns about patients: they will tell their story to anyone who will listen to it, and the story will not be affected by the behavior or personality of the listener; just as ("good enough") analysts are interchangeable, so are journalists. My McGinniss and Keeler's McGinniss were the same person, and so were my MacDonald and Keeler's MacDonald and McGinniss's MacDonald. The subject, like the patient, dominates the relationship and calls the shots. The journalist cannot create his subjects any more than the analyst can create his patients. A few weeks after the settlement of the McGinniss lawsuit, MacDonald sent out a jubilant message to his followers in the *MacDonald Defense Update*, an irregularly published newsletter put out by MacDonald's out-of-prison "liaison" volunteer worker, Gail Boyce, and in it he exhibited the very quality—a sort of reflexive and unremitting bogusness—that he most sought to repudiate in McGinniss's characterization. The message read, in part:



> The trial proved to all neutral observers that "Fatal Vision" is a fiction book masquerading as non-fiction. . . . Since we have proven his lies, since we have the truth now in the transcripts of a Federal Court proceeding, and since he was desperate enough to settle to offer the amount that was finally accepted, I felt it was proper to accept this victory and move on. . . .
>
> Truthfully, working so intensely in and around the sordid lies of McGinniss's book and hearing his pathetic attempts at justifying his actions by calling in highly paid witnesses to make outrageous statements, is simply an awful experience. Not only did I personally feel it was best to move on to more positive and meaningful projects, but my family, *all* the attorneys involved in the defense, and our excellent defense team *all* agreed it was an opportune time to return to the criminal investigation itself and the procedures we are undertaking to eventually win my vindication.

In my talks and correspondence with MacDonald I glimpsed some of the more appealing facets of his personality—for example, his stoicism in the face of the very harsh conditions of solitary confinement—and I came to allow for the vapidity of his speech and writing, as one allows for a handicap. But the MacDonald of "Fatal Vision" was also there. McGinniss betrayed him and devastated him and possibly misjudged him, but he didn't invent him.

WHEN I walked into Daniel Kornstein's office in mid-Manhattan, a week after the settlement, he said, "Didn't you get my message? I called to cancel this appointment." I looked at him innocently. Two days earlier, he had agreed to see me, and almost immediately had repented of it, leaving a message on my answering machine cancelling the meeting. Inspired by Keeler's lecture on the necessity for reporters to report, I decided to ignore the message, and turned up in Kornstein's office at the appointed hour. He wearily accepted my presence and immediately declared, "McGinniss and I are not going to talk about the case or coöperate on it." He was a pained-looking, short, dark-haired youngish man.

"You sent me that letter last summer," I said.

"When we wrote the letter, we wanted to alert the media and make people aware of the new doctrine being advocated," Kornstein said. "The case is over as far as we are concerned. Everything we want to say is in the transcript. Particularly the cross-examination of MacDonald and my summation. These were the key moments of the trial. We think the public record speaks for itself. I try my cases in the courtroom."

"Then why did you send out that letter?" I asked.

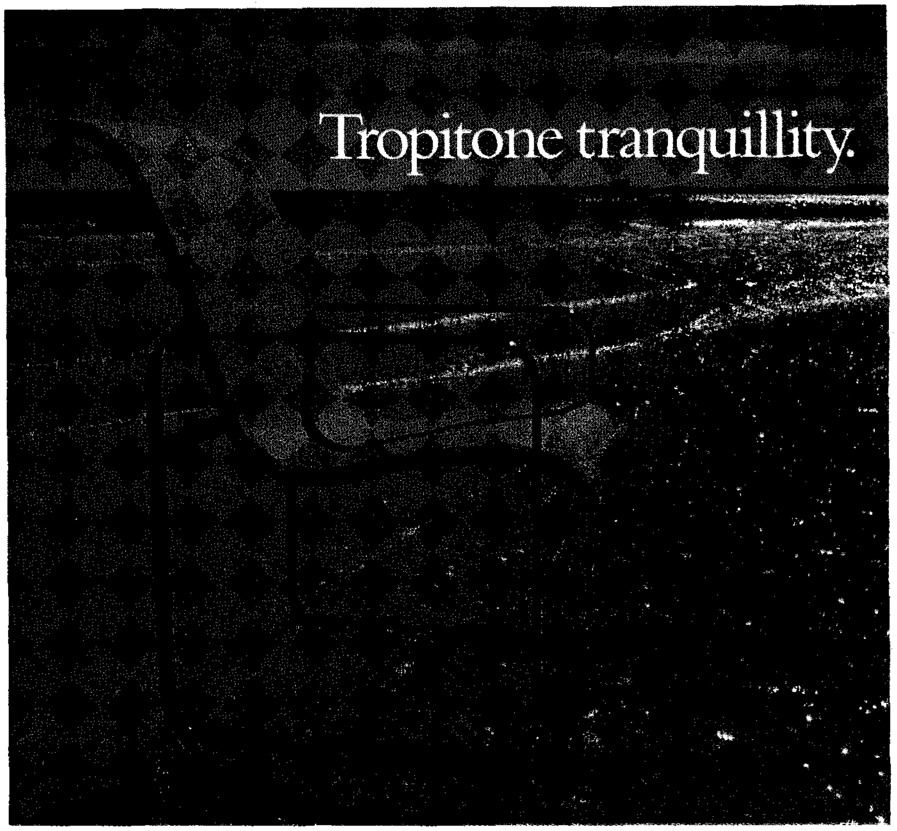
Kornstein gestured helplessly. "I'm sorry. I can't answer you." Then he said, "The judge in the case didn't see—was blind to—the First Amendment implications of the case. He is a new federal judge, appointed in 1984. He had been a state judge for sixteen years. He once played professional baseball—the Chicago Cubs were interested in him."

I asked a question about the trial, and Kornstein again said, "I'm sorry. I can't answer you." He added, "We are trying to put the case behind us."

"Would you rather I didn't write about it?" I asked.

"I would never want to say I would rather that something were not written," Kornstein said piously.

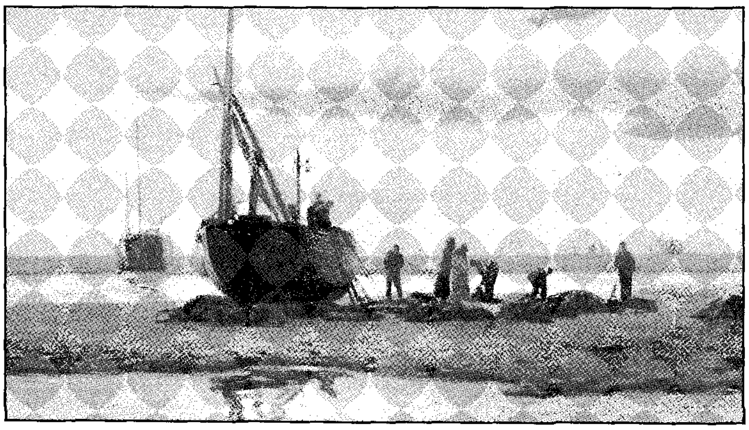
I asked him if his offer to let me read documents in his office—an offer made before McGinniss broke off relations with me—still held. "It's a matter of convenience for me," I said. "Your



Style, comfort, durability: That's what you require for tranquil moments. Write for our outdoor furniture catalog, and meditate on our selections. Send $1 to Dept. 3081, Box 3197, Sarasota, FL 34320. 5 Marconi, Irvine, CA 92718.

tropitone Probably the finest

CHARLES ROUSSEL (1861-1936)



"Maritime Scene — Berck, France", 24" x 42½",
Oil on canvas, s.l.r., 1919

HOMMAGE À CHARLES ROUSSEL
An Exhibit Of 65 Oils By The Artist

Vose GALLERIES OF BOSTON, INC. ESTABLISHED 1841
Dealers in fine paintings for five generations.
238 NEWBURY ST., BOSTON, MA. 02116 • (617) 536-6176

office is a few blocks from where I live, and Bostwick's office is three thousand miles away."

Kornstein said he would consider my request and let me know. Suddenly, he said, "Do you know anything about me?"

I looked at him with interest, and thought, Now all will be explained. This is going to be one of those moments of revelation, when the beggar discloses that he is the prince.

"I am Vanessa Redgrave's lawyer," Kornstein said. "I represented her in her suit against the Boston Symphony."

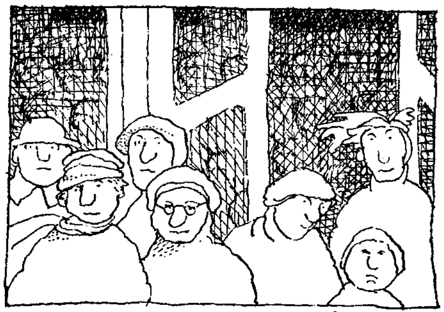
It was time to go. "Will you let me know if I can read those trial documents here?" I asked. "I'll give you my phone number."

"No, no, I have it," Kornstein said, shuffling through papers on his desk. "I have dozens of pieces of paper with your phone number on them. I know your number by heart"—and then, bitterly, comically, he recited it. He presented me with two books he had written ("Thinking Under Fire: Great Courtroom Lawyers and Their Impact on American History" and "The Music of the Laws") and politely escorted me to the door. I never heard from him again.

"DID you ask Bostwick if he took the case on contingency?" Joseph Wambaugh said to me when I called him at his house in San Marino. "You can depend on it that he did." Before I could tell him he was wrong, he went on, "You can bet the bank on it. Otherwise, it wouldn't have got as far as it did. I myself have been sued so many times that it doesn't matter whether it's Mr. Bostwick or somebody else; it's always the same. You could confer with every attorney in town, and you could draft the most binding, airtight, rock-solid legal release in the world, and the subject would sign it—and you could still find yourself in court, because any imaginative, resourceful lawyer can dream up a cause of action and bring a lawsuit. What does he have to lose? In Britain, if someone brings a libel action he runs a certain risk, because if he doesn't prevail he has to pay the defendant's legal fees. Here the plaintiff risks nothing, and once the mechanism of the suit is in motion the defendant is going to suffer—and I mean suffer. He immediately starts hemorrhaging his hard-earned bucks. Very few people have the stamina to endure one of these lawsuits. To defend himself, McGinniss had to come out here and live in a hotel for six weeks. He has a young child, he has a young family, he has a life as a college professor, he's trying to write a book. He gave all that up for the principle of coming out here in defense. The MacDonald side would have settled; they would have settled for the same amount early on. McGinniss refused as a matter of principle. But when he came out here and got ground up in the system and dragged through it and saw what it was really about—it's about the contingency system—he said, 'Principle is principle, but this is really killing me.' I saw McGinniss toward the end. He looked ten years older. I assure you, when you're the victim of one of these lawsuits you are awake at 3 A.M. even if you don't drink. You're awake with the boozers, going crazy with homicidal impulses. My first nonfiction book, 'The Onion Field,' brought me three lawsuits. One of them lasted twelve years. Think of that. Children grow up. Think of how many nights I saw at 3 A.M. At that time, publishers didn't have insurance policies, the way they do now. Guess who paid for that lawsuit. My publisher and I split it down the middle. These contingency lawyers—they're like garden slugs and boll weevils. You can't get rid of them. Where is Agent Orange when we really need it? These guys are everywhere. We have twenty-five thousand lawyers in L.A. County. If we adopted the British system, all these contingency lawyers that keep spewing out of our law schools would have to go do something else they're qualified for, like selling aluminum siding in Indiana or Veg-O-Matics on TV."

I asked Wambaugh what his experience of testifying at the trial had been.

"It was a joke," he said, and went on, "The question that some of the jurors made such a big deal of was: 'Have you ever lied to the subject of a book?' The answer is no. But I haven't always told him the truth. I've dealt with sociopaths, murderers, other horrible people—as a cop and as a writer—and by no means would I always tell them the truth, though I wouldn't lie to them. What's the difference between a lie and an untruth? Simple. With a lie, there's malice involved, there's ill will. With an untruth, there isn't. You go to a thirty-year reunion and everybody in the room is telling untruths. Everybody. 'Oh, how great you look!' That sort of thing. When I'm talking to a sociopath, a killer—either as a cop or as a writer—and the guy says, 'You can identify with the feelings I had when I raped those thirteen women, can't you? You know how I felt, and you would have done the same, wouldn't you?,' I'll say, 'Oh, sure, Charlie. Hell, I can't quit smoking or drinking, so how can I criticize you? Have another candy bar.' *Of course* that's what I'll say, to keep the guy talking. But there is no malice involved. Now, if I said, 'Charlie, if you confess to those thirteen rapes I'll see to it that the D.A. drops all charges and lets you plead a parking ticket'—that's illegal, there's ill will and malice there, and *that's a lie*. This is what I tried to explain to the jury. Well, look, let's talk about juries. Does one get a jury of one's peers? If there had been a chance of Joe McGinniss getting a jury of his peers, Bostwick would never have filed a complaint. Joe McGinniss got an average big-city jury, which is what Bostwick knew he'd get. On the entire jury panel there was one person who was a college graduate. Bostwick got rid of that sucker immediately in his peremptory challenges. One of the jurors testified that she'd read maybe one book in her life. When I sat there and looked at those people, I started sweating for McGinniss. His peers—people of similar background and education—don't get on juries. The jurors, almost one and all, said afterward that they didn't understand writers, they didn't understand the publishing world, they didn't understand anything that Buckley and Wambaugh were saying up there, they didn't understand this business of the difference between a lie and an untruth. They said there's no difference, and if you tell somebody anything that isn't exactly true you should be punished for it. One person said she wanted to give MacDonald



Anne Burgess

millions and millions of dollars. I tell you, people who were McGinniss's equals in education, background, and experience wouldn't have responded like that. He did not get a jury of his peers, and he would never get one. He knew that. Would he want to go through that again, for the principle, for all writers everywhere? Well, no. He finally said, 'Screw it. Let's settle.' And I don't blame him a bit. I'm sorry about it. It makes me sick—it makes me absolutely sick—to think that that psychopathic baby-killer will get three hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars out of that. It makes me want to puke."

"I know there was a lot of criticism of your testimony among the jurors," I said.

"Oh, absolutely. I was sitting there talking to people who have never read a book, some of them. I might as well have been speaking Chinese when I talked about the difference between a lie and an untruth in an interview with a sociopathic killer. I knew they didn't understand me, and I wasn't surprised at their reactions. When you talk to a sociopathic criminal, you have to flatter him and curry favor with him by telling him something that isn't absolutely true. You have no choice but to do it, whether you're a police officer or a writer. They *will* put you in that position. They do it. They enjoy it. They'll say 'You do believe me, don't you?' right at a point where you're convinced they're lying. If you say no, you could lose everything you've gained, including your book, your money, your time if you're a writer, and your case if you're a cop. So you cannot tell the truth."

"Well, I guess everybody has to decide that one for himself—and you've decided it this way. But that's not the only way a person could decide."

"What would you do? Would you lose everything?"

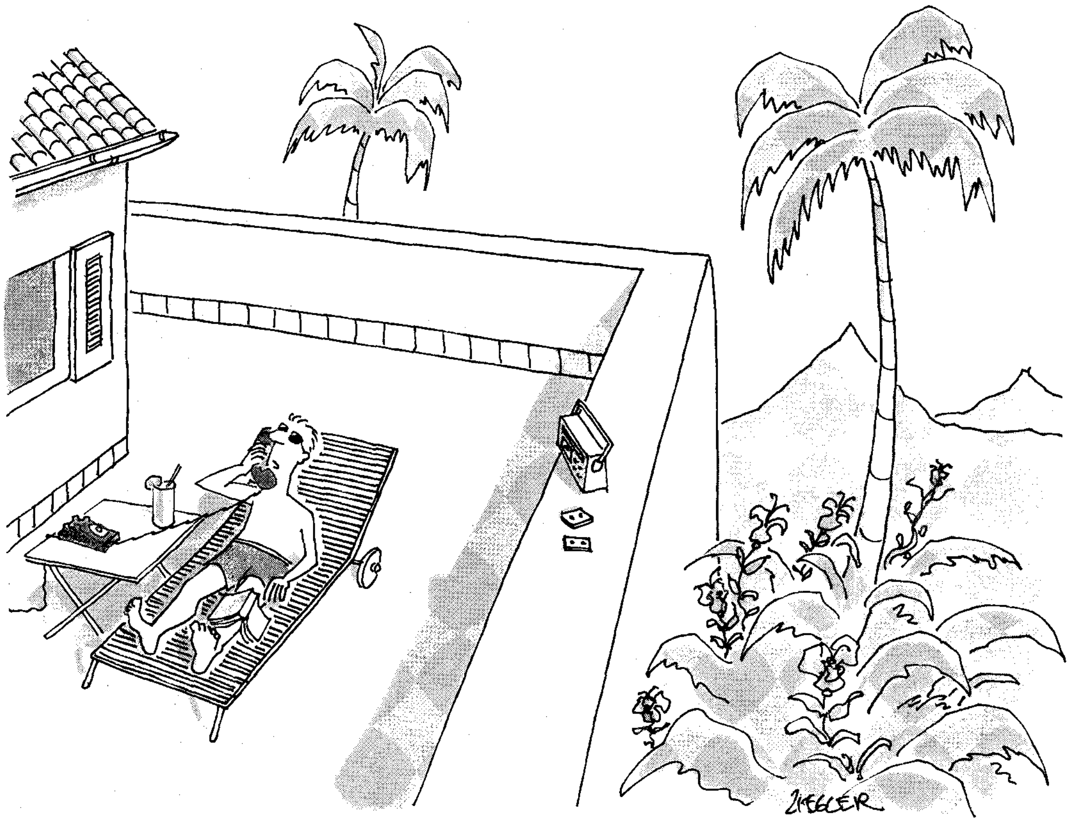
"I know it's very easy to put on moral airs and to say 'I would have behaved—' "

"No, I want you to put on moral airs. I want you to see where the morality lies. I want you to see that as a cop I had a moral obligation to the people of Los Angeles to make this case, and if by telling an untruth—not a lie—to a sociopathic criminal I could better protect the people of L.A., then I had a moral obligation to the people to do it. Put me in the position of the writer—I tried to tell them this at the trial. I said, 'A book is a living thing. When you get to the point where you have this entire investment in it, then this book is as much alive as anyone you've ever known—sometimes more so—and you have a moral obligation to protect that life, to not let it die aborning. If I have to tell an untruth to a sociopathic criminal to protect this living thing, to let it be born, then that's where my moral obligation lies.' "

The next day, Wambaugh called me. He said there was something he wanted to talk about: he felt dissatisfied with the end of our conversation, when he had pressed me to say that I, too, regarded the books I had written as living things, and I had felt obliged to say that I didn't. "I guess I felt silly after talking to you about that," he said disarmingly. "It's something I just never questioned. I always assumed that every writer felt this way about his work. I've read hundreds of writers who say that in the course of writing a book the story takes over and the characters take over and it's almost as if they themselves were not involved. I used to think of books as living things, corny as it sounds, even before I began to write. I felt 'Call of the Wild' was a living thing, and then 'Moby Dick.' "

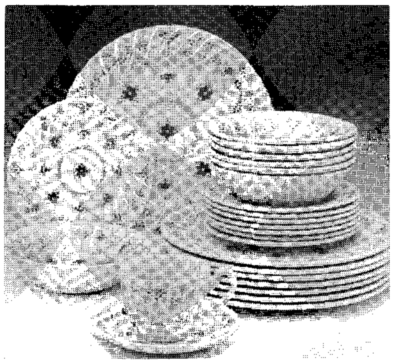
"What about boring books?" I asked. "Are they living things?"

"No. They don't come alive for me. But I'm sure that the authors of those books go to their graves thinking they have brought something to life. And maybe people don't feel that I have brought something to life, but I feel that I have. I'm not an intellectual. I write from the guts, and I'm talking to you from the same part of my anatomy. When I was testifying, Bostwick tried to make a book seem like a pair of shoes. I said that when I wrote my first book I didn't have a thought about making money; I only thought what a great honor it would be to get something published. Even now, I don't write for money. I've made plenty of



"Hey, what can I say? It's not Baltimore, but then what is?"

• •



IN THE BRITISH MANNER

Save 55% on Ironstone Service For 8
Finlandia—From the heart of England's countryside comes a classic service, our exclusive blue and white set with hand detail. Includes eight 5-pc. place settings. If purch. by the pl. set., 120.00. **NOW 49.95**
5-pc. Completer Set: vegetable bowl, platter, creamer and covered sugar, **29.95**

To order, call toll free 1-800-777-0000.
We honor most credit cards. Add 5.00 for shipping and handling. In Virginia, add 4.5% sales tax; in New York and Connecticut, add applicable tax.

bloomingdale's
By Mail Ltd.

A rather debonair place,
a just off Union Square place,
Campton Place.

CAMPTON PLACE
HOTEL

San Francisco, at Union Square
(415) 781-5555
Preferred Hotels

"Oh beautiful city...
steeped in sentiment as she lies,
Spreading her gardens to the moonlight,
And whispering from her towers
The last enchantments of the Middle Ages."
—Matthew Arnold

OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE
UNIVERSITY VACATIONS

The most prestigious and exciting one and two week cultural vacations for adults.

Write for free color brochure:
UNIVERSITY VACATIONS Dept. N
9602 N.W. 13 St. Miami, FL 33172

TOLL FREE 800-792-0100

money. I don't even think about money anymore, except when I have to pay lawyers who are trying to bankrupt me."

"So you're one of those lucky people who write for the pleasure of it, and who happened to strike a nerve that has caused millions of people to buy your books."

"That's right. I feel it's a goddam miracle. And because I've been blessed like this, and had this enormous stroke of luck, I feel I have an obligation, as McGinniss felt he had one, to fight for those other authors, ninety-nine per cent of whom can't even think of making a living from writing."

On September 18, 1987, McGinniss appeared on William F. Buckley's television talk show "Firing Line," together with Floyd Abrams, the New York libel lawyer and expert on the First Amendment. Watching a tape of the program a few months later, I was fascinated by the transformation McGinniss had undergone. The defensive and uncomfortable man I had spoken with in Williamstown and the desperate, hounded, Orestes-like figure of the trial transcript had become a relaxed and expansive celebrity author, exuding a kind of boyish excitement and disbelief about being somebody in the world. I had met this McGinniss, too, in the letters to MacDonald; showing off his worldly successes to MacDonald was evidently as deep a need for him as was misleading MacDonald about the book. "The New York Times *Book Review* is not only going to do a major review [of "Going to Extremes"] but is actually sending someone up here next week to interview me," McGinniss wrote happily to MacDonald in a letter of August 6, 1980. "That is like having Knighthood conferred." On July 16, 1982, he boasted to MacDonald about Phyllis Grann, his new editor at Putnam (McGinniss had changed publishers by this time), who was "probably the highest-ranking, most prestigious and successful woman in the entire publishing business" (even though, as McGinniss felt constrained to let MacDonald know, she "started in publishing as Nelson Doubleday's secretary"). Five months later, he triumphantly described to MacDonald, in his cell, the sales conference at which "Fatal Vision" had been presented: "At the conclusion of the presentation of this book, which consisted of not only Phyllis Grann raving about it but marketing director, book-club & subsidiary-rights person, publicity director, and finally the president of the company all saying how special it was . . . sales reps were asked to conduct a secret ballot to rate the books in terms of how they thought they would sell—and 'Fatal Vision' (and this is a secret, please, no Xeroxes of this letter to friends in Cal. or anywhere else!)—was chosen *number one.*"

Now, on television, sitting with people who were clearly on his side, McGinniss chatted easily and fluently about the lawsuit, like a man recounting to a dinner table of friends a freakish misfortune that had befallen him on his way to work. After listening to McGinniss's account, Abrams remarked, "One of the startling things to me is that here you have someone who the jury has found committed this most heinous of all acts, and you still had people on the jury who listened with great interest, maybe sympathy, and willingness to treat him like everyone else. Maybe a jury is supposed to do that, but it's pretty unusual when you have a murderer in front of you." The dialogue continued:

> MCGINNISS: As one of them put it to me afterward—we were permitted, and indeed encouraged, to speak to the jurors after the non-verdict was reached—
>
> BUCKLEY: Including Dr. MacDonald?
>
> MCGINNISS: No, he wasn't. His lawyers were, but he himself was reincarcerated at that time. He was present during the trial. He was in court all day, dressed like this in suits, no handcuffs on, in the presence of the jury, which was like a summer vacation for him. It was great, you know—you get out of jail. But at the end, one of the jurors said to me, "The fact, Mr. McGinniss, is that it wasn't MacDonald who was on trial here. It was you. You were the defendant. You were the one we had to judge."

Buckley led the discussion to the issue on which he himself had testified:

> BUCKLEY: Let me ask you this, Mr. Abrams. Suppose [McGinniss] had said, responding truthfully in all matters, "I absolutely knew he was guilty on the first of April, 1975, but I continued to let him think that I thought he was innocent for two years." Would that have justified a finding for the plaintiff?
>
> ABRAMS: I don't believe so. I really don't. I mean, that raises a nice issue of the difference between the sort of situations which the law ought to deal with and the sort of situations which allow us to pass a moral judgment on somebody but which the law, as such, is not designed to deal with.
>
> BUCKLEY: You have had a lot of deal-

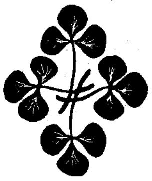
ings with the press. Was I incorrect in testifying, as I did, that a writer—especially an investigative writer—very often gives an impression intending to disarm the person he's writing about? Does that shock you ethically or in any other sense?

ABRAMS: No, it doesn't. But I will tell you that I have interviewed a lot of jurors, and any sort of action by journalists which misleads people is something that a lot of ordinary citizens—non-lawyers, non-journalists—find very offensive.

McGinniss told Buckley and Abrams how the mistrial had come about: "After three days of deliberation, the jury expressed the view that they were hopelessly—not even deadlocked so much as confused—and were not going to be able to render a verdict. . . . There was a special verdict form which had thirty-seven different boxes to check off 'Yes' or 'No,' and it became apparent that they simply didn't understand how the facts that had been presented at the trial related to the questions that they had in front of them, and after three days they announced that they were unable to really agree upon anything, and they asked to be allowed to go home."

THE jurors themselves told a different story about the mistrial. When I met with four of them in Los Angeles, they said they had felt capable of making their way through the verdict form (two of the six jurors held master's degrees), but were helpless in the face of a juror named Lucille Dillon, who refused to deliberate. After the first question on the verdict form had been discussed and voted on, with five in favor of MacDonald and one, Dillon, in favor of McGinniss, Dillon walked away from the table and would have nothing further to do with the group, sitting near a window reading, while the rest, perforce, deliberated on what to do about her. "Our mistake was that when we wrote a letter to the judge telling him that Lucille wouldn't deliberate we said she was for McGinniss," Sheila Campbell, one of the jurors, told me. "If we had left it open, and just said we were having trouble with Lucille, we might have got another juror in." This was so. When the judge proposed to Bostwick and Kornstein that Dillon be replaced with an alternate, Kornstein naturally refused to relinquish a juror known to be on his side, and the judge was forced to declare a mistrial. The trouble had started early in the trial, when Dillon, an animal-rights activist, brought animal-rights literature to the jury room and wasn't able to interest the other jurors in her cause. She became the weird Other to the majority, and they became the Oppressors to her. When the time for deliberations came, the majority realized too late—like other majorities who have ignored the warning signals of annoying minorities—that they had scorned this woman at their peril and were now powerless against her.

I spent the afternoon of Thanksgiving, 1988, with Lucille Dillon in my hotel room in Los Angeles. She was a pleasant-looking, self-possessed woman of sixty, with graying curly hair, who was wearing white slacks, a white overblouse, and white sneakers on very tiny feet; she spoke in a melodious soft voice and had a most appealing deep-throated chuckle. We ate a room-service lunch of avocado salad and sherbet, and she told me of her experiences at the trial.



"I saw McGinniss as a very good man," she said. "It just showed about him. We've all met people where we get this strong impression of goodness. MacDonald? I had no feeling one way or the other about him. I wondered about him, but I had no impression of him. I liked both the lawyers. They both looked like very good men, too, and I thought they did very good jobs. There was something about them, the look in their eyes, something good. I thought the judge was a very nice man, very patient, kindly, courteous, considerate."

I said, "The defense has criticized the judge for letting the case come to trial. They said that he didn't understand that this was a First Amendment case, and that if he had he would have dismissed it."

"I agree with that. To me, the First Amendment was on trial in this case—the First Amendment of the Constitution, guaranteeing the right to free speech. I saw that very early. I understood that someone was trying to stop someone from saying something, and I didn't like it one bit. I believe in the Constitution."

"When did you develop your interest in the First Amendment?"

"In high school, I read the Constitution, and I loved it. It was a wonderful thing to read, just beautiful. It protected people. This was a document that protected you, and they would have to fight against that document to get to you unfairly. On a trip to Washington, I got a copy of the Constitution. I haven't read it all. I tried to. I read most of it, but it got a little tedious, and I quit. I just totally believe in it. It's not always enforced, it's not always used by the government. This is a complaint I have. There are many unconstitutional things the government does."

"What things are you thinking of?"

"I'm thinking of the income tax. One of the reasons the Constitution was written was to guarantee that Congress control the money supply, and that it not get into the private hands of bankers. The federal income tax was put into effect in 1913—even though the Constitution forbids that—and now people don't have much of anything. Everything is taxed."

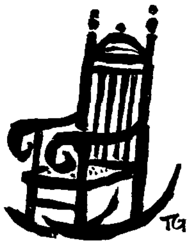
Dillon told me that she had remarried her second husband after being divorced from him for nineteen years. "It's really a financial arrangement," she said. "I said to him, 'I'm getting on in years, and if anything should happen to you the boys will be stuck taking care of me. There aren't too many jobs in Oxnard.' That is where I was at the time. I did odd jobs, I worked at the Fabric Well awhile, little things, but they don't last, those kinds of jobs. So I said, 'Why don't you marry me again, so I can have your Social Security? In case anything happens, the boys won't have to take care of Mother in her old age.' He said, 'I'll think about it,' and then he said O.K. So he has his life—his quiet life—and I have mine. He has his room, and I have my room. We own a mobile home together. It was strictly a money deal. Strange, isn't it?"

As I listened to Lucille Dillon, I felt more acutely conscious than ever of the surrealism that is at the heart of journalism. People tell journalists their stories as characters in dreams deliver their elliptical messages: without warning, without context, without concern for how odd they will sound when the dreamer awakens and repeats them. Here I sat, eating my Thanksgiving dinner with this stranger dressed in white, whom I would never see again, and whose existence for me henceforth would be on paper, as a sort of emblematic figure of the perils of the jury system.

"Was it Kornstein who persuaded you?" I asked.

"Oh, *no.* Nothing persuaded me. As more information came out, it just confirmed me more and more. Everything that was said as the case unfolded confirmed what I knew at the beginning. I could not change my mind."

Dillon went on to speak of her aversion to the other jurors. "I felt something was going on that wasn't right. I wondered, Are these people supporters of MacDonald? Could it be that everyone in this room is a MacDonald supporter? How come they're so sympathetic to him? I wondered about that. I will always wonder about that. They got along with each other beautifully. It was as if they had already known each other, they were so friendly. They laughed all the time, and talked constantly and loud, and they were all of one mind, like one person, in full agreement. They were not very intelligent. I'm not saying that I am, but I sensed a lack of intelligence in these people. They were childish and silly and ignorant. It's not nice to be around people like that. I went into the hall a few times to get away from them, from their nasty dispositions and nasty attitudes. I was on a jury a few years ago, and it was the same. They were not nice people. It was a trial about a young man. They were going to hang that young man for a questionable thing. The boy was accused of smuggling marijuana into prison. They wanted to send him to prison. They were older folks. They were mean. They didn't care if they ruined his life. I couldn't agree to it."



"So it was another hung jury?"

"It was another hung jury."

McGinniss, in one of his late letters to MacDonald, quoted a passage he had written earlier in the day which he evidently felt it safe to let MacDonald read (though "I'm bending my principles even to do this"), about the criminal-trial judge's attitude toward Bernard Segal, MacDonald's defense counsel:

> Judge Dupree was possessed of an unusually mobile, expressive face, and, from the earliest days of the trial, the expression most often seen upon it, as Bernie Segal conducted cross-examination, was one of distaste. Obviously alert, attentive, and sometimes even taking notes during Blackburn's direct examination, the judge would lean back in his chair with his eyes closed, grimacing in exasperation or rubbing his temples as if his head ached, during those periods when Segal was aggressively questioning a prosecution witness.

I thought of this passage when I met Segal in San Francisco, where he practices law and is a professor at the Golden Gate University School of Law. He is a round, extremely voluble man of fifty-eight, with a head of curly gray hair, who seems caught in a perpetual struggle between his sense of himself as a serious and dignified person and an antic force within him bent on subverting this self-image. He said, "It was my idea from the outset to have a writer in our midst. Having spent some time as a journalist before I went honest and became a lawyer, I thought, There aren't many books written from the inside of a case, and this is a unique case with a unique client. A lot of the time, you're embarrassed by your client in a criminal case. Not because your client is necessarily guilty but because, generally speaking, people are not dragged into criminal cases for no reason. There's usually something about their conduct that is a little off, that makes them vulnerable to the charge. So as a lawyer you say, 'My God, I don't want a reporter hanging around and seeing this side of my client—we'd better not let him in with us.' Jeff MacDonald was one in a million, as a client and as a human being, and I thought, Here we have a real person, someone the reader will identify with. Jeff MacDonald doesn't look like and is not like the average criminal defendant. This is a three-dimensional, warm, caring, decent human being caught up in a nightmare of the law. He was for me an American Dreyfus. The story of Dreyfus was one my father made me read as a child. He took me to see the Paul Muni movie of the Zola story. I lived it a hundred times."

Segal went on to speak bitterly of Judge Dupree's ruling that psychiatric evidence would not be admissible at the trial. The defense had planned to introduce the testimony of several psychiatrists who had examined MacDonald—both at the time of the murders and at the time of the criminal trial—and had found him sane and unlikely to have committed the crimes. As Michael Malley later recalled, at the McGinniss trial, "The prosecution had announced, 'If we prove that this man did it, we don't have to prove why he did it or that he's the kind of man who could have done it.' We thought that was a very unsatisfying view of life to give to a jury, and we were going to spend a lot of time, if the judge would let us, trying to prove what kind of man Jeff MacDonald was, to prove that he was not the kind of man who could have done it." Here, as in several other places in the McGinniss trial, what was not supposed to happen—the trial was not supposed to be a retrial of MacDonald—did in fact happen. In the course of challenging the fairness of McGinniss's book (using Segal's "essential integrity" clause as his shaky justification), Bostwick also succeeded in raising the issue of the fairness of the criminal trial. In his examinations of Malley, Segal, and MacDonald, he bore down heavily on an incident that had preceded Judge Dupree's ruling on the psychiatric testimony. At first, the judge had been disposed to consider allowing the defense its psychiatrists—provided that the prosecution be allowed to have a go at MacDonald with a psychiatrist of its own choosing. MacDonald reluctantly agreed to submit to an examination by the enemy's psychiatrist, a Dr. James A. Brussel, of New York, who came to Raleigh accompanied by a clinical psychologist from West Orange, New Jersey, named Hirsch Lazaar Silverman. The examination of MacDonald took place on the evening of August 13, 1979, in an attorney's office, and at the McGinniss trial Segal testified about a less than encouraging encounter he had had with Brussel after it was over:

> Dr. Brussel was standing there in the waiting room. He was dressed in a suit and he had a hat on. And when I came in, I said something about, "Well, I'm glad it's all done already," and Dr. Brussel said, "Where's my hat?" I was sort of taken aback. I thought perhaps he was jesting. But he was a man close to eighty years of age and I realized he really wasn't kidding. And we all sort of looked a little bit startled, and he was turning around looking for his hat, and finally someone said, "Dr. Brussel, your hat's on your head." He said, "Oh, yes." Then he said, "Where am I? What place is this?" And we again were a little bit taken aback . . . and finally one of us said, "Dr. Brussel, this is Raleigh,

North Carolina." He said, "Oh yes—yes, of course."

After the judge received Brussel and Silverman's evaluation of MacDonald, he ruled against admitting any psychiatric testimony from either side: "To pit shrink versus shrink would simply tend to prolong the case and at best would prove something that would just tend to confuse the issues." In the McGinniss trial, Bostwick asked MacDonald, "Did Mr. McGinniss say anything to you about the judge's decision not to allow psychiatric testimony?"

MacDonald replied, "He said it was outrageous."

"Did he say why?"

"Yes, because he said he was—he was referring to Brussel—a senile, incompetent son of a bitch."

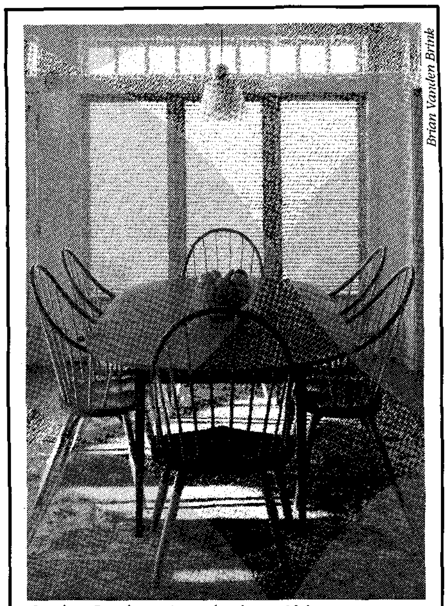
However, when he came to write "Fatal Vision," McGinniss—probably because he was struggling to lend substance to his portrait of MacDonald as a psychopath—quoted at length from the Brussel-Silverman report, which reads like the work of a parodist, as in "There seems to be an absence in him of deep emotional response, coupled with an inability to profit from experience. He is the kind of individual who is subject to committing asocial acts with impunity." And "In terms of mental health and personality functioning, he is either an overt or a repressed sexual invert characterized by expansive egotism and delusions of persecution. He is preoccupied with the irrelevant and is unable to face reality."

Unknown to MacDonald and his lawyers until many years later, when the Freedom of Information Act led to the discovery, Dr. Brussel was not merely a fragile old man at the end of his career; he was a forensic psychiatrist who in 1971 had assisted the government in mounting its case against MacDonald, and who had advanced the theory that MacDonald killed Colette during an argument, and then killed the children because they were witnesses. "There is no question that the prosecution pulled a fast one when they selected him as the psychiatrist to give MacDonald what was supposed to be a neutral psychiatric examination," Segal told me. "We got lumped by the judge in a ferocious manner. I've never seen a case like this in the twenty-seven years I've been practicing. Jeff could in fact be guilty, but when a man is convicted at a ruthless, unfair trial, the system is violated, and everyone is less safe. Having said that, however, I know, as well as anybody can know who was not there on February 17, 1970, that he didn't do it."

IN February of 1988, I paid a second visit to MacDonald at Terminal Island. He was to have been returned to his prison in Arizona after the settlement of the McGinniss lawsuit, but had formally requested to be allowed to remain at Terminal Island, in order to be close to his ill mother, who lives in nearby Long Beach. The request was granted on the condition that he continue in solitary confinement, and he accepted the condition. We sat in the same visitors' room, after he had gone through the same ritual with the handcuffs, and I asked him about one of McGinniss's letters which had made a strong impression on me—as much because of what MacDonald had done to the letter as because of what McGinniss had written: MacDonald had taken a pen and had, as it were, vandalized the letter, covering each of its seven pages with a variety of savage marks. The letter's entire text had been crossed out, paragraph by paragraph, as if by someone striking blows at the defenseless words on the page. When I first saw the letter, I felt in the presence of a terrible anger and hatred and desire to do injury. For me, it was, and remains, the only sign of anything disturbing and uncanny about MacDonald, of anything that isn't blandly "normal."

MacDonald told me that he had marked up the letter while making a tape in response to the questions McGinniss asked in it. "I was so angry about having to make the tape that each time I answered a question I'd cross it out with my pen like that. As I'm making the tape, I'm thinking, There, you son of a bitch! You're pleading for it, and, O.K., I'll give it to you, since I have your assurances that this is just between you and me."

In the letter, more persistently than ever before, McGinniss was attempting to break through MacDonald's elusive blandness, interrogating him closely about the intimacies of his marriage. As McGinniss later testified under Bostwick's questioning, "I was trying to urge him to stop talking platitudes and start talking like a real per-


Brian Vanden Brink

Gendron Residence, Kennebunkport, Maine

THOS. MOSER
CABINETMAKERS

Handcrafted in Maine of solid cherry.
Experience the quality of materials & workmanship that is our benchmark.

Please visit our showrooms or order our catalog
415R Cumberland Ave., Portland, ME 04101
(207) 774-3791
210 West Washington Sq., Philadelphia, PA 19106
(215) 922-6440
Residential Catalog $5.00

Come and unwind at
Lantana
COLONY CLUB

Considered Bermuda's most elegant cottage colony.
Awarded Hideaway Report's coveted "Epicurean Award"
Inquire about programs offered this spring and fall,
• GARDEN WEEK • CROQUET WEEK
• ART & DABBLE
See your travel agent or call:
800-468-3733 A member of the Bermuda Collection

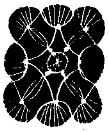
Serving the Republic since before there was a Republic.

THE EQUINOX
Hotel, Resort & Spa
Manchester Village, Vt. 05254
1 800 362-4747

son. . . . What he had told me up until then seemed so superficial and so lacking in genuine emotional content that I felt it wasn't all there was—there must be more, there must be things he was holding back." So McGinniss did what we all do—made the mistake we all make—when faced with a stubbornly enigmatic Other: he fell back on himself and his own experiences to solve the enigma. He wrote to MacDonald:

> I know you are an optimist, and I know you tend to block unhappy memories, but, Jeff, let's face it, early marriage is no picnic for anyone. It sure as hell wasn't for me. Marrying at twenty-one, having a child the next year, then another in another year and a half, and then me falling in love with someone else while my wife was pregnant yet a third time . . .
>
> Having gone through that sort of experience myself, I think I might be more attuned than most people to the possibility that you shared some of those reactions in your own life. . . . There is enough already known in terms of your extracurricular life to demonstrate that you were at least as promiscuous as I was.

But MacDonald would not accept the gambit, would not accede to the suggestion that he and McGinniss were peas in a pod who had both wronged the dull women they had got stuck marrying. As I noted earlier, most people don't make good subjects for journalists; MacDonald was a member of the unpromising majority rather than of the special, auto-novelized minority. When McGinniss said he was trying to get MacDonald to "start talking like a real person," he could only have meant that he wanted him to start talking like a character in a novel. McGinniss's letter—whose object was precisely to invalidate MacDonald's reality and enlist his aid in creating a literary character out of himself—lays bare one of the fundamental differences between literary characters and people in life: literary characters are drawn with much broader and blunter strokes, are much simpler, more generic (or, as they used to say, mythic) creatures than real people, and their preternatural vividness derives from their unambiguous fixity and consistency. Real people seem relatively uninteresting in comparison, because they are so much more complex, ambiguous, unpredictable, and particular than people in novels. The therapy of psychoanalysis attempts to restore to the neurotic patient the freedom to be uninteresting which he lost somewhere along the way. It proposes to undermine the novelistic structures on which he has constructed his existence, and to destroy the web of elaborate, artful patterns in which he is caught. There are people (psychoanalysts among them) who think that the action of psychoanalysis is, as it were, to transfer the patient from one novel to another—from a gothic romance, say, to a domestic comedy—but most analysts and most people who have undergone the therapy know that this is not so, and that the Freudian program is a far more radical one. Patients in analysis sometimes say they feel they are being driven crazy by the treatment. It is the denovelization of their lives, and their glimpse into the abyss of unmediated individuality and idiosyncrasy that is the Freudian unconscious, which causes them to feel this way.



MacDonald continued to talk about McGinniss's letter: "He kept saying 'It's background' when I asked him why he wanted me to discuss intimate scenes between me and a woman. I talked to him on the phone and said, 'Joe, this is crazy. This doesn't make any sense. What does this have to do with the story about the case?,' and he'd say, 'Nothing. What it does is it teaches me. I'm the artist. I have to know everything. I have to know what your sweat smells like. I want to know how you and Colette made love. Then I can choose from that. I, as the artist, have to have all this background so that I can write the true story of Jeff MacDonald, decent man in prison.' And that made sense to me, quite honestly. I think I understood what he was saying. I had made a decision—catastrophic, it turned out—to trust Joe. It turned out I was unbelievably off base. He dragged the stuff out of me, and then turned it around in the book and said, 'Here's this callous, superficial, chauvinistic, nasty human being talking about the woman he says he loves.' But that's not me. That's not my life style."

"But did you *have* to tell him those things?" I asked.

"I know, I know," MacDonald said. "And the answer—and it's not even an excuse anymore, because I'm so ashamed that I did it—is that he said he was writing a book that would get the truth out about this horrible misprosecution, and I was willing to pay the price."

As we talked, MacDonald, who had forgone his lunch to be with me, ate some small powdered-sugar doughnuts from a package I had bought at a machine in the prison-staff lunchroom, and once again I was struck by the physical grace of the man. He handled the doughnuts—breaking off pieces and unaccountably keeping the powdered sugar under control—with the delicate dexterity of a veterinarian fixing a broken wing. When the package was empty, he neatly folded it, and spoke of the abusive letters he had received by the hundred from readers of "Fatal Vision." "There's one I'll never forget," he said. "I wake up occasionally and think of it. A guy wrote me and said, 'I'm sitting on the beach in front of the Sheraton Waikiki Hotel, and my wife and I have just read "Fatal Vision." ' Then he speaks of me as though I'm a psychotic monster. It's an unbelievably tormenting thing. Here is this guy, sitting on a beach with his wife, supposedly having a vacation, writing a vicious, hateful letter to someone in prison." I had read this letter in Bostwick's office, and I, too, had found it unbelievable. This is the letter:

> August 19, 1984
>
> Dear Inmate MacDonald,
>
> My wife and I are here in beautiful and sunny Hawaii having a great time, and we both have read the novel "Fatal Vision" by Joe McGinniss while laying on the beach here at Waikiki.
>
> We are both, I must tell you, convinced beyond a shadow of a doubt that you are guilty as all hell of the murders of your wife and daughters.
>
> We have two lovely and bright daughters of our own and thank God they were not subjected to a "madman" for a father.
>
> I have no compassion for an individual as sick, demented and sordid as surely you must be. From the text of McGinniss's well versed story about you, it is plain to see that you are a liar of outrageous stature.
>
> Anyone who could do what you did to a pregnant woman is really a slime, but what you did to two helpless children is even sicker and more difficult to comprehend and believe. It states in the book (I believe) that you are eligible for parole in 1991. We only pray to God that the authorities in charge of such proceedings will have better sense than your Army peers did years ago and *never* let you loose. You are obviously a latent homosexual (or perhaps no longer *latent* now that you are where you are! Perhaps, by now, you may well be the "Queen of the Hop" there in the joint, hm?) who hates women because you are an impotent faggot, true?
>
> At any rate, we just wanted you to know we enjoyed the novel but feel sure you are guilty and a pervert maniac like you should never be cut loose. You should,

probably, concentrate on getting yourself a "daddy" there in the joint and becoming the true fag you really must be.

With best wishes,
J—— H——

I said, "There is something baffling and confusing to me about this. These people lying on the beach in Hawaii are writing a letter to a person they have read about in a book—to a character in a book whom you reject as a representation of yourself—and yet the letter arrives in your hands, you read it, and are afflicted by it."

"Yeah," he said. "That's part of the shattering impact of McGinniss's book. People who have read it feel that they know me, that they have got inside my head. That's the evilness—I don't know any other word—of his concocted scenario. He's crafted it well enough, and it appears to be very deep. But he was crafting facts to fit an opinion. He wasn't crafting his opinion to fit the facts."

I asked MacDonald about his life in prison, and he spoke for twenty minutes on the subject. You ask this man a question and he *answers* it. After my return to New York, and for the next eight months, I experienced—as McGinniss had experienced—MacDonald's exhaustive and relentless responsiveness. The briefest and slightest of inquiries on my part would bring twenty-page replies from MacDonald, and huge packages of corroborating documents. MacDonald does nothing by halves, and, just as McGinniss had felt oppressed by the quantity of extraneous details in MacDonald's tapes, so was I oppressed by the mountain of documents that formed in my office. I have read little of the material he has sent—trial transcripts, motions, declarations, affidavits, reports. A document arrives, I glance at it, see words like "bloody syringe," "blue threads," "left chest puncture," "unidentified fingerprints," "Kimberly's urine," and add it to the pile. I know I cannot learn anything about MacDonald's guilt or innocence from this material. It is like looking for proof or disproof of the existence of God in a flower—it all depends on how you read the evidence. If you start out with a presumption of his guilt, you read the documents one way, and another way if you presume his innocence. The material does not "speak for itself."

Similarly, how one "reads" MacDonald himself depends on one's prior assumption of what he did or didn't do on the night of February 17, 1970. Dr. Stone, assuming MacDonald to be the murderer, sees him as a remorseless psychopath whose eyes can bore holes through tanks. MacDonald's friends and defenders, imagining drug-crazed intruders as the killers, see him as a sort of Hallmark Job. Interestingly, anyone who has adopted neither position—who finds *both* scenarios unimaginable—tends to give MacDonald the benefit of the doubt. To disbelieve what a person says goes against all our instincts. We tend to believe each other.

By his own testimony, McGinniss, when he first met MacDonald, was in this state of benignant skepticism, but in the course of the criminal trial he came to disbelieve MacDonald and to accept—as did the jury and the judge and the other journalists present—the prosecution's theory: that MacDonald killed his wife and his older child during an argument, and then cold-bloodedly killed his younger child to make it seem that there had been a Manson-like massacre. The circumstantial evidence the government produced was ineffectively responded to by the defense; MacDonald was simply unable to explain the discrepancies between his story and the testimony of the physical evidence. In "Fatal Vision," McGinniss reports that several of the jurors were crying when they returned the verdict. They had not wanted to convict MacDonald but felt they had no choice. One of the jurors told McGinniss of a crucial turning point in his thinking: the playing of a tape recording of an interview of MacDonald by Army investigators, made in April, 1970. McGinniss writes in his book: " 'Until I heard that,' a juror would comment later, 'there was no doubt in my mind about

They could have danced all night.

• •

his innocence. *All the evidence had just seemed confusing.* But hearing him turned the whole thing around. I began to look at everything in a whole new way. *There was something about the sound of his voice.* A kind of hesitation. He just didn't sound like a man telling the truth. Besides, I don't think someone who just lost his wife the way he said he did would have sat there and complained that her kitchen drawers had been a mess.' " (The italics are mine.)

On such things verdicts hinge. The evidence—as the prosecution put it, the "things that don't lie"—had "just seemed confusing." When I spoke to the McGinniss-trial jurors, they had been similarly susceptible to their impressions of the defendant. Except for Lucille Dillon, all of them "felt" that McGinniss was not telling the truth. "Throughout the whole thing, I kept thinking, You're lying," an alternate juror, Jackie Beria, told me. The jury foreman, Elizabeth Lane, a retired social worker, said, "It was always 'I can't recall,' 'I don't remember,' 'I don't know.' " She added, "I feel bad about the whole thing, because I thought 'Fatal Vision' was a very good book. I know how hard it is to get a book together, and how much research he did. I eventually found myself in a position I didn't want to be in, and that was agreeing that MacDonald had a cause for complaint. I had always felt that convicted murderers shouldn't make money out of books and talk shows, and if they do make money it should be sent to the victims. That's where I was coming from. So it wasn't easy for me to see that there was some merit in MacDonald's suit. Then we saw all those letters. But what bothered me most was that after Buckley and Wambaugh had testified and said that it's perfectly all right to behave this way—that authors do it all the time—McGinniss couldn't stand up and say, 'Yes, I led him on, yes, I lied to him, yes, I deceived him, because we're all agreed in the publishing world that it's O.K. to do this, and it has to be done sometimes, and I did it because I had this book to write, and the book was the most important thing to me, and therefore the means to this end were justified.' He could not stand up in court and say that. He had to pretend he wasn't sure, though the evidence showed he was writing one thing to MacDonald and in fact thinking and believing and saying another thing to other people. Now, that may not be illegal, but it sure is unethical, and it didn't sit well with us, especially when he tried to lie about it." The jurors also told me that they left the trial convinced that MacDonald was guilty. When I asked them why they thought so, they said that after reading "Fatal Vision" (which they had been assigned to do by the judge) they couldn't think anything else: Bostwick's attempts to cast doubt on the book's veracity had evidently not succeeded. (If it says so in a book, it must be true.) Nevertheless (perhaps because of the flatness of McGinniss's portrayal of the murdered wife and children; one never cares about them the way one cares about the victims in Truman Capote's "In Cold Blood"), the jury declined to put MacDonald beyond the pale of sympathy, where Kornstein sought to place him. Rather, they heeded Bostwick's rhetorical question: "Do you think that a person who's been convicted, and believes he's been wrongly convicted, cannot be hurt? Is that conceivable? That's what Mr. Kornstein would have you believe when he calls him a convicted murderer."

IN the course of preparing his book about a murderer who stubbornly refused to exhibit any of the traits one associates with people who kill, and whose past seemed to yield up nothing more ominous than a banal history of promiscuity, McGinniss finally struck gold. One of MacDonald's friends—she was one of many people MacDonald had urged McGinniss to see—betrayed him. She was an older woman, with whom MacDonald had had a love affair, and after going to see her McGinniss was able to write this compelling passage:

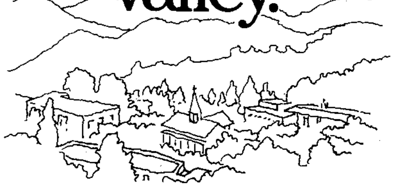
> I learned also that later that summer, not long after MacDonald had taken up residence in Huntington Beach [it was the summer after the Army hearing exonerated him], he received a visit from a close friend of his mother's—a woman he had known since childhood. She brought with her her ten-year-old son.
>
> During the course of the visit, which extended over a period of weeks, Jeffrey MacDonald became sexually intimate with his mother's friend. He himself had told me about this during one of my visits to him at Terminal Island. Later, in another part of the country, I located the woman and she confirmed that the story was true, though she was a bit chagrined that he had chosen to make me aware of it.
>
> I asked her what caused her to termi-

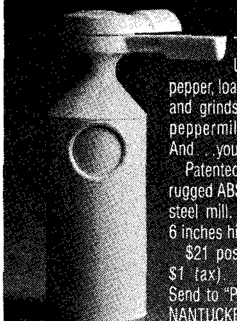
Slip away to a legendary valley.

Our historic and private valley has been soothing a restless world for 71 years. Carefree relaxation or refreshing activity: ride, hike, swim, shoot, play, soak, or sightsee. Near Indian pueblos, yet only five minutes from fascinating Santa Fe, museums, galleries, concerts, world-famous opera, unique shops. **Mobil Four-Star Rated** means delicious cookery and finest amenities. Call 505-983-6377 or write.

THE BISHOP'S LODGE
SANTA FE, NEW MEXICO

The Bishop's Lodge
Box 2367K, Santa Fe, NM 87504
Please send brochure.
Name ....
Address ....
City/state/zip ....

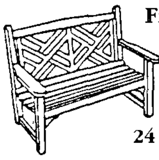




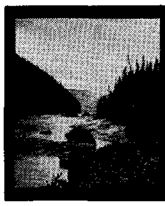
THE WORLD'S MOST EFFICIENT PEPPERMILL

The "PEPPERGUN"® by Unicorn® holds more pepper, loads quicker, adjusts easier, and grinds pepper faster than any peppermill on the market today. And ... you can use it with one hand. Patented, award-winning design, rugged ABS plastic, finest European steel mill. In red, white, or black, 6 inches high. Salt model in white. $21 postage paid (MA res. add $1 tax). Specify color, model. Send to "PEPPERGUN" BOX 541-N, NANTUCKET, MA 02554, OR CALL:

TOLL FREE 1-800-634-8881 VISA/MC
In MA 1-508-228-6233 IMMEDIATE SHIPMENT



English Solid Teak Furniture
Benches ♦ Swings ♦ Planters
Free shipment from stock.
Country Casual NY
17317 Germantown Road
Germantown, MD 20874
1-301-540-0040
24 page Colour Catalogue $2.00



MAINE & CANADIAN RIVERS
Northern whitewater, wild and remote, with Maine's foremost guides & outfitters. 4-10 day expeditions, May-October, incl. Quebec, Labrador, and the Yukon. 20 *years experience. Excellent instruction,* fishing, food & company. Corporate & group arrangements available. Catalog:
SUNRISE COUNTY CANOE EXPEDITIONS INC.
GROVE POST, MAINE 04638 (207) 454-7708

> nate the relationship, expecting her to say either that finally the impropriety of the situation had started to bother her, or simply that summer was ending and it was time to go home.
>
> Instead, she said she had left abruptly—before she had planned to—because of two incidents involving her ten-year-old son. The first, she said, occurred when MacDonald—angered by the boy's misbehavior inside his apartment—had carried him outside and dangled him by the feet over the edge of the dock, threatening to drop him head first into the water.
>
> The second incident, the woman said, had occurred later in the summer when she, Jeff, and her son were out for a cruise on his boat. Again, the boy had done something to anger MacDonald. This time, the woman said, MacDonald had grabbed the boy and had told him, in an even more furious and more threatening tone, that upon returning to shore he was going to take the boy's head and hold it over the front of the boat and crush his skull against the dock.
>
> Eventually, I spoke to the boy—now a young adult attending an Ivy League college—about his recollection of these incidents. . . .
>
> [He] said the first incident had not been unduly alarming. Perhaps just a form of roughhousing that had gone a little too far. But the second episode—the scene on the boat—he said, "I remember with real terror to this day." He could not recall what in particular he had done to so anger MacDonald, "but he came at me, yelling, and I remember kind of a fire in his eyes. It *really, really* was scary. I didn't know what he was going to do. In fact, what he did was to throw me in the water—he threw me off the side of the boat while it was moving and I can remember actually feeling relieved that he hadn't done anything more.
>
> "But I will never forget it. I will never forget that look in his eyes. You know, maybe as a kid you perceive things more directly, in a way, than you do as an adult. But ever since that moment on the boat I believed that he must have been guilty. Just from seeing that kind of fire in his eyes. And I did not want to stay around him anymore. I was very frightened and I told my mother I wanted to go home right away. And we did."

The passage stands out in the book. It is the single, indelible instance of murderous rage on MacDonald's part. When Mike Wallace, in his interview for "60 Minutes," confronted MacDonald with McGinniss's book, this was one of the passages he read to him. MacDonald sputtered out a denial ("That never happened. It's a lie") and then dispatched Ray Shedlick to get a retraction from the mother, her husband, and the boy. But the retraction was not forthcoming. Something evidently *had* happened on the boat to upset the boy and to cause his mother, ten years later, to talk about it to a journalist. In a letter she wrote to MacDonald a few months after she saw McGinniss, she said of the interview, "He turned out to be very easy to talk to, charming and disarming. He, of course, is your devoted fan and supporter, but I think he is having a struggle with the book. I guess all good writers have labor pains." Interestingly, the mother and MacDonald have continued in friendly correspondence. All his anger is directed at McGinniss. When I questioned MacDonald about the incident in a letter, he replied, "What McGinniss is saying is 'Yes, I'm aware no one has ever seen or heard of Jeff MacDonald being violent—except, of course, for a few seconds on Feb. 17, 1970—but I, Joe McGinniss, super-important author, have discovered the one other time Jeff MacDonald's latent violence was uncovered.' . . . McGinniss had to depict me that way to justify his Judas-style of friendship, and so he simply takes normal events and concocts evil in them." In the same letter, MacDonald described his idyllic relationship with the boy, writing of the amiable horseplay that went on between them ("I would be fishing at the end of my dock, and he would sneak up behind me & push me in & run away with glee. In return, I'd push him in whenever possible"), and speculating on the possible psychological motives for the boy's "misconception or misperception of horseplay, or an attempt at discipline." I was already familiar with MacDonald's version of the incident, having read Bob Keeler's interview with him in the blue looseleaf book. The interview took place two months after the Mike Wallace taping, and, again, MacDonald vehemently repudiated the passage. "O.K., she and I developed this relationship," he told Keeler. "There's no question the husband was cuckolded, and I feel terrible about what I did. But that does not make what Joe wrote accurate. That's an absolute fabrication. That never occurred."

Keeler had then called up the mother and said, "I wonder if you could tell me, first of all, did those things occur the way McGinniss wrote them in the book."

"Yes, they did," the mother replied. "The first incident was more in jest. The second one I didn't like at all, though I didn't realize my son was so frightened."

"But as far as the passage in the book goes, does that sound like an accurate representation of what you told Joe when you talked to him?"

"Yes. The two incidents happened, though I don't think that made a killer of Jeff, and I wasn't so frightened that I thought My God! I just thought—like you would if you were staying in somebody's house and they gave you a very unpleasant answer—We've been here too long, it's time to go home. It was no more than that, but apparently my son was alarmed by it."

At the depositions of McGinniss and MacDonald taken by opposing counsel, each lawyer worried the boy-in-the-boat incident and searched it for an advantage to his side; and each finally decided to pretty much leave it alone at trial. The incident is another illustration of the difficulty of knowing the truth about anything. One could spend years studying it, as investigators spent years working over the MacDonald murders, and end up with no certain answer to the question of what "really" happened. In this case, however, the question is not who committed the crime but whether a crime was committed at all. As Dr. Stone's lively imagination invested the features of a man he had glimpsed in a courtroom with the look of monstrous evil, so might the boy's nervous fancy (he knew that MacDonald had been accused of killing children) have invested an innocent rebuke with murderous intent. On the other hand, the boy might have sensed something actually dangerous in MacDonald. Only if MacDonald should confess to the murders, or if someone else should be revealed as the murderer, will we come any closer to being able to judge what happened in the boat.

THE dinner I had with Michael Malley in the spring of 1988 had come about at MacDonald's urging. Malley had been an excellent plaintiff's witness at the McGinniss trial, testifying about relations between McGinniss and MacDonald at the Kappa Alpha house in Raleigh during the criminal trial in a most lucid and evenhanded-sounding manner. "How many hours a day would you estimate you saw them together?" Bostwick asked him.

> A: I would say on a typical day it was an hour in the morning, before court, and three or four hours in the evening. Not always exclusively, but Joe was around. He

was always around Jeff; not always but most of the time he was around Jeff.

Q: Did it concern you that he was spending too much time with Dr. MacDonald?

A: No.

Q: Did it relieve you?

A: Yes.

Q: Why?

A: Well, at some point I didn't want to be the only reservoir of sympathy that Jeff had. At Fort Bragg [at the Army hearing], sometimes—because Bernie wasn't there, and Jim Douthat, the other military lawyer, went home at night—sometimes I spent two or three hours an evening with Jeff. And while it certainly tightened our friendship, it was also very, very hard on me. And I didn't want to go through that again in North Carolina—that he would have only me to talk to. And Joe filled the bill nicely. I mean, he and Jeff wound up, from my observation, being as close as Jeff and I were at Fort Bragg. So they had each other to talk to, and I could concentrate on what I was trying to do. I mean, I didn't back off from Jeff, but I wasn't there to be a friend.

Later, Bostwick asked Malley, "You still consider yourself a friend of Dr. MacDonald?"

A: Yes.

Q. Do you still consider yourself a friend of Mr. McGinniss?

A: Today?

Q: Yes.

A: It's a very hard question to answer. You know, Joe has never done anything to me personally, so I can't say that he has ever personally offended me; but I certainly was absolutely outraged at the book. I consider that to be a real detriment to our friendship.

Q: Well, what was it about the book that you considered, let us say, outrageous?

A: Primarily two things. One is his portrait of Jeff, which I believe to be wrong. I mean, just Jeff's personality. And the other is the putting forward of a motive or a method by which Jeff would have done this—this drug-induced craziness, which, from everything I know, is so contrary to what the facts really are. To me, it's just made up. And I consider that to be a serious, serious impediment to friendship.

Malley did equally well under Kornstein's cross-examination:

Q: Now, you are a lawyer, Mr. Malley. When you went to the Harvard Law School, they still taught about the First Amendment, didn't they?

A: Do they not anymore? Yes, sir, they did....

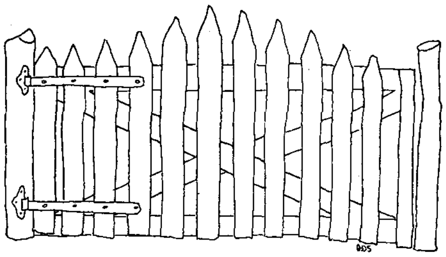
Q: Mr. Malley, isn't this attempt by the plaintiff, to punish an author for writing a book, the equivalent of book burning?

A: No, sir, it is not.

MALLEY is an attractive, fit, bearded man of forty-five with a very charming smile and an atmosphere of obscure difficulty, unease, and unhappiness about him. When, near the end of the evening, he told me that Conrad was his favorite writer, I realized that Malley himself, in his mysterious desperation, was a character out of Conrad. He had written an extraordinary review of "Fatal Vision" in 1984 for the *Princeton Alumni Weekly*, in which he asked, and tried to answer, the question of "how McGinniss came to detest Jeff enough to write this book." Malley concluded:

> What McGinniss finally does not like is Jeff's unthinking acceptance of middle-class values and middle-class contradictions in morality, sexuality, friendship, finances—the flawed vision of the good life as McGinniss (and Jeff, too) sees it. It is a life which does not lend itself to the heroes McGinniss says he wants. It is a life he feels free to condemn and betray, just as in all his books he condemns and betrays the friends who gave him their confidences and their lives. Yet he is uneasy in doing this dirty work, because he wants there to be a higher reason for, a meaning in, what he is doing. He wants, ultimately, a forgiveness not for the subjects of his book but for himself.
>
> The irony is that McGinniss's resolution of Jeff's case is relentlessly prosaic, middle-class, and banal—all the things McGinniss seems to detest....[It] boils down to the pedestrian "discovery" that Jeff swallowed one too many diet pills and therefore offed his family. In the end, McGinniss's vision is of a middle-class, unerotic pornography. It is as if Marlow discovered in Lord Jim the final truth that Jim's sin was both unexceptional and unredeemable, and Jim was destined and doomed to be a file-clerk prisoner in an obscure shipping office.

Now, in the dimly lit restaurant, like Marlow speaking of Jim to an interlocutor on a starlit tropical veranda, Malley spoke to me of MacDonald. He said, "If you marshal the government's evidence and if you marshal our evidence, it is not clear what happened. Jeff has his story, but he doesn't have all the details, by his own admission. What it comes down to is that he is the only eyewitness, and he looks you in the eye and says, 'I didn't do it.' I believe him. I wound up believing him the way Joe wound up not believing him. Jeff convinced me he was telling the truth in 1970, when the case was fresh and new and didn't have twenty years of lawyers' argument and regurgitation and refinement. In 1970, I was in a position to know whatever there was to know, and there isn't much new evidence. In 1970, it was fresh and new to me, and I had to make up my mind. I decided the evidence didn't point to Jeff. It didn't point away from him, either. But he was believable, and I trusted him, and I still do. My own guess is that the Army's decision to drop charges was also based on trusting what somebody said. That's how I made up my mind, and I have never had any particular reason to change it."



Malley talked about the people who have taken up MacDonald as a cause. "It's easy to have a cause when the cause is so likable—it's sort of like being for homeless puppies. Jeff has changed a lot, to my way of thinking. Partly, I've changed a lot, too. But Jeff used to be much more likable. He didn't have the sort of persona he now almost consciously puts on. He used to be a pretty naïve guy. This experience has taught him a lot, and it's not for the better, though you can't blame him."

"What is worse about him?"

"What's worse about him is that he's become not only a real, a physical, prisoner but a prisoner of his case and of his image and of what people expect of him. And he's become a prisoner of the publicity—which is, most of all, McGinniss's book. Jeff now judges his words and his actions by what people who have read the book will think of him, and what he can do to undo that impression. It's not spontaneous. Jeff is not an open, friendly person anymore. And he used to be. We were not particular friends in college—we became close only after I got into the case—because I've never been that way myself. I like people like that, but I myself have never been open and friendly and talked to people on the street and made friends easily. He always did, and after a while you get to like that. Now he's much more—'guarded' isn't the right word, but it's close. Many people don't realize that. They think he's still open and friendly and outgoing. But now there is a method to it. I think it's very conscious. It has to be. He can't do anything for himself, so he has to manipulate the people around him. He's not able to be a spontaneous guy anymore. He's very thoughtful about what he says and does. In one sense, that's a good thing. It's maturity. But in terms of old-time friendship it's also a little disconcerting to see that happen.

"I still count Jeff as one of my best friends, but Jeff knows that I don't need him and that he needs me. It didn't use to be that way. It used to be that neither of us needed the other. Now it's pretty clear that he needs me for certain things, and that he has no control over whether I do them or not. When I visit him, I am always struck —and maybe it's because I'm in this little, small room, and they bring him in in handcuffs—by how our role-playing situation has changed. When Jeff used to take me out on his boat, he was in charge—he drove the boat, and I had the beer in my hand. It's much different now, and he plays it much differently. I don't blame him. But it's also not very pleasant. I've never liked relationships where someone wanted something from me. I like relationships that are two-sided. And this isn't two-sided anymore. Jeff doesn't have anything to offer me—besides his friendship. I think there's a sincere liking for me on Jeff's part, and it's certainly reciprocated, but liking isn't enough anymore. Jeff doesn't need people to like him—he needs people to like him and do something for him. That's one of the problems of being a lawyer—and, I suppose, a writer. You're one of the people that Jeff makes a pitch to. Jeff made a pitch to Joe. He probably made a pitch to you—not just to like him but to do something for him."

As Malley talked, he sounded, chillingly, like a man talking about a woman he once loved but now finds pathetic. Why was he telling me this?

I said, "Why do people let journalists write about them?"

Malley said, "In Jeff's case, there was the obvious self-serving motive: he wanted a book that would tell the world he was innocent and a nice guy. But at some point the world's opinion became secondary, and the real audience for Jeff's ego became Joe. Jeff really liked Joe, and he really trusted Joe. And that's why it was such an incredible betrayal. If the book had said, 'I reluctantly came to the conclusion that this nice guy, whom I really liked, killed his wife and children,' that would have been one thing. But the book says, 'This guy is a cold-blooded killer, a cold-blooded manipulator, a cold-blooded liar, and only I, Joe McGinniss, saw through it from the very beginning, but I had to be sure.' I always knew that Joe had the option of not believing Jeff, and Jeff knew that, too, but what I didn't know was that Joe had the option of disliking Jeff. And Joe not only never gave a hint that this was the way he felt but did just the opposite: he gave every indication that he liked Jeff. He was this little macho buddy of Jeff's. They ran together, they swapped girl stories together, they did all this macho stuff together."

A little later, Malley said, "On some level, I sympathize with Joe. I don't think Joe cynically said to himself, 'I believe he is innocent, but that won't sell my book, so I'll say he's guilty.' I don't believe that; I've never believed that."

"The flaw in McGinniss's character may be that he doesn't know how to be anything but ingratiating."

"That's right. I think Joe, more than anything else in life, wants to be liked. In that sense, he's very much like Jeff. But, unlike Jeff, Joe also wants to pass judgment on everything. Joe is a very judgmental guy, though it's not obvious when you talk to him, because he has this attitude of eternal tolerance."

"If Joe had said, 'Look, Jeff, I have come to believe that you did it,' would Jeff have gone on talking to him?"

"Yes, I think he would have. He would have refused to believe that Joe was not persuadable."

Malley spoke of MacDonald's adaptability: "He didn't want to spend the rest of his life in mourning or in hunting the killers. Now he accepts prison as he accepted the murders."

"It's a ruined life."

"Yes, it is. Jeff's life has been dominated by this since he was twenty-six, and unless something dramatic happens he won't get out of prison until the end of the century. It's unlikely that he will get a new trial. The system has run its course."

I CORRESPONDED with MacDonald between January and November of 1988. He wrote me long letters on lined legal-pad sheets, and I wrote him short typewritten letters. A correspondence is a kind of love affair. It takes place in a small, closed, private space—a sheet of paper within an envelope is its vehicle and emblem—and it is tinged by a subtle but palpable eroticism. When we write to someone regularly, we begin to look forward to

Roxanne's
Sheath
Swimsuit

Roxanne's flattering sheath emphasizes simple lines. With adjustable straps and scooped back. Molded bra, tummy control panel. Made in USA. Nylon/spandex knit. Hand wash. In black, royal or bright-jade. 32, 34, 36, 38, 40; B, C or D cup.

$47.95

Add $2.50 for shipping.

Send for free 116-page catalog.

Order by mail or phone 912-924-9371

THE TOG SHOP

711 Lester Square, Americus, GA 31710

RBC®

ROYAL BEACH CLUB

Unparalleled personal service available exclusively at Hawaii's ultimate resorts:

THE WESTIN MAUI & THE WESTIN KAUAI

For reservations and information call:
(800) 851-3000.

BARWA™ **The Complete chair... Recovers... Accessories**

The world renown 2-position leisure chair that has given contoured comfort to millions indoors as well as outside. Feet up, head back ... ah-h-h: tensions pass and the body totally relaxes. Order your own therapy today!

The Complete Barwa: thick-walled tubular aluminum frame with canvas cover (color choices below), springs to attach cover for a taut, perfect fit. Tip-proof two position base. Complete **$225.** ($15 UPS)

The Barwa Recover: welter-weight vat-dyed duck, fits all existing barwa frames. Natural, Brown, Terra Cotta, Hunter Green, Citron Yellow or Royal. Instructions included. **$55** ($5. postage each)

Set of Springs $29.95 ($5. postage each)

Headrest Pillow: foam-filled, 22x11x2" thick, same colors as for covers, **$30.** ($3.95 postage ea.)

Exclusively ours. Now sold only thru the mails

Send check, money order, Visa or M/C w/exp. date

Catalog $1.; free w/order

THE PATIO
P.O. Box 925
Dept. NY320
San Juan Capistrano
CA, 92693

Charge Orders can call (714) 661-3000

his letters and to feel increasing emotion at the sight of the familiar envelope. But if we are honest with ourselves we will acknowledge that the chief pleasure of the correspondence lies in its responsive aspect rather than in its receptive one. It is with our own epistolary persona that we fall in love, rather than with that of our pen pal; what makes the arrival of a letter a momentous event is the occasion it affords for writing rather than for reading. Some of the mystery of McGinniss's letters to MacDonald lifted for me when I stepped into McGinniss's shoes and, as it were, retrod the terrain of his fatal correspondence. Of course, I avoided the obvious pitfalls that had caused him so much misery in court—I promised MacDonald nothing, and I wrote nothing about myself that I would mind anyone else's knowing—but as I now peruse the Xeroxes I made of my letters to MacDonald I see that I was no less enamored of the sound of my voice than McGinniss had been of his. As McGinniss had played the dual role of celebrity author and macho buddy to MacDonald, so I enacted the part of a sort of Lady Bountiful of journalism, writing to this poor convict and letting him understand how fortunate he was to know me and to be reading my aperçus about the writer-subject relationship. In their way, I find my letters as unpleasant as McGinniss's. It is not so much what they say that bothers me as their self-satisfied tone and their fundamental falseness—the falseness that is built into the writer-subject relationship, and about which nothing can be done. Only when a subject breaks off relations with the writer—as McGinniss broke off relations with me—is the journalist in a completely uncompromised position. Unlike other relationships, which have a purpose beyond themselves and are clearly delineated as such (dentist-patient, lawyer-client, teacher-student), the writer-subject relationship seems to depend for its life on a kind of fuzziness and murkiness, if not utter covertness, of purpose. If everybody put his cards on the table, the game would be over. The journalist must do his work in a kind of deliberately induced state of moral anarchy. This is what Buckley and Wambaugh were trying to say in court, and if they had put it less arrogantly and more apologetically—if they had put it as a baffling and unfortunate occupational hazard rather than as a virtuous necessity—they might not have antagonized the jury as they did.

The subject's side of the equation is not without its moral problems, either. In their way, MacDonald's letters to me were as false as mine to him. He was making his pitch to me just as Malley had described it, and was no less intent on "using" me than I was intent on "using" him. Although I tried not to trifle with his hopes, I could see that he never let go of his fantasy that I would write the "decent man in prison" narrative that McGinniss had not written; his twenty- or thirty-page letters were all directed toward that purpose, and were like sledgehammer strokes in their relentless, repetitive, bombastic self-justification. When a letter came, I would put off reading it—the writing was unrelievedly windy—but when I finally read it something unexpected would happen. I would find myself shaken and moved, sometimes to the point of tears. A terrible starkness and bottom-of-life direness permeated these unutterably boring letters that was like the obliterating reality of the paintings of Francis Bacon. MacDonald may be a murderer or he may be an unjustly convicted man; in either case, the horror of his situation so overshadows the questions about journalism raised by the suit against McGinniss (ironically, *his* lawsuit) that they pale into insignificance. Malley, in the concluding paragraphs of his review of "Fatal Vision," writes of his sense of McGinniss's incapacity—and perhaps that of journalism itself—for looking at this horror squarely:

> A crime of horrible dimensions remains unsolved, and it is at least as likely as not that this crime was the testimony of evil, committed by human beings who—through drugs, derangement, or the whisperings of the times—surpassed all of us in their fatal imaginings. McGinniss finds it more comfortable to believe in the failings of a small man, Jeff, because McGinniss can imagine himself (just as he can imagine the politicians, generals, priests, and other heroes of our time) to be a failure.
>
> My own view is that the fatal and flawed vision is McGinniss's. I believe Jeff to be innocent. I probably know as much about this case as anybody alive, and my conclusion is that there is more tragedy in the world and in Jeff MacDonald's life than McGinniss can ever imagine.

—JANET MALCOLM

(*This is the second part of a two-part article.*)

Direct From

The New Yorker

1 • 800 • 2tilley

Reader Services

To hear personalized information about quality products and services offered in the pages to The New Yorker, call:

1 • 800 • 2tilley

Call on an ordinary touch tone phone and you'll hear a voice that says "Welcome to touch tone ads." Then enter the access code in the phone symbol below to hear a free message about the product or service of your choice. Call:

1 • 800 • 2tilley

Kiawah Island

30020

THE NEW YORKER'S
RESTAURANT / THEATRE
PROGRAM

THE RUSSIAN TEA ROOM

30040

If you wish to find out more about this valuable new service, please call Jeanette Cohen at (212) 536-5492.

POPULAR MUSIC

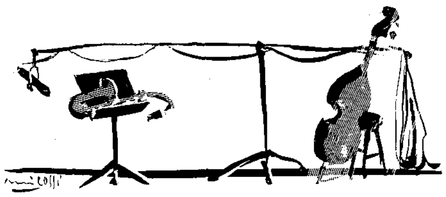
Radio Sweethearts

ON the tirelessly upbeat and often peerlessly exciting radio format known as Urban Contemporary, the diversity of female singers has become so wide that it recalls the early-sixties dominance of the girl groups and teen-girl soloists. The proliferation of disco divas in the seventies and the upsurge of rock-and-roll women in the latter part of that decade helped to bring about, over the past five years or so, the codification of a bright, brittle, almost raceless dance music, which freely uses rock accents over breathlessly intricate mechanical beats. It's a style as apt for, say, Jody Watley as for Madonna, the symbol of eighties radio. Granted, some of the records in this style—by Samantha Fox, Debbie Gibson, and many others—which now form the center of what you hear on Urban Contemporary radio, are anonymous and shrill. But around the edges (and sometimes smack dab in the middle) is a chorus of voices so various and assured that it becomes hard to doubt that the sound of pop-radio passion is almost unfailingly female.

Karyn White's début album, "Karyn White" (Warner Brothers), is precocious in the best sense: you feel that, no matter which of several production teams the singer is working with (including the most successful producers of recent R. & B., the cryptically named L. A. Reid and Babyface), she's adding her own ideas to the shape of the performance. (White has worked as a session vocalist, and she sang on the 1987 Jeff Lorber hit "The Facts of Love.") Much of the album's solidity is rooted in the cheerful unpredictability of her vocals. In the time-tested R. & B. tradition, she's not afraid to sing to the rhythm, to let it pull her, or to push it back. On the album's first hit single, "The Way You Love Me," she squeezes her voice between the synthesized string smears and outsized drum crashes that L. A. Reid and Babyface like to use, letting loose with anything the space will allow: breathy cries, a short string of "oh"s, even a bit of scat. (Has anyone noticed that the prime vocal influence on the new crop of R. & B. women has been none other than Michael Jackson?) "Superwoman"—not the Stevie Wonder tune but a complaint by a woman who is tired of pleasing her man (it might be a refutation of the other song)—starts out with the utmost tenderness, White's singing a mixture of affection and remorse, and ends up with anthemlike clout, turning repetitions of the phrase "Boy, I am only human" into a modest chant of freedom.

Somewhere between a surprisingly tough kiss-off to a married man ("Family Man") and a sweet, lurching fantasy ("Secret Rendezvous"), a persona emerges that enlivens even the album's genre staples (like "Slow Down")—independent and a little sentimental, confident and generous enough to pull a listener in unawares. White seems to work best when she is leaning on the thick settings of Reid and Babyface, which manage to achieve an airy spaciousness within their luxurious density, even on ballads like "Superwoman" and "Love Saw It." Yet White's performance on the cut she produced with Jeff Lorber, "Tell Me Tomorrow," may be even better; it's a patient ballad, tinged with regret, addressed to a man she's not quite sure about. The album's only misstep is innocuous, but it rings doubly false after the realism of the other tracks. "One Wish" is one of those unbearable upbeat peace-all-over-the-world tunes that established stars like to include as finales to show that they're, you know, really nice guys, and not just glamorous mercenaries. The rest of the album proves that White doesn't have to appropriate a star's empty gestures. After all, who needs feigned good will in the wake of "The Way You Love Me"?

CASUAL, brash, maybe even a little dissolute, Chaka Khan has never cared much for the niceties of pop stardom. Her solo career often seems a jumble of songs that no other singer could have come up with and odd excursions into material that even lesser singers wouldn't have considered but that caught her fancy at the time. Fitting lyrics to a medley of bebop melodies is not proper work for a cultural heroine. Even a stellar number like her 1984 version of "I Feel for You," freighted with quotes and raps and scratching, has little to do with her strengths as a vocalist. The chronic nonchalance of her output can be exasperating, but she's often prophetic in spite of herself: the album containing "I Feel for You" was one of the first by a major star to employ nearly as many producers as there were cuts, and opened the way for numerous other such records. Despite the mess this approach can create, with the singer hopping from style to style, it has come to be almost the norm. For better or worse, it has broken the stranglehold of the auteur-producer, and caused a reversion to the old practice of treating an album as nothing more than a string of potential singles. Not that any of this was intentional on Khan's part: slated forever to exist in some middle zone between active hitmaker and imperious grande dame, she probably couldn't care less.



On "C.K." (Warner Brothers), the usual gaggle of helpers is on board, and the list of guest musicians is impressive for such a thrown-together affair—it includes Prince and Miles Davis. Once you've relinquished the hope that Khan will ever make a consistent solo album—this is a career that is crying out for a "best of" compilation to make sense of it—the record reveals charms (and, even more surprising, an unshowy depth) that you wouldn't have dared to let yourself expect. The polite cover version of Stevie Wonder's "Signed, Sealed, Delivered I'm Yours" never reaches the unexpected, towering vocal peaks that Khan's crazed reworkings of other people's material usually do; at this point, she's more suited to tackling some later, jazzier Wonder song (how about "Knocks Me Off My Feet"?) than an earlier, poppier one. The two cuts written by Prince say more about the composer than about the singer: the first, "Eternity," lets Khan ride on a slow, swooping rhythm; the second, "Sticky Wicked," is a showcase for some prickly, skewed funk and some humorously discordant Davis commentary. The hit single, Womack and Womack's "It's My Party," about a not very jovial gathering, gives us nearly everything high-flying and

The J. Peterman shirt.
(99% Thos. Jefferson, 1% Peterman.)

Jefferson disliked stuffy people, stuffy houses, *stuffy societies. So he changed a few* things. Law. Gardening. Government. Architecture.

Of the thousand castles, mansions, chateaux you can walk through today, only Monticello, only Jefferson's own mansion, makes you feel so comfortable you want to live in it.

I think you will feel the same about his 18th-century shirt. Classic. Simple. Livable.

Unbleached handwoven muslin, blue or natural. Wooden buttons. Sizes XS, S, M, L, XL. Price: $33. We pay shipping.

Call (800) 231-7341 (outside Kentucky)
(606) 231-7064 (from Kentucky)
Free shipping anywhere in U.S.A.
Visa and MasterCard accepted.
Absolute satisfaction,
or your money back.

Catalogue on request

The J. Peterman Company
257 Midland Avenue, Lexington, Kentucky 40507

© 1989 The J. Peterman Company

OLD NAVAJO
PUEBLO · HISPANIC
Consultants · Appraisers · Brokers

SOUTHWEST
TEXTILES

NAGEN ◆ DEWEY
1-800-2NAVAJO
ON THE PLAZA, SANTA FE

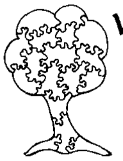
Hike The Swiss Alps

A wide variety of unforgettable one and two week hiking *adventures including:*
- Day Hiking Tours with two hikes daily in Switzerland's most *spectacular mountain towns*
- Treks across the Berner Oberland, around the Mont Blanc massif, or through the Valaisian Alps
- Light Mountaineering weeks (experience not a prerequisite)

4 Star Hotels or special country inns. Join Peter Walker and our exceptional guiding staff on our magnificent array of fine alpine adventures.

Call or write
for free brochure

Ryder/Walker Alpine Adventures
87 Morse Hill Road
Millerton, New York 12546
914 373-7005



"Beautiful Hand Cut Wooden Jigsaw Puzzles"

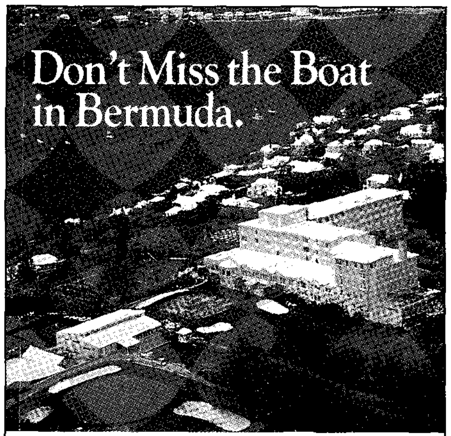
Intricately cut from 5 ply hardwoods and personalized with interesting shapes and silhouettes. Call or send for free information.

Elms Puzzles, Inc. (301) 583-7535
8 Beech Leaf Court / Towson, MD 21204

caustic and sneaky about Khan's work, letting her snap back at a chattering groove, then erupt during the slightly nasty chorus ("It's my party, I start it, I'll end it").

Through much of the album, Khan's vocals are curiously subdued, with few wild leaps and hardly any sustained wailing. That holds especially true for the two standards she includes. On the first volume of "Echoes of an Era," Khan was one of the first R. & B. vocalists to venture into jazz singing, and acknowledged her debt to it without any of the stodginess that crept into singers who later took her cue. Here, on "C.K.," she chooses the 1950 ballad "The End of a Love Affair" and Alec Wilder's "I'll Be Around" and imbues them with a sagging, cracking melancholy. Without shouting—she seems past that—she gives performances that gently nudge her away from the songs' inherent courtliness and order, and toward a blunt expression of pain, the voice going unexpectedly rough here, a phrase slowly drooping there. There's nothing pretty about these tunes despite their comely melodies, Khan seems to be saying, and that, more than anything else, may have been the point of her work all along.

CURRENTLY the most popular female R. & B. singer in the country, Anita Baker has become a totem around whom an audience ranging from older R. & B. stalwarts to young whites who don't like most black music has gathered to flaunt how refined it has become. Perhaps that statement seems ungenerous, but there can be no doubt that some cloud of smugness attends Baker's overwhelming success. The role of Baker, as one of the most significant pop performers of the decade, is to reassert the primacy of the vocal over the rhythm arrangement in R. & B., at a time when almost every other black female singer is striving to accommodate her voice to a beat-heavy arrangement, and to appeal to fans who prefer to listen rather than dance. Baker has made some valuable records: the shimmering "Angel" from her début album, "The Songstress," and most of "Rapture," her second album and the one that brought her success. With their clear, piano-based arrangements augmented by stringlike textures, Baker's songs have hovered around mid-tempo and offered the



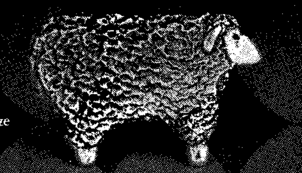
Don't Miss the Boat in Bermuda.

From $70.00* One resort in Bermuda has it all. The Belmont. Enjoy a beautiful 18-hole championship golf course. Floodlit, all-weather tennis courts. Heated pool. Luxury accommodations with views of the golf course or Hamilton Harbour. And a great location, close to the island's finest beaches. Just a short ferry ride to city shopping and sightseeing.

For reservations call your travel agent or 1-800-225-5843.

Bermuda's Sport Resort.
BELMONT
HOTEL, GOLF AND COUNTRY CLUB
Trusthouse Forte Hotels

*Price is per person, per night, double occupancy, European plan. Plus 6% Government Tax and $6.30 per person daily gratuities. Valid from 4/1/89-11/15/89.

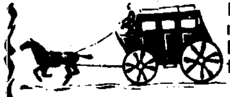


SILVER SHEEP PIN

Actual size
2" long

From James Breakell, the perfect accent for your favorite winter wear. Sterling $30. 14K Gold $530. Add $3.50 for handling. In RI add 6% tax. AMEX/VISA/MC 401-849-3522 Fax 401-849-6590.

J.H. Breakell & Co.
69 MILL STREET, DEPT. NYSH, NEWPORT, RI 02840

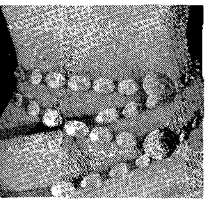


HOMEWOOD INN
ON CASCO BAY, YARMOUTH, MAINE

Resort Cottages w/fireplaces for 2, 4 or more in country setting 20 min. from Portland, 10 min. from L.L. Bean. Hearty country breakfasts, lobster bakes. Housekeeping avail. Pool. Tennis.

P.O. Box 196Y, Yarmouth, ME 04096. Phone 207-846-3351 for brochure.

Featured in ***Country Inns and Back Roads***



HANDMADE
CONCHA BELTS
Sterling $125 w/Turquoise $150
Call or send check/money order to
SILVER MOON JEWELRY
54 S. Franklin St.
Doylestown, PA 18901
215-340-0965
Satisfaction Guaranteed 2-4 Weeks Delivery

theme of romantic gratefulness, extrapolating lightly jazzy strains in R. & B. which were hinted at in the early seventies but were not brought to fullness until she developed them.

On "Giving You the Best That I Got" (Elektra/Asylum), she winnows the breakthrough style of "Rapture" down to the same mid-tempo expressions of unchallenged love. With nothing as propelling as the pounding piano chords of "Sweet Love" or the gospel-based sensuality of "You Bring Me Joy" (both from "Rapture") to jolt the slower numbers, the album recedes into a vision of easy listening for young fogies. Baker settles in at a cozy bellow and just coasts; you often get the urge to shout, "Anita! Loosen up!" The session men don't prod her at all, except for an occasional jazzy chord from the piano. Heard in the context of the up-tempo hits on the radio, the title single and even "Just Because" (whose shrug of a chorus, "I love you just because," sums up the album's addled romanticism) have a clean grace, an unruffled vocal bearing. Heard in the context of an album that maintains a glazed torpor throughout, they make you start to feel oppressed by their mild good cheer, by Baker's inability or unwillingness to project anything beyond a gratitude that never quite makes it to rapture.

Baker is a gifted, sometimes eruptive vocalist who has deliberately hemmed herself in with middling ideas of what makes a tasteful song, what songs make a tasteful singer. The overtones of conservatism in her music may be as imperceptible to her as they are welcome to her audience, but that even-handedness is part of what allows her to ascend to the top of the album chart, as she did earlier this winter, almost as if by default. What Baker may not understand, in all her pleasantness, is that once you set yourself up as a high-minded alternative to run-of-the-mill pop and R. & B. "trash" your only task is to soothe people who want to be soothed, who want music they can ignore. She deserves better, as does the audience that now takes her for granted, but whether either of them will get it is another question entirely.

SOMETIMES a song is neither a covert reaction to the songs that surround it on the radio nor a signpost pointing to another world but, rather, a voice straining to keep your attention

Rid your home or plant of pests and varmints with . . .

Transonic V

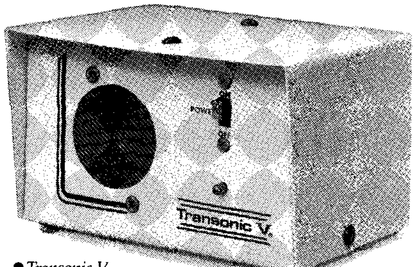
Just $69.95*

***But read the ad for an even better deal!**

Mice, rats, roaches, bats, fleas, spiders and other pests make life miserable at home or at the plant. Old fashioned poisons get rid of them — but only temporarily, and they are a hazard to you and to your pets. *Transonic V* works on a different principle: It delivers a tremendous blast of ultrasound that is inaudible to humans and pets, but that sounds like an onrushing 747 jet to pests. It so totally disrupts their nervous system that they'll leave your home within a few weeks — never to return. There is nothing to prepare, nothing to set up — no poison and no mess. Pests just disappear.

Transonic V is an industrial-type unit that protects up to 10,000 sq. ft. (70,000 cu. ft.). It has six variable pitch and "loudness" settings. You can even adjust it to keep larger pests, such as raccoons, pigeons or rabbits at bay. Since it's clad in a steel housing, you can even use it outdoors.

Transonic V has been designed to work in restaurants, factories and food processing plants. It's that powerful. We offer this top-of-the-line industrial unit for just $69.95. But here's an even better deal: ***Buy two for just $139.90, and we'll send you a third one, with our compliments — absolutely FREE!*** Get rid of those nasty pests once and for all. Get the best — get *Transonic V* today!



● *Transonic V is an industrial-type unit, the most powerful you can get. It's a humane, clean, and effective system to get rid of your pests-once and for all.*

FOR FASTEST SERVICE, ORDER
TOLL FREE (800) 621-1203
24 hours a day, 7 days a week
Please give order **#1802 E880.** If you prefer, mail check or card authorization and expiration. We need daytime phone for all orders and issuing bank for charge orders. We cannot ship without this. UPS/insurance: $6.95 for one *Transonic V*, $8.95 for three. Add sales tax for CA delivery. You have 30-day return and one year warranty.

For quantity orders (100+), call Mr. Ernest Gerard, our Wholesale/Premium Manager at (415) 543-6570 or write him at the address below.

since 1967
haverhills
131 Townsend Street, San Francisco, CA 94107

THE HERB COMPANION.
In celebration of the useful plants.

A colorful new bi-monthly magazine for herb lovers of every persuasion.
$21/YEAR (SAMPLE $4). SEND FOR YOUR SUBSCRIPTION TODAY.

THE HERB COMPANION
306 North Washington, Department NH
Loveland, Colorado 80537 303-669-7672

The Adams Family's
Cartwright Hotel
San Francisco

We've transformed our little hotel into a home. Antiques and fresh flowers in every room. Complimentary afternoon tea. One block from Union Square. $75 to $150.

(800) 227-3844

524 Sutter at Powell, San Francisco, CA 94102

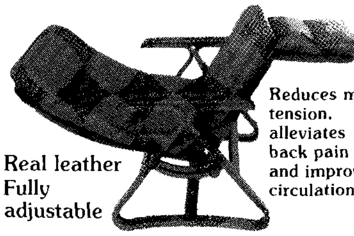
MARTHA'S VINEYARD
The CHARLOTTE INN
Featured in Country Inns and Back Roads
Mobil Travel Guide Four Star Rating
South Summer St., Edgartown, MA 02539 · 508 627-4751

RELAXATION RESPONSE
The ultimate chair for total mind and body stress relief.

★ Real leather
★ Fully adjustable

Reduces muscle tension, alleviates back pain and improves circulation.

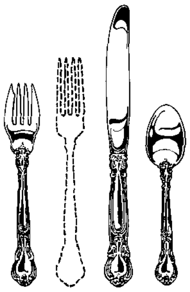
BackSaver ***FREE** 16 pg. Catalog*
1-800-251-2225 or write:
53 Jeffrey Ave., Dept. R-17, Holliston, MA 01746 In MA 508-429-5940



FAIRY GODMOTHER
DISCOVER THE ENCHANTED WARDROBE
For that *grand*child. An exquisite mahogany heirloom that stores her dollclothes, and in years to come, will hold her finest jewels. A memory chest she will treasure... happily ever after.
Find out more. Contact the Fairy Godmother: 919-876-3180 or Box 40911, Raleigh, North Carolina 27629

Winner International Tabletop Award
Cristallerie Zwiesel Germany

Excelsior—distinguished by its clean-line long-stem elegance, outstanding clarity and value. Write for our complete crystal folio and the name of your nearest retailer Schott Zwiesel, 3 Odell Plaza, Yonkers, New York 10701.



MISSING A PIECE OF YOUR PATTERN?

Now you can replace pieces or add to your sterling silver collection at up to 75% off retail prices. We specialize in new and used flatware and holloware, with over 850 patterns in stock. Call or write for a free inventory of your pattern. (We also buy sterling, with a careful appraisal for maximum value.) Pattern shown: Chantilly by Gorham.

Beverly Bremer
SILVER SHOP

3164 Peachtree Rd., Dept. NY, Atlanta, GA 30305
Phone (404) 261-4009 Hours 10-5, Mon.-Sat.

Walk Vermont

Experience the Northeast Kingdom, while on our unique walking tours. Abundant wild flowers, birds galore and frequent wildlife sightings; quiet forests, scenic farmland, and beautiful views. Day hikes to suit every level of fitness. Extensive sports facilities. Varied accommodations from luxurious to rustic. Call or write for information.

Vermont Walking Tours
Box Y, Craftsbury Common, Vermont 05827 802-586-7767

any way it can. In the blind, tentative democracy of the airwaves, a song is often only as compelling as the rest of the playlist allows it to be. Hearing something that fights its way out of the chaos is a vastly different experience from hearing the song in the planned context of an album (or set of twelve-inch mixes), at your leisure, and it's one that remains curiously essential. You put your faith in a singer you've never heard before, or one you had thought you would never hear from again; you trust the predictable unreliability of a shaky, probably rigged machine.

Among the songs that cleared their way through the static of Urban Contemporary radio this winter are two that get you turning the dial in the hope of finding them. Paula Abdul's "Straight Up" (Virgin), one of the few recent singles to go gold, matches the wispiest of voices with an array of guitar sounds, from wahwah to metal grunts, and with a rhythm that is midway between a rock stomp and the more mobile bass beats that have slipped into dance music over the past two years or so. Abdul's voice affects a blank coolness until she caps the verses with a high-pitched "How about some information, please?" Her off-key uncertainty gives the song a shy glamour. She is in control of the man she's questioning, although she would be the last one to know it. Evelyn (Champagne) King's "Kisses Don't Lie" (EMI-Manhattan) is the sultriest thing the radio has offered up in a long, long while—maybe even too sultry to have become much of a pop hit. King has been a sporadic delight from 1977's classic "Shame," through the cotton-candy funk of 1982's "Love Come Down," to the hard strut of last year's "Flirt," the title track of the album that contains "Kisses Don't Lie." Here her voice eases up and darkens, moaning and sighing against a delicate marimba and whispered backing vocals. The ethereal chords lift her voice up and up: she wants nothing except the chance to tell us how her lover does the same thing for her that those chords do for her singing. There's nothing sappy or sleazy about the record; the faintest glow of eroticism covers the whole performance with a transporting, dreamlike haze. But it is no dream—just a fact accessible to anyone lucky and open enough to chance upon it.

—MARK MOSES

($195, delivered to your door)

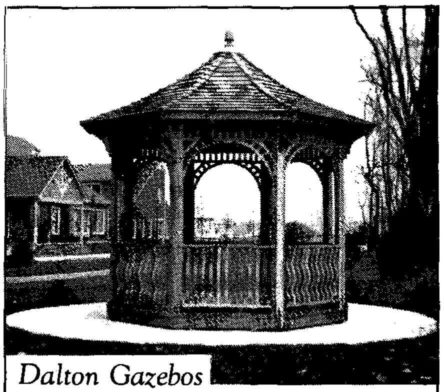
The struggle to turn a patch of ground into a work of art, a yard into a garden is centuries old.

While no garden is ever truly finished, a garden bench is a fine finishing touch. Visitors can sit on it and admire what you've done; so can you. But not until you *have* a garden bench.

The Pemberton. Top-grade teak, hand-finished. Mortise and tenon joinery. Classic scrolled arms. Four feet long. And absolutely maintenance free; in fact, the more weathered, the better. $195, delivered to your door.

To order, please call 800-777-4556
SMITH & HAWKEN
25 Corte Madera, Mill Valley, California 94941

© 1989 Smith & Hawken



Dalton Gazebos

Unique designs crafted of Western Red Cedar

Send $3.00 for a full color brochure

DALTON PAVILIONS, INC.
7266 Oakley St., Philadelphia, PA 19111
(215) 342-9804

CLIFTON LODGE
KNIGHTSBRIDGE, LONDON

Beautifully appointed, stylish apartments right in the heart of London, near Harrods.

Toll Free No 1-800-642-2747 Telex No 936 238
Fax 01-823 9194

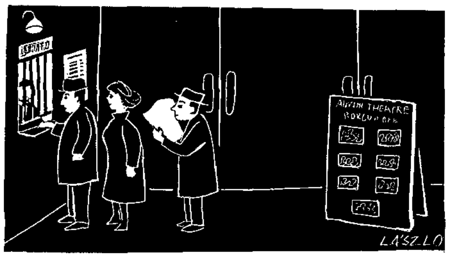
THE THEATRE

Mischief Afoot

Joe Orton's "What the Butler Saw" makes an unremittingly funny evening, whose only saddening aspect is that it is the last play Orton was ever to write before his dreadful death in 1967. That, more or less, is a quote from my own review of its original production here, in 1970—a production that has now been surpassed by the current, impeccable revival at the Manhattan Theatre Club, with Joseph Maher, Charles Keating, and Carole Shelley in the leading roles and with John Tillinger at the helm. "What the Butler Saw" is a mischievous farce in which no institution in socialist England—religious or secular—goes unscathed (except domestic service; there are no butlers aboard). The play is set in the office of a psychiatrist, presumably at his own sanitarium, where, at the opening, a young woman is applying for the job of his secretary and he insists that she remove her clothes (behind a curtain). His wife walks in, and we're off and running. The elements of the intricate plot, which defies synopsis, include—as I wrote here in 1970—"untimely entrances and fast exits, mistaken identity, see-through disguises, multiple accusations and multiple deceptions, and sight gags galore." But it is, of course, the language—the humor and the wit—that matters. This may be the place to say that even in the enlightened sixties portions of the script were censored; what we are seeing here is the first complete, unbowdlerized version in New York. The portions that were cut are anybody's guess, but I imagine that the jokes about Winston Churchill's genitalia cannot have been too popular with his next of kin. The play is as funny as Mr. Orton's "Loot," though it's not as unsettling—and it's not as provocative as his "Entertaining Mr. Sloane." How tempting it would be to call him the wittiest playwright alive.

John Tillinger, a practiced Orton hand, has directed with rigor and total clarity. The first company here was not exactly dazzling but O.K. Tillinger's company is dazzling indeed. Mr. Keating, as the resident psychiatrist, combines professional gravity with subtle wickedness, and Mr. Maher gives the medical inspector, who keeps the plot spinning, an inspired innocence and point-missing authority. Both of them could have been put on earth for Orton. Miss Shelley, all high spirits and lechery, and Joanne Whalley-Kilmer, Bruce Norris, and Patrick Tull are fine, too. John Lee Beatty's scenery, Ken Billington's lighting, and Jane Greenwood's costumes are highly satisfactory.

A revival of "The Pajama Game" is welcome anytime, if only to remind us oldsters of the original production, in 1954, or you youngsters of a subsequent one, in 1973. The only thing wrong with the production that opened March 4th, presented by the New York City Opera at the New York State Theatre, is the New York State Theatre. In our issue of May 22, 1954, Wolcott Gibbs wrote that the chief qualities of "The Pajama Game" were "high spirits, spontaneity, and a manifest determination to please," and he went on to praise "the lighter numbers" and the dancing and the comedy. The lighter songs, and even the serious ones, could hardly be considered arias, and they seem dispossessed in the formidable State Theatre, as does the show as a whole. Nevertheless, it does have a lot going for it—most notably Judy Kaye, in the leading role of a factory worker prepared to strike for a seven-and-a-half-cent raise. Miss Kaye is a strong singer and a buoyant, attractive stage presence. Richard Muenz does well opposite her as a superintendent at the plant, and Avery Saltzman and Brooks Almy are funny and tuneful. The dancing by all concerned looked good, if remote. The songs, by Richard Adler and Jerry Ross, seem better, and more enduring, than they did to Gibbs. "Hey There," "I'll Never Be Jealous Again," "Steam Heat," "Seven and a Half Cents," and "Hernando's Hideaway" are just a few samples in a bounty of numbers. The setting and the costumes, always bringing the fifties to mind, are the ingenious work of Michael Anania and Marjorie McCown, respectively. The sturdy book for "The Pajama Game" was written by George Abbott and Richard Bissell; it was based on Bissell's novel "7½ Cents." —Edith Oliver



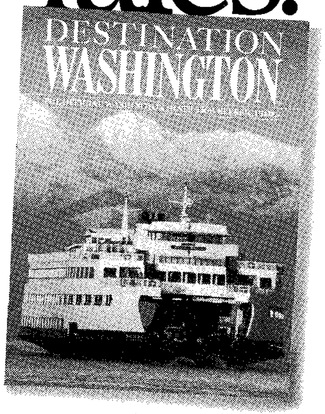
Two Farces

Ars longa, vita brevis, they say, and how right they are. The seeming endlessness of some works of art and the contrasting shortness of life are points I feel peculiarly qualified to comment on, having sat through Steven Berkoff's stage adaptation of Kafka's "Metamorphosis," at the Ethel Barrymore Theatre. Among those of us who endured it together the production may well become a yardstick against which to measure aesthetic experience. Years hence, it may still be possible to hear exchanges like "Was it good?" "No, but it was better than 'Metamorphosis.' "

The production—which was directed by Berkoff himself, lasts an hour and forty minutes, and is performed without intermission—casts Mikhail Baryshnikov in the role of Gregor Samsa, with Rene Auberjonois, Laura Esterman, Madeleine Potter, Mitch Kreindel, and T. J. Meyers playing his father, his mother, his sister, the manager of the office where he works, and a lodger, respectively. Berkoff himself played Gregor when "Metamorphosis" was first presented, in London twenty years ago; and, truly, nothing in the role seems to require an artist with Baryshnikov's qualifications. None of the feats he is called on to perform—crawling about on his hands and knees with ankles and forearms crossed, twiddling his fingers, suspending himself from the jungle-gym-like structure that dominates Duke Durfee's set—are so difficult that they could not have been executed by any reasonably nimble actor. But the ballet star's presence here seems dictated more by his celebrity than by anything else.

Berkoff's version of "Metamorphosis" bears an even more tenuous resemblance to its source than did Berkoff's recent production of "Coriolanus" at the Public Theatre, which turned Shakespeare's tragedy of Roman *virtus*

Free Ferry Tales.



Our Centennial is the perfect time to visit Washington State. For a free, 200-page vacation planner, call toll-free or write: Washington Tourism Div. #061, 101 General Admin. Bldg., Olympia, WA 98504.

Ext. 027 1-800-544-1800.

Washington State
It's a real experience.

IN SAN FRANCISCO

Just 2 blocks west of Union Square. Complimentary Continental Breakfast. Home of the highly acclaimed Post St. Bar & Cafe.
$72 to $99
Corporate Rates Available.

THE ANDREWS HOTEL
624 Post Street, San Francisco, CA 94109
— *Call for Brochure* —
(800) 227-4742 (415) 563-6877
In California: (800) 622-0557

HAND MADE IN EGYPT

Cartouche
18 K Solid Gold from $140.00
Sterling Silver from $ 35.00
A talisman with your name in Ancient Egyptian Hieroglyphics.
Free info. 1-800-237-3759 Visa • MC • Am-Ex • Disc
Or write: Nationwide, Box 8474-1, Pgh., PA. 15220

GALAPAGOS
You, 9 other adventurers and our licensed naturalist will sail by yacht to explore more islands than any other Galapagos expedition. 50 Trip dates. Machu Picchu Option.
FREE BROCHURE
INCA FLOATS 415-420-1550
1311Y 63rd ST, EMERYVILLE, CA 94608

into a piece of antiwar propaganda. With comparable subtlety, this "Metamorphosis" transforms Kafka's symbolic expression of modern man's alienation and isolation into a Marxist allegory. Gregor becomes a working-class hero and exploitee, a victim of the acquisitive bourgeois values for which his father serves as the bellowing mouthpiece. (The women are tools of an indolent, deceitful capitalist system.) So doggedly faithful is Berkoff to the schema of kitchen-sink Marxist melodrama that he makes those sensitive souls the women into Gregor's would-be champions and apologists. "Poor, poor Gregor!" says his mother. "He must be so very lonely and bored." (So much for alienation and isolation.) In Kafka, of course, no one feels for Gregor or tries to understand him; the story, for as long as Gregor remains alive, is told almost exclusively from his point of view. Berkoff's version makes us privy to everyone's consciousness *but* Gregor's. With Sister wailing "Poor Gregor!" all the time, and Mother twittering on about how much they all owe him and roaring "He is still my son . . . no matter what happens," "Metamorphosis" quickly becomes a story of no possible interest.

Berkoff is evidently a director of few ideas. He uses the same staging techniques he gave us in "Coriolanus": the same mime routines, the same recourse to freeze-frame and slow motion, and the same sort of percussive score, composed by the same man (Larry Spivack) who did the music for "Coriolanus." But "Coriolanus" at least had some first-rate acting. Except for Baryshnikov, the acting in "Metamorphosis" is of the obnoxious, self-congratulatory variety that plays to a presumed response it never actually elicits. (We're horrible people, it says of the characters it portrays. Don't you just hate us?) The father hollers, the mother shouts, the sister shrieks, and even Jacques Schmidt's inappropriately tasteful Edwardian black-and-gray costumes seem to clamor for attention. Certainly Brian Nason's whiplash-inducing light cues amount to a harangue: every few minutes, you're made to sit bolt upright as the stage screams with light. Meanwhile, nearly forgotten, at the back of the stage, is Baryshnikov, playing on the monkey bars, making rude gagging noises, and occasionally going "*Ch-ch-ch-ch-h-h-h.*" He doesn't humiliate himself; under the circumstances, he acquits himself rather well. But I doubt if he's ever looked sillier.

SEVERAL seasons ago, a tall, gangly, fair-haired actor named Paxton Whitehead helped bring down the house as the dunderheaded actor in Michael Frayn's meta-farce "Noises Off." The play he is currently appearing in, at the Virginia Theatre, belongs to the very genre that Frayn was sending up: the British sex farce, whose loathsome purpose is to confirm the prejudices of the middle class while catering to its baser instincts. You know these plays, even if you've never seen one. They generally have titles like "Diamonds in the Buff" or "Take My Trousers . . . Please!" and they run for years. They tend to involve an uninteresting and commonplace hero in a series of mixups and misunderstandings that provide the occasion for a lot of scantily clad women to parade around, and they usually contain a figure of authority—a mother-in-law or a member of the vice squad—whose prudish suspicions add to the confusion. You wouldn't think of attending one of these plays yourself on a visit to London—you'd be too busy planning your trips to the National and the R.S.C.

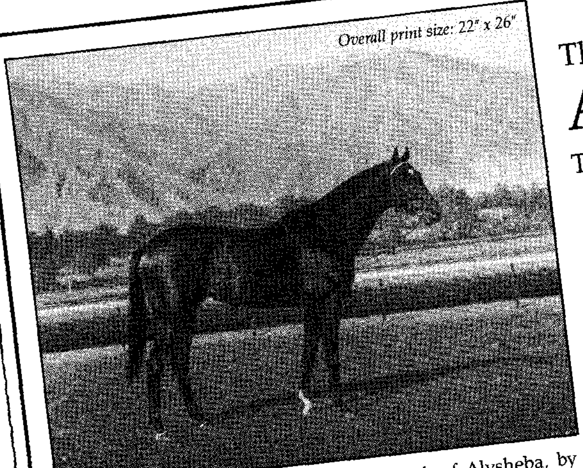
The play at the Virginia Theatre, which is called "Run for Your Wife!," was written and directed by Ray Cooney. It has been playing in London for the last six years. It has a bigamous hero (a cabdriver, played by Mr. Cooney himself); two wives (one dark, one fair), who live in adjacent suburbs of London, and one of whom we get to see in her bra; and two police detectives, neither of whom knows how to use a phone. It also has a single set representing two living rooms. This means that four doors represent six doors, which seems to me rather stylized for a sex farce.

The plethora of doors in several recent productions that call themselves farce suggests that door-slamming—i.e., door-closing—is held to be essential to the form. But in "Run for Your Wife!" door-slamming serves only to punctuate scenes; what carries with it the expectation of laughter is the *opening* of doors. This is because what actually lurks behind the doors is a series of funny performances. Not one of the lines in the play is actually witty; few would provoke even a wan smile were they not being delivered by a collection of pros: Mr. Whitehead as an upstairs neighbor saddled with the difficult task of covering up for the hero; Gareth Hunt and Dennis Ramsden as the two policemen; and Gavin Reed as another upstairs neighbor. What they are doing is pure genre acting: it's the acting of the "Carry On" films and silly movies like "Doctor in the House"—a style that culminates in the frenzied rages of John Cleese in "Fawlty Towers." Mr. Hunt lopes about Michael Anania's color-coded set, hands in pockets, with the same laconic, lackadaisical air with which he used to lope through episodes of "The New Avengers," while Mr. Whitehead goes lurching, leaping, and diving about the stage, wielding his flexible foghorn voice. Kay Walbye, the more outraged of the two wives, does an admirable variation on Prunella Scales' Sybil Fawlty, and Hilary Labow, the other wife, who has nothing to do but shout her lines at the audience and somehow fail to make eye contact with anybody onstage, does just that. Only Mr. Cooney seems weak.

In order to enjoy the performances in "Run for Your Wife!" you have to suspend all your finer feelings and better judgment; this is, after all, a play whose chief targets are women, wives, and homosexuals, a play in which a reference to a pregnant Mrs. Thatcher passes for political satire. Here "funny" equals gay and gay equals funny. There's even a stereotypical stage fag (Mr. Reed), singsong-voiced and lavender-clad.

"Run for Your Wife!"—which is vulgar, crass, and downright disgusting, and also about fifteen minutes too long—assumes that homosexuality is more laughable than marital infidelity or bigamy, yet the curtain line, which suggests the opposite, is pure Joe Orton. (See above.) Actually, "Run for Your Wife!" may prove to have a certain camp appeal, finding its audience in a younger segment of the public than that for which the producers intended it: the Nick at Nite crowd. After all, it isn't really any more offensive on the subject of women than an episode of "I Love Lucy" or more offensive on the subject of homosexuality than an episode of "I Love Lucy" might have been. Certainly it's a novelty, and a relief from the Steven Berkoffs of this world.

—MIMI KRAMER


Overall print size: 22" x 26"

The Official Portrait of
ALYSHEBA
THE WORLD'S RICHEST RACEHORSE
by
Richard Stone Reeves

A strictly Limited Edition of fine art prints personally signed and numbered by the pre-eminent thoroughbred portrait painter of our day.

This richly coloured large folio lithograph of Alysheba, by Richard Stone Reeves is pure history, destined to be an all-time masterpiece. Richard Stone Reeves, the artist CBS News hailed as, "the pre-eminent thoroughbred portrait painter of our day," imported superior acid-free paper and especially formulated inks for this critically acclaimed edition. The intricate printing plates have been destroyed. No further images of this Official Portrait will ever be made again. Thus, your investment is protected permanently and the rarity of this edition is guaranteed. Only 850 prints are available worldwide.

HORSE OF THE YEAR PERHAPS CHAMPION OF THE DECADE

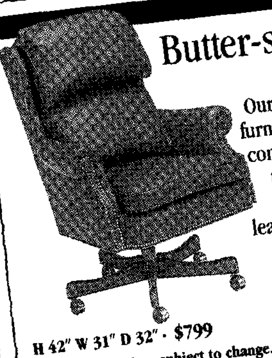
Please enter my subscription for Alysheba at $350. each. ($400. outside the U.S.) My check is enclosed, my satisfaction is guaranteed and I expect delivery within 30 days. N.J. residents must add 6% sales tax. Send to:

THE RACING SCENE GALLERY
P.O. BOX 946, FAR HILLS, N.J. 07931 • (201) 766-9296

NY 3/20/89

NAME
ADDRESS
STATE
ZIP
CITY

Previously published Richard Stone Reeves prints continue to be among the most sought after, quite often commanding a price range between $1500. and $3000. each.


Butter-soft leather, built to last.

Our hand-crafted leather furniture in traditional or contemporary styles is of the finest construction available. Top grain leathers. Solid brass trim. Fully guaranteed.

Send $5.00 for catalog (Credited to your first purchase)

H 42" W 31" D 32" • $799

Prices subject to change. Shipping costs extra. No COD.

YORK LEATHER COLLECTION OF HICKORY
Department N-3 • Box 785 • Hickory, NC 28603

Found: a beautiful necklace of seven beaches around a hideaway peninsula on St. John, U.S. Virgin Islands. Caneel Bay. A Rockresort. A handsome reward at this time of year. Call your travel agent or 800-223-7637.

AMERICA'S BEST RIVER TRIP

6 Day Wilderness Vacations rafting Idaho's Middle Fork of the Salmon.

Outdoor Adventures P.O. Box 1149
Pt. Reyes, CA 94956 (415) 663-8300

RENTING A CAR IN EUROPE?
CONSIDER THE BEST ALTERNATIVE AND SAVE:

WITH RENAULT'S TAX-FREE VACATION PLAN!

TRAVELING FOR THREE WEEKS, THIS PLAN OFFERS:
- Tax-free rates (NOV.A.T.)
- Full insurance coverage: non-deductible liability, fire, theft, PAI and CDW
- Brand new Renault of your choice
- Unlimited mileage
- Free pick-up and return locations
- 24-hour roadside service
- Minimum 18 years and no maximum age!

RENAULT USA
650 First Avenue, New York, NY 10016
800-221-1052

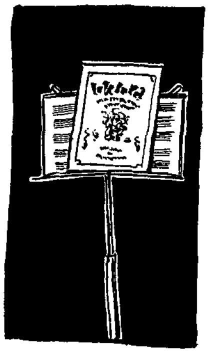
Please send details of Renault's exciting Tax-Free Plan to: NY5
Name
Address State
City Phone
Zip

LIVE THE LITCHFIELD LIFE.
Magnificent Golf. Tennis. Luxurious suites and villas. And an unspoiled, *uncrowded* Carolina beach.
Call 1-800-845-1897
In SC, 1-800-922-6348
Litchfield
BY·THE·SEA

MUSICAL EVENTS

Tiberias, Vienna, Antioch

THE Met has an arresting new production of "Salome," directed by Nikolaus Lehnhoff. The setting, by Jürgen Rose, is large and lofty but not overbearing. It focusses the drama and is good to look at, with spaces both interesting and useful for the action. The costumes are handsome and colorful. The scene appears to be the palace basement, where the plumbing runs down into the city sewer, while high above are glimpses into glittering salons where the royal party is being given. Perspectives and planes are all slightly askew. It is at once an image with psychological potency and an allegory of life in New York. But this is not a didactic production, attempting to enforce a particular moral. The show, untied to any period, mingles elements of the present day and of the decade in which Wilde's play and Strauss's opera appeared. It is "realistic" only in its acceptance of what is really happening: costumed contemporaries, highly trained in theatrical artifice, are enacting a fin-de-siècle drama set in Biblical times. And although the production is undidactic, it is not uncritical. With cool intelligence and elegant precision, it passes lightly over the meretricious and the faded ingredients of the work to concentrate on its lasting strengths: the astounding musical invention, the sureness of formal shaping, and the remarkable exploration of various psychopathological states. There is no relishing of what were once overtly shocking things, or any endeavor to make them newly sensational for less easily shocked modern audiences. The Baptist's severed head, in Salome's embrace, did not drip blood and was plainly not heavy—a prop more symbolic than naturalistic. Mr. Lehnhoff's only significant departure from Strauss's stage directions comes at the close: Herod's command "Kill this woman!" goes unheeded. No need for soldiers to rush forward and crush the girl beneath their shields, for she has already expired. A final sadistic titillation missing, maybe. No one who has mixed feelings about the opera will regret that. This is a "Salome" addressed to the more admirable aspects of a work not wholly admirable.



It might have been overwhelming with an apter protagonist. Eva Marton, the Salome, has good instincts about the role. She acted it intently, but vocally did not compass it. The Met "fact sheet" listed ten previous Salomes, starting with Olive Fremstad in 1907. The seven of them that I heard (not all at the Met) had a more exact and delicate sense of phrase than Miss Marton showed. She lacked clarity, purity, and beauty of tone, and flexibility of utterance. The soft, sated phrases that open the final paragraph—"Ah! Ich habe deinen Mund geküsst"—must be excepted: Miss Marton's singing of this passage was eloquent. But her pronunciation of "Ich bin Salome, die Tochter der Herodias, Prinzessin von Judäa"—always a magical moment in Ljuba Welitsch's or Birgit Nilsson's performance—was not exquisite. The composer asked for delicacy. He urged Elisabeth Schumann to undertake the role. (She wisely refused, since the final aria needs a heavier soprano than hers was.) The third of his Ten Golden Rules for a Young Conductor is "Conduct 'Salome' and 'Elektra' as if they were by Mendelssohn: *Elfenmusik*."

Richard Cassilly's Herod was vivid, incisive. Helga Dernesch's Herodias was vocally trenchant and theatrically impressive—even too impressive when, catching the ear with bursts of harsh, scornful laughter or catching the eye with some magisterial gesture, she lifted attention from whoever was singing at the time. To the first section of Salome's final scene she added a prominent, spotlit crossing of the stage; to the second a spectacular exit upstairs in embrace with the muscleman executioner (Mr. Lehnhoff's bad ideas, but Miss Dernesch went along with them). Bernd Weikl, as the Baptist, tended to blare in a rather boring way, and some of the singers in the lesser roles preferred thick tone to fine verbal focus. The conductor, Marek Janowski, had heeded Strauss's *Elfenmusik* injunction, up to a point. The orchestral playing was not magical, but it was able and did not drown the singers. The words—clearly pronounced even when they were not properly *used*—came through so audibly that there seemed little reason not to have performed the opera in the language of the audience. ("Salome" goes readily and effectively into English, as anyone who heard Welitsch's London performances will testify.) The production is planned for repertory use: Miss Marton undertook her own Dance of the Seven Veils, but the staging is devised to accommodate a ballerina double if necessary.

ON the Vienna Philharmonic's first visit of the season to Carnegie Hall, in November, it was conducted by Leonard Bernstein; on its second, last month, by Herbert von Karajan. There were three concerts, two programs: Bruckner's Eighth Symphony and, played twice, an evening of the "Unfinished" Symphony followed by music of Johann II and Josef Strauss. The Bruckner, which is no rarity now (a few weeks earlier, the Philadelphia Orchestra and Klaus Tennstedt had done it in Carnegie) but has long been a Karajan specialty, received a broad, noble, stirring performance. The Schubert was played with uncommon beauty of tone and phrasing, on a large scale. The long Strauss sequence—from Johann II the "Zigeunerbaron" overture, the "Annes" polka, "Perpetuum Mobile," and the "Emperor" waltz; from Josef the "Music of the Spheres" and "Delirium" waltzes—was perhaps rather too much of a good thing. And not an altogether good one. Karajan lacks frivolity: he has lightness of touch but not, it seems, lightness of heart. The shaping was careful. The playing was superb. No orchestra plays Strauss—any of the Strausses—better than the Vienna Philharmonic. But it seemed something of a waste to have brought the great orchestra and the great conductor here and then deployed them in extenso in such fare. Retuning by string players while the audience stood and cheered indicated that an encore was in readiness. It proved to be Johann I's "Radetzky" march, done as an audience-participation number. People who had paid up to a hundred dollars for seats can now boast that in their rhythmic clapping they have been accompanied by the Vienna Philharmonic and conducted by Karajan.

Today, Karajan needs a helping hand to reach the podium. Once there, he is as fully in command as ever, his economy and eloquence of gesture as striking as ever. In interviews, he has liked to recall his first experience of jumping a fence, his discovery that the horse, not its rider, does the work: "It's much the same with orchestras. Let them go! . . . Allow yourself the luxury of interfering *only* when you are needed." (At Juilliard master classes, I have watched him try—largely without success—to instill the lesson into young conductors who strive by windmill activity to impose their ideas. He ordered one strenuous enthusiast's left hand firmly into the pocket, grasped and immobilized the right shoulder, then the right elbow. He told how, crippled for a while by an accident, he recorded the B-Minor Mass wagging a pencil in his fingers.) At these concerts, Karajan seldom raised his baton's tip above head height. When he did, something tremendous followed. The playing of the Vienna Philharmonic was warm, full, glowing, and not mechanically perfect: there were a few spattered entries; the first flute struck patches of dubious intonation. But one had the sense—rarely conveyed by the crack orchestras that never get a note wrong—that the players were not so much obedient, virtuoso servants of a conductor's will as, to a man, sharers, collaborators, in an interpretation. Partly, this is the Karajan genius. (Singers say he makes them feel that they can do anything they want, assured of unfailing accompaniment, while feeling also that what they are suddenly inspired to do may emanate from him.) But partly, since the quality distinguishes all Vienna Philharmonic performances, it must be ascribed to the pride and prowess of players who engage their own conductors and determine their own repertory.

These concerts were the first presentation of an organization called the Friends of the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, Inc., whose aim is to bring the ensemble to Carnegie Hall for a week each year. Exciting prospect! The world is moving, perhaps, toward the retention of just a few great orchestras, to insure matchless performances of the late-nineteenth-century masterpieces and of twentieth-century masterpieces composed for the same forces—a relatively narrow but important band in music's spectrum. No longer, it seems, will every city of substance struggle to maintain its very own full-sized symphony orchestra; there will be a slimming toward modern chamber orchestras, toward Baroque, Classical, and Early Romantic ensembles. Regular exchange programs between cities will then be needed to provide audiences with the full range of orchestral music. If that should come to pass, performances of Bruckner and Mahler symphonies will again be rare and valued, not everyday, events.

For some years, Music Before 1800, in Corpus Christi Church, has been offering Lenten delight with performances—the first in the city—of oratorios by Alessandro Stradella: "Ester" in 1985, "San Giovanni Battista" (an earlier version of the Salome drama) in 1986, "Susanna" in 1988, and, last week, "Santa Pelagia." That leaves only "San Giovanni Crisostomo" and "Santa Editta, Vergine e Monaca, Regina d'Inghilterra" to go. When all six have been heard, Louise Basbas, the director of Music Before 1800, might well start the cycle again: Stradella's music is famously beautiful. Once, two assassins hired by Alvise Contarini, with whose betrothed Stradella had eloped, planned—so Burney tells us—to kill him on his way home from a performance of one of his oratorios. They attended the performance themselves. It

> made an impression and softened the *rocky* hearts even of these *savage beasts*, to such a degree, as to incline them to relent, and to think that it would be a pity to take away the life of a man whose genius and abilities were the delight of all Italy.

This "instance of the *miraculous powers* of *modern* music, superior, perhaps, to any that could be well authenticated of the *ancient*"—or, at any rate, the murder attempt that gave rise to this possibly embellished account of it—took place in 1677. Stradella's life was saved by his music. But in 1682, at the age of thirty-seven, he was killed by an assassin hired by two brothers who deplored his dalliance with their married sister. His amorous escapades made him the hero of romances and of a once-popular opera, by Flotow. His own oratorios are freshly melodious and very attractive. "Susanna," "San Giovanni Battista," and "Santa Pelagia" contain pretty numbers in praise of the countryside. There are dance arias in "Santa Pelagia" and (for He-

"*No emotional hitchhikers in '89!*"

WIND SONG TO
THE MARQUESAS ISLANDS.
A 21ST CENTURY SAILING SHIP
TRAVELS TO A PLACE WHERE
TIME HAS STOOD STILL.

No place on earth is farther from a continental coastline than the Marquesas Islands.

So beautiful, they inspired the first works of Melville. So remote and unaffected, Gauguin went there from Tahiti, seeking a place further away from civilization.

On June 24th, Wind Song, the luxury 440 ft. sailing ship will depart Tahiti with just 74 couples for the Archipelago. James Michener, Gilles Artur, the Director of the Gauguin Museum, and Dr. Richard Brettell, Director of the Dallas Museum of Art, will be on board for the entire two week cruise. All three will share their intimate knowledge about the islands that inspired so many.

Call your travel agent or 1-800-258-SAIL. It's the once in a lifetime experience that begins on June 24th.

Please send me more information:
Windstar Sail Cruises®
7205 N.W. 19th St. Miami, Florida 33126

Name__________
Address__________
City__________
State__________
Zip__________
Phone__________

WINDSTAR
SAIL CRUISES®

Wind Song rates $4,995, based on double occupancy.
© 1989 Windstar Sail Cruises, Limited. Ships' Registry: Bahamas. NY

© 86 Jim Morris

WILDLIFE
T-SHIRTS

Support wildlife by wearing environmental t-shirts. (10% of profits go to environmental groups.) Many designs. $9.95 each. Heavyweight 100% cotton t-shirts in S, M, L, XL, in white, blue, silver, yellow. Sweats also, $21.45 each. **FREE CATALOG.**

JIM MORRIS PO BOX 831 DEPT 2NC9
Boulder, CO 80306 (303-444-6430)

Satisfaction guaranteed. Share the Earth!

THE SMALL LUXURY HOTEL
OF
NEW YORK

THE LOWELL

ELEGANT SUITES
FIREPLACES
IMPECCABLE SERVICE
Weekend Packages Available

28 EAST 63rd STREET (212) 838-1400

rodias' daughter, a role that Maria Callas once sang) in "San Giovanni Battista." The recitatives often take unexpected turns and can be highly dramatic: Haman, in "Ester," has a Macbeth-like scena. The forms are free, various, sometimes startling.

The heroine of "Santa Pelagia" is not the Antiochene virgin who leaped to her death from a rooftop rather than suffer dishonor but her fellow-citizen St. Pelagia the Sinner, St. Pelagia the Penitent. She, the Britannica tells us, "was a celebrated dancer and courtesan, who, in the full flower of her beauty and guilty sovereignty over the youth of Antioch, was suddenly converted by the influence of the holy bishop Nonnus, whom she had heard preaching in front of a church which she was passing with her gay train of attendants and admirers." Sounds like Thaïs. In fact, Stradella's heroine—until her conversion, late in the piece—is almost closer to Manon. We meet her (a soprano) as a merry country innocent, singing of the May zephyr that presses sweetly scented kisses upon the flowers. The World (a bass) tempts her to the city. Bishop Nonnus (a tenor) and Religion (an alto) resolve to save her. Part I ends with a long scena for Pelagia—a chain of bright recitatives and arias as she delights in her cosmetics, her jewels, her clothes, her coiffure, her sparkling eyes that kindle desire in every man she looks upon.

At the start of Part II, she compares herself—like Rossini's Fiorilla, in "Il Turco"—to a busy bee, gathering sweetnesses from a thousand different flowers. In an exchange with Religion, she scorns rebuke and rejects counsel. The World sets her the task of seducing the Bishop; she looks forward to an easy victory, in an aria part fanfare, part brilliant roulade. Nonnus is discovered in vigorous prayer, summoning Religion to his aid. The four voices join in chorus to represent the train of attendants and admirers. One cry from Nonnus—"Pelagia! Pelagia, ancor contrasti?"—cuts through their festive song and is enough to convert the glittering courtesan. Without ado, she answers, "Eccoti vinto il cor, già trionfasti." In a final scena—not very different in tone from its predecessors—she joyfully embraces an eremite life of penitence and pure devotion.

The performing edition used by Music Before 1800 was that of J. Victor Crowther, of Loughborough University, Leicestershire, where the first modern performance of "Santa Pelagia" was given, in 1981. Mr. Crowther has suggested that the work was created within the circle of Queen Christina and first performed, perhaps in 1673, in the Bridgetin convent in Rome. (St. Pelagia and St. Bridget share a feast day. The Queen, a patroness of both the composer and the convent, shared nationality with St. Bridget and some biographical incident with both saints. "Br.^{ta}"—short for "Brigitta"?—is written beneath "S.^{ta} Pelagia" on the title page of the only surviving score.) The Music Before 1800 heroine was Marion Beckenstein—pure, true, and steady of tone, flexible in fioritura, but not exactly vivid, for she made little attempt to project sensual allure. When she gloried in her possession of sparkling, all-conquering eyes (a number comparable to Manon's "Je marche sur tous les chemins" or to Musetta's waltz), neither her eyes nor her voice sparkled. In fact, she tended to sing as if she were singing in church—as, of course, she was, but in a work that does not underplay the pleasures Pelagia at last renounced. Jennifer Lane, as Religion, was also admirably steady, and she was decisive in utterance. The tenor of Michael Brown, the Nonnus, once so clearly focussed, seems to be in danger of becoming rather loud and loose. Robert Kuehn, as the World, had dramatic delivery. The little band—a Baroque string quartet, with Miss Basbas directing at a small organ—sounded somewhat scrawny and keen. Surely Stradella needs more instruments. Surely much of the music calls for harpsichord, not organ, continuo; short organ blasts provide awkward recitative support. (Documentation for the instrumental forces used in later-seventeenth-century Roman oratorio is slim, but accounts from earlier in the century mention harpischords, lutes, theorbos as well as organ and a few strings; and in the Venetian oratorio payrolls of 1672 a fee of 9 lire 6 piccoli to a spinet player is a recurrent item.) Miss Basbas is a thoughtful, committed, intent director, even if she favors a sober, rather than a dancing, approach to rhythm. Her championship of these interesting, lovely works enriches our musical life. —ANDREW PORTER

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Two-Base Hit

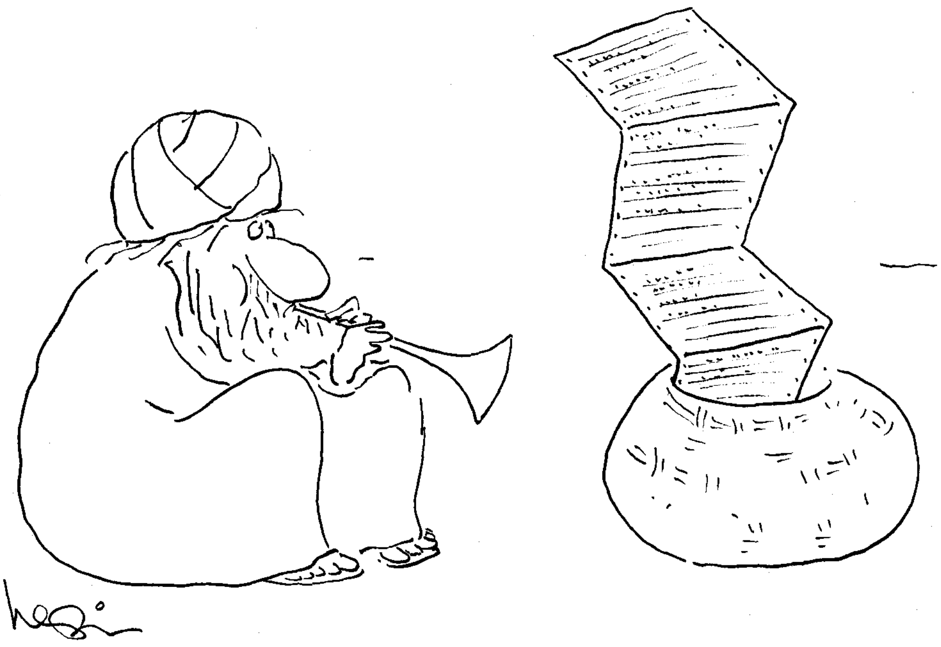
As an artist in Martin Scorsese's "Life Lessons," the first part of the anthology film "New York Stories," Nick Nolte is more bricklayer than aesthete, and that's what's great about him. After the artist's girl tells him she's leaving him, he gets into a rhythm as he spreads bright colors on a huge horizontal canvas, and you can see that he has the energy to breathe life into it. This isn't a matter of physical size; it's his conviction, his sureness. Scorsese is a skinny little guy, but he's got this energy, too. And he uses Nolte's Lionel Dobie for good-humored self-satire. Still, Nolte's towering stockiness does help: he's a wonderful sculptural object—a loping, gray-bearded beast spattered with paint. He pads up and down in front of the canvas moving his brushstrokes to rock and roll, played loud enough to drown out distractions. Dobie works fast. Smiling, he's dancing with his brushes, painting to the music. Scorsese knows that painting to rock is a cliché, but he also knows that it's a good way for an Action painter to work. The music turned up high like that unifies Dobie's impulses. His sensuality is all working together, exciting him, keeping him going.

That sensuality is also the story's comic spirit; Scorsese is laughing at Dobie while identifying with him. That's what makes the little, forty-five-minute film so intensely enjoyable. Even Dobie's possessive love for Paulette (Rosanna Arquette), his assistant, who lives and works in an enclosure in the loft, is comic. She's just a slip of a girl. Roughly fifty, he's almost two and a half times her age; he's at least twice her size. And, though her eyes still shine when she watches him paint, she's fed up with him—with his slack belly, his slyness, his genius. She's ready to move on. (It's too bad that her work doesn't suggest his influence; if she painted wan imitation Dobies, her plight would have a bit more pungency.) Dobie is lucky: he's drawn to girls he can impress—he's drawn to groupies. And he's famous enough to attract an endless supply of them. But he can't let go. He's so sneakily determined to hang on to Paulette that, like Dostoyevski, whose life is the source of the screenplay that Scorsese sketched for the writer, Richard Price, Dobie solemnly pledges that if his protégée will go on living with him he won't touch her.

Dobie torments himself; he torments her. To some extent, he knows what he's doing: he needs to keep his turbulence up. He fetishizes every part of her, and especially her leg, with its fine gold-chain anklet, indolently extended on her bed. It's a perfect piece of erotic calendar art; he yearns to kiss that foot. He thinks that it's all he can think about; we laugh at his roiling frustration, because he somehow pours it into his work. He's a laboratory: he manufactures the tumult he needs for his painting. Appraising a possible replacement for Paulette, he tries to gauge whether he can fetishize this girl, too. She doesn't matter to him any more than Paulette does. We enjoy watching this ego furnace of his. (Staring at Paulette's foot, he remarks, "Nothing personal.") The girls aren't hurt by his manipulations: they're getting what they want—they're getting entrée into the big-time art world. And we enjoy the rich downtown impasto: the not-surprised-by-anything dealer (suave and grouchy Patrick O'Neal, with his parched voice), the performance artist (Steve Buscemi), the young painter (Jesse Borrego), the cops, the celebrities, the celebrity hounds. It isn't just Dobie's colors that are squeezed out straight from the tube (they land on his matted hair, his glasses, his Cartier watch, his belly); Nestor Almendros lights the crowds and parties so they have this same thick brilliance. No doubt Scorsese feels an affinity with the Abstract Expressionist idea that the canvas should be exciting all over; there's a visual buzz going on throughout the movie. This is the SoHo carnival as Scorsese sees it, zeroing in on objects the way the painter does. He keeps it all swarming to the (often parodying) music.

I was caught up in the passionate thrashing around that Scorsese did in "The Last Temptation of Christ." His ambivalences and confusions became visible; they were right there on the screen. And he seemed to have gone straight through to the sources of his love of moviemaking. He told stories about a man (he looked like a Flemish Christ) who was perhaps a bit of a fool, and maybe a charlatan, and yet performed miracles, and such is the nature of movie-watching that (even if you're not a Christian) you wanted more and more miracles. You wanted him to show those doubters. Now it's as if Scorsese, having put his fanatic adolescent perplexities on the screen, had cleared his head. Maybe his films will no longer have to swing between passivity and violence.

"Life Lessons" is his most genial work: if jealousy and rejection fuel Dobie's art, happiness fuels it, too. Everything that keeps him jumping goes into it. The fun of the movie is in its



The J. Peterman coat.
Unintentionally very flattering.

Classic horseman's duster protects you, your rump, your saddle and your legs down to the ankles.

Because it's cut very long to do the job, it's unintentionally very flattering. With or without a horse.

High-count natural cotton canvas. Washable. Natural color. Light weight waterproof lining. Nine pockets. Corduroy collar. Heavy duty zippers. Metal snaps permit adjustment of length.

Men's and women's sizes: XXS, XS, S, M, L, XL, XXL. Include height and weight when you order. I'll advise best size.

Price: $174. We pay shipping.

Although I live in horse country, I wear this coat for other reasons. Because they don't make Duesenbergs anymore.

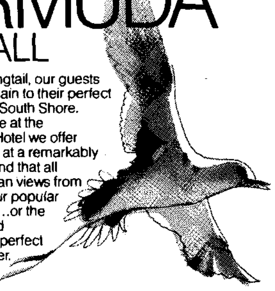
J. Peterman

Call (800) 231-7341 (outside Kentucky)
(606) 231-7064 (from Kentucky)
Free shipping anywhere in U.S.A.
Visa and MasterCard accepted.
Absolute satisfaction,
or your money back.

Catalogue on request

The J. Peterman Company
257 Midland Avenue, Lexington, Kentucky 40507
© 1989 The J. Peterman Company

BERMUDA
LANDFALL



Like the elegant Longtail, our guests return again and again to their perfect spot on Bermuda's South Shore. Perhaps it's because at the Stonington Beach Hotel we offer impeccable service at a remarkably affordable price...and that all 64 rooms have ocean views from private terraces...our popular gourmet restaurant...or the nearness of golf and shopping. Just one perfect reason after the other.

STONINGTON
BEACH HOTEL Paget, Bermuda
See your travel agent or call:
RSI (1-800) 223-1588 in NY State (212) 661-4540
Owned and Operated by the Bermuda College

HILTON HEAD ISLAND, SC
Relax... You've Found The Ultimate Golf Package.
Villa rentals include free golf and tennis.
HarbourSide III
800-542-5535

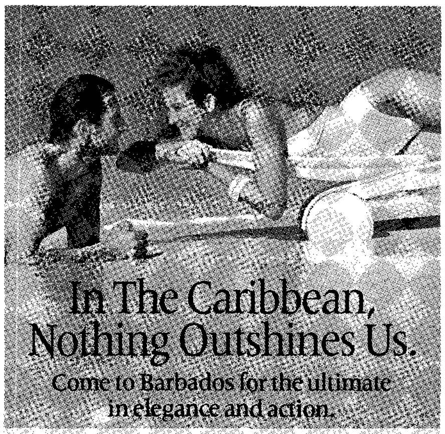
SKY LIGHT CONVERSATIONS
WITH ARTISTS IN SANTA FE
and nearby pueblos and villages
Indian dances and archaeological sites
April 25-May 2 Sept. 26-Oct. 3
July 6-24 (credit Univ. of Mass.)
Sky Light Education
Rt. 4, Box 217, Santa Fe, NM, 87501
505-982-2393

not taking Dobie or his art too seriously. He's not a man of much depth, but the picture doesn't wring its hands about that. Scorsese has lightened up, and in a satisfying way. He's developed a sense of horseplay. We don't feel he's scoring off Dobie, because he's scoring off himself. He sees the comedy of his own compulsiveness in love and art, and he's able to sustain this vision.

Price's script is rather broad, but, given a halfway-good role, Nolte takes it all the way. He's a master of the inchoate, the deeply mixed up. He's like the man with a hoe: you can read his muscles. And he gives this little picture scale and heft. Dobie, preparing for a new show, stays up all night painting, aware that Paulette is entertaining a young lover in her partitioned mini-loft inside the huge loft. He lets up on the blaring rock and listens to Mario Del Monaco singing "Nessun dorma," from Puccini's "Turandot." For a minute, his energy flags, and he sits bare-chested, spent—trying to come to terms with both his fatigue and the pulsating sensations that drive him on. The tenor lifts up his voice in the sweet anguish of "Nessun dorma"—no sleep, no sleep until he has possessed the woman who eludes him. And, with Nolte sitting there listening, you don't have to know what the words mean to roar with laughter.

THE middle story, the thirty-four-minute "Life Without Zoe," directed by Francis Coppola, from a script he wrote with his seventeen-year-old daughter, Sofia, attempts to use New York as a city out of the Arabian Nights. The conceit never takes hold; Vittorio Storaro's fabled golden light comes across as an aberration; Coppola's head doesn't seem to be in his moviemaking. Let's not linger over it—just note that Don Novello brings a little snap to the role of Hector (the butler who tends to the twelve-year-old heroine, in her apartment at the Sherry Netherland), and that Carmine Coppola plays a street musician (a flutist) with a tawdry vigor that actually says something about the city. What about the plot? Well, it's like those long, boring anecdotes that used to end with "Isn't it amazing what the mind of man can conceive!"

THERE are some genuine laughs in Woody Allen's thirty-nine-minute "Oedipus Wrecks." He stars in



In The Caribbean, Nothing Outshines Us.
Come to Barbados for the ultimate in elegance and action.

People who seek an incomparable Caribbean holiday prefer the Sandy Lane. With the only 18-hole golf course on the exquisite island of Barbados. And we're renowned for our gorgeous beach. Award-winning cuisine. Gracious service. Casually elegant rooms. Live entertainment. And superb tennis and watersports.

Call your travel agent or 1-800-225-5843. The experience is unforgettable.

A Trusthouse Forte Exclusive Hotel
one of The Leading Hotels of the World®
Sandy Lane
Hotel & Golf Club, Barbados

Blue Note™
WORLD'S FINEST JAZZ CLUB-131W.3rd ST-475-8592
Blue Note Springsong '89
NANCY WILSON
Tue thru Sun
Mar 21-26
at 9 & 11:30

JOE WILLIAMS
Mar 28-Apr 2
CARMEN McRAE Apr 4-9
WEEKEND JAZZ BRUNCH SAT. & SUN.

SOUTH OF FRANCE

Are you driving between Paris and Florence or wanting to savour the delights of Provence and the Riviera? Then we invite you to stay on our secluded 260-acre estate owned by a hospitable Anglo-American family. Five comfortable private apartments, pool, informal dining patios with splendid views only half hour from Cannes. Brochure available from La Collette St-Pierre P.O. Box 7543 St. Petersburg, FLA 33734; or call France direct: (94)76•96•79.

WESTERN DUDE RANCHES
82 Ranches 10 States
Scenery • Activities • Hospitality
Send $1.00 for complete Magazine Directory to:
Dude Ranchers Association
P.O. Box 471N, Laporte, CO 80535

it as Sheldon Mills, a quiet, dignified lawyer, who, distraught, says to his analyst, "I'm fifty years old . . . and I still haven't resolved my relationship with my mother." When his mother, Mrs. Millstein (Mae Questel), appears, it's clear that nobody could resolve a relationship with this demon. A tiny woman, she seems harmless until you hear her voice: it drills into your skull and sucks out your brains. There is no answer to anything she says. Poor Sheldon, who has tried to escape the hideously familiar sound by de-Jewishing his name and becoming engaged to a Gentile (Mia Farrow), doesn't stand a chance.

His deepest wish is fulfilled: his mother disappears—but only to return in punishing nightmare form, discussing his engagement with crowds of people. Clearly, she understands—as we do—that he'd be afraid of dating a Jewish woman, afraid that she'd turn into his mother. He feels that if he marries his shiksa he'll escape his mother; he'll grow up—he'll gain his dignity.

This is Woody Allen's kind of comedy—the situation harks back to his earlier, funnier films, and the audience is grateful. But what was once peppy and slobby-spirited has become almost oppressively schematic. This film (with cinematography by Sven Nykvist) is too cleanly made for what it's about. It just doesn't have the organic untidiness that was part of Woody Allen's humor. Even his jokes are clean now, and his malice has been airbrushed out. He can't really revive the kind of comedy he used to do. For one thing, when a man in his thirties is befuddled it can be charming—you figure he'll work it out. But when he's in his fifties even his befuddlement has a weight. The little film itself is too deliberate. It has been a while since Allen directed out-and-out comedy, and here and there his timing is off. (When the magician is onstage putting swords through the Great Chinese Box that Mother is in, the scene is flabby right up until the cut to Sheldon, in the audience, smiling.) If Allen's pacing were speedier and more casual and erratic, maybe we wouldn't get the occasional feeling that we're watching waxworks—that he has already done too much of this. (We especially don't need his sortie into the Chaplinesque; he reaches for high emotion

If you're a particularly demanding sort, You should own a Timberpeg home.

We met our first demanding customer back in 1974 – a couple from Basking Ridge, New Jersey.

They were looking for their own precise blend of traditional and contemporary and chose Timberpeg's durable post and beam construction with its handsome natural look.

It met their demand for energy efficiency because of its envelope construction. And the ambiance of Timberpeg's soaring interiors met their requirement for comfortable, elegant living.

They appreciated our use of the highest quality components as "standard" features rather than expensive options.

And they took advantage of our exclusive design services which provided infinite choices and flexibility and resulted in the creation of a low maintenance, custom designed home.

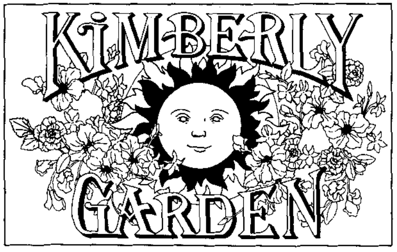
If you are of this finicky and demanding persuasion, we suggest you act today to trigger your imagination.

Our colorful Design Portfolio will introduce you to the fine quality, energy efficiency and ease of creating your new home. Mail $12 to the nearest office, or telephone VISA® or MasterCard™ orders.

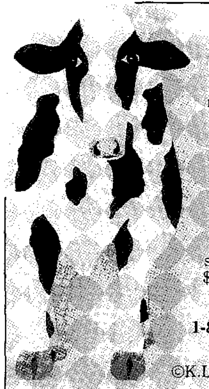
Dept. K11, Box 1500, Claremont, NH 03743 (603) 542-7762
Dept. K11, Box 880, Fletcher, NC 28732 (704) 684-1722
Dept. K11, Box 8988, Fort Collins, CO 80525 (303) 221-3355
Dept. K11, Box 70123, Reno, NV 89570 (702) 826-4447

© T-Peg, Inc. 1989
TIMBERPEG

Perennial Passion
A CATALOGUE AND GUIDE • ILLUSTRATED BY LYNN ADAMS
by:



ON OREGON HILL
"Grow yourself a wonderful life"
Send 2.00 (deductible) to Kimberly Garden
RRI BOX 44G, DEPT 1A
LISLE, NY 13797 (607) 849-6554



Unblinking, yet friendly. Immobile, yet movable. Nearly life-sized, yet eats virtually nothing. The Yard Cow offers you the pride and obvious stature of livestock ownership with none of the smell, cleanup or pre-dawn milking chores. No, you cannot milk The Yard Cow, but it's so durable you'll admire it for many years. Begin with 1 at $59, or start your own herd of 3 for just $159, ship. incl.

1-800-343-8429 • MC/VISA
PA Res. add 6% S.T.
©K.L. Mullen Millwork, Carlisle, PA

THE YARD COW

KIAWAH
VACATION GUIDE

IT'S FREE! KIAWAH
ISLAND VACATION GUIDE
1-800-845-3911
IN S.C. 1-800-638-0098 EXT. 353
10 mile beach ◊ 10,000 acres ◊ 3 golf courses ◊ 2 tennis clubs ◊ Park & pool complex ◊ Bike trails ◊ Fishing & sailing ◊ Jeep safaris ◊ Private villas, homes & cottages ◊ Shopping ◊
NEAR HISTORIC CHARLESTON
Ravenel Associates ◊ 2 Beachwalker Dr., Ste. 353, Kiawah Is., S.C. 803-768-2300

Certain gifts simply must be extraordinary.
THE FAMOUS
Stave Jigsaw Puzzles
The only fine, handcut, mahogany-backed puzzles still being made today.
1-802-649-1450
Free 36-page catalogue. Stave Puzzles
Box 329A Norwich, Vermont 05055

TIBET & SOUTHERN CHINA

Travel to Tibet on the best itinerary available. Visit Lhasa, Xigaze, Gyangze, Samye, ancient Sagya kingdom and northern Mt. Everest. By rail to Sichuan and Yunnan provinces, visiting sacred Mt. Emei, enormous rock carvings in Leshan, Kunming on the Burma Road. Small groups, accompanied by expert tour director. For information, please contact:

TILLER INTERNATIONAL, INC.
209 Post Street, Suite 1015
San Francisco, CA 94108
(415) 397-1966

Omaha Steaks International®
Since 1917

Try a little tenderness Make those special occasions truly memorable! Just try a little tenderness. Candlelight, soft music, and magnificent, aged Filet Mignons. Perfect. Experts select and prepare each filet! Their artistry in cutting and aging is your assurance of utmost enjoyment. Steaks arrive frozen. Complete satisfaction guaranteed. **INTRODUCTORY OFFER:**

Six 6-oz. Filet Mignons, 1¼" thick (reg. $57.95) $29.95
(plus $5.50 shipping/handling)
YOU SAVE $28.00!
SAVE EVEN MORE...
Twelve 6-oz. Filets at Extra special price of........ $58.95
(plus $5.50 shipping/handling)
OFFER VALID IN 48 STATES UNTIL APR. 30, 1989.
Limit - 2 packages per order
Phone or mail order. Use major credit card and
Call Free 1-800-228-9055
Order today or write for FREE catalog and 10% discount coupon.
Omaha Steaks International®
Dept. 1680/ 4400 So. 96th Street / Omaha, NE 68127

Free Catalog
Teak & Mahogany Outdoor Furniture
Precision-cut Kits or Fully Assembled

Let us show you our all-weather furniture of enduring beauty and character, handcrafted to last a lifetime. Classic garden benches, porch swings, chairs, tables, rockers and lounges. Available fully assembled or as pre-drilled, precision-cut kits that are easy and fun to put together.

WOOD CLASSICS
Box 9Y12, High Falls, NY 12440
(914) 687-7645

For the discriminating vacationer
a commitment to excellence
Kiawah Island
Rentals and Sales
Pam Harrington Exclusives
803-768-0273 800-845-6966

Speak French like a diplomat!
Comprehensive, self-instructional audio-cassette courses used by U.S. State Dept. Programmed for easy learning; 56 languages in all. Call or write for free catalog. 1-800-243-1234
AUDIO-FORUM® Room C331, 96 Broad St. Guilford, CT 06437

with something so derivative it cancels itself out.)

But even with the wax, the fumbles, and the absence of the kind of movie-making excitement that Scorsese charges us up with, this short-story comedy is very appealing. (It might be more appealing, and it would definitely be messier, if the mother wasn't simply a demon—if maybe she was a likable force of nature, with wit and gusto, but still made Sheldon feel ashamed of being her son.) The movie does take a surprisingly amiable—if somewhat ambiguous—turn. From what we see, Sheldon's relationship with his fiancée is polite and bland; it has no color or warmth—it has no silliness. And he gives no sign that he knows he's missing out on anything. But when, at his therapist's suggestion, he consults a clairvoyant, Treva (Julie Kavner), he finds himself responding to qualities that mark her as the opposite of his fiancée. Treva is like a high priestess of slobbiness. Devoted, caring, anxious, solicitous—and, above all, weepy—she's everything he has been fighting off.

Woody Allen has written the role that Julie Kavner deserves: she's the cartoon Jewish woman redeemed, and she plays it superbly—she's a Yiddishe Olive Oyl, a hopeless involuntary comic. And, even in the guise of Sheldon the lawyer in tweeds, Woody Allen recognizes her as his soul mate. The movie is a Freudian vaudeville, worked out with details such as Sheldon's loose, improved sex life during the period of his mother's disappearance. It's just after he acknowledges to his analyst that he's happy without her that everything clamps down on him. Freud was a Jewish comic, too (and his jokes also went on too long).

—PAULINE KAEL

•

ST. JOSEPH—Ice blocks on the Missouri River caused water levels to drop so low in St. Joseph on Tuesday that businesses and schools closed, public restrooms were locked and the taps in hundreds of homes ran dry.

By 6 p.m., St. Joseph Mayor Blair Conley made a televised appeal, saying it was "absolutely critical" that residents not flush toilets or shower and that all water be rationed.

"There is a severe crisis in this city, and we must curtail our water usage," said Conley, who used the opportunity to announce his resignation to take a job in another state.—*Kansas City Times.*

No fool he.

Paul Fredrick
FINEST PINPOINT OXFORD DRESS SHIRTS MADE IN AMERICA

FRENCH CUFFS • BUTTONDOWNS
TAB COLLARS • STRAIGHT COLLARS
FREE Color Catalog
- **Generous Cut—Single Needle Tailored**
- **Button-through Sleeve Plackets**
- **Extra Long Shirt Tail**

FOR 35 YEARS, PAUL FREDRICK SHIRT COMPANY has been making fine dress shirts for menswear stores. With their own label and retail markup, our shirts sell for OVER $50. We are now offering the same quality dress shirts to you directly—WITHOUT THE RETAIL MARKUP.

STYLES AVAILABLE IN PINPOINT OXFORD COTTON:
#10A Classic Buttondown Collar, Button Cuffs
White, Blue, or Pink .... **$31.00, 2/$59**
#10B Classic Buttondown Collar, Button Cuffs
Blue Stripe or Burgundy Stripe **$32.50, 2/$62**
#12A Classic Buttondown Collar, FRENCH CUFFS
White, Blue, or Pink .... **$34.00, 2/$66**
#15T English Tab Collar, Button Cuffs
White, Blue or Pink .... **$32.00, 2/$62**
#20A Traditional Straight Collar, Button Cuffs
White, Blue, or Pink .... **$31.00, 2/$59**
#21F Traditional Straight Collar, FRENCH CUFFS
White, Blue, or Pink .... **$32.00, 2/$62**
#40A Windsor Spread Collar, Button Cuffs
White or Blue .... **$32.00, 2/$62**
#41F Windsor Spread Collar, FRENCH CUFFS
White or Blue .... **$34.00, 2/$66**

AN EXCEPTIONAL VALUE! Satisfaction guaranteed.
CREDIT CARD HOLDERS — CALL TOLL-FREE
1-800-247-1417
or send check to: PAUL FREDRICK SHIRT CO., 140 W. MAIN ST., FLEETWOOD, PA 19522
Add $3.50 for shipping. Left Cuff Monograms $5.

Florida's resort in town... and on the beach. The Colony's gracious in-town setting is convenient to Florida's most sophisticated shopping. On the ocean, a private Cabaña Club with its own heated salt-water pool. At both locations you'll enjoy marvelous food and service. For over 50 years, the Boughton Family has been bringing their guests the best in Florida. Open Jan. 6–Apr. 2. See your travel agent or call 407-276-4123.
The Colony
BOX 970
DELRAY BEACH, FLORIDA

FOR EVERYONE, THERE'S A TIME TO RETREAT.
Fortunately, there's a place. American Plan. For a free brochure, call: (207) 435-6825. P.O. Box 220W, Portage, ME 04768.
WILDERNESS ISLAND

EUROPE BY CAR
ONE ROCKEFELLER PLAZA, NEW YORK, NY 10020
Phone: (212) 581-3040
9000 SUNSET BLVD., LOS ANGELES, CALIF. 90069
Phone: (213) 272-0424
SAVINGS ON CAR RENTAL • PURCHASE

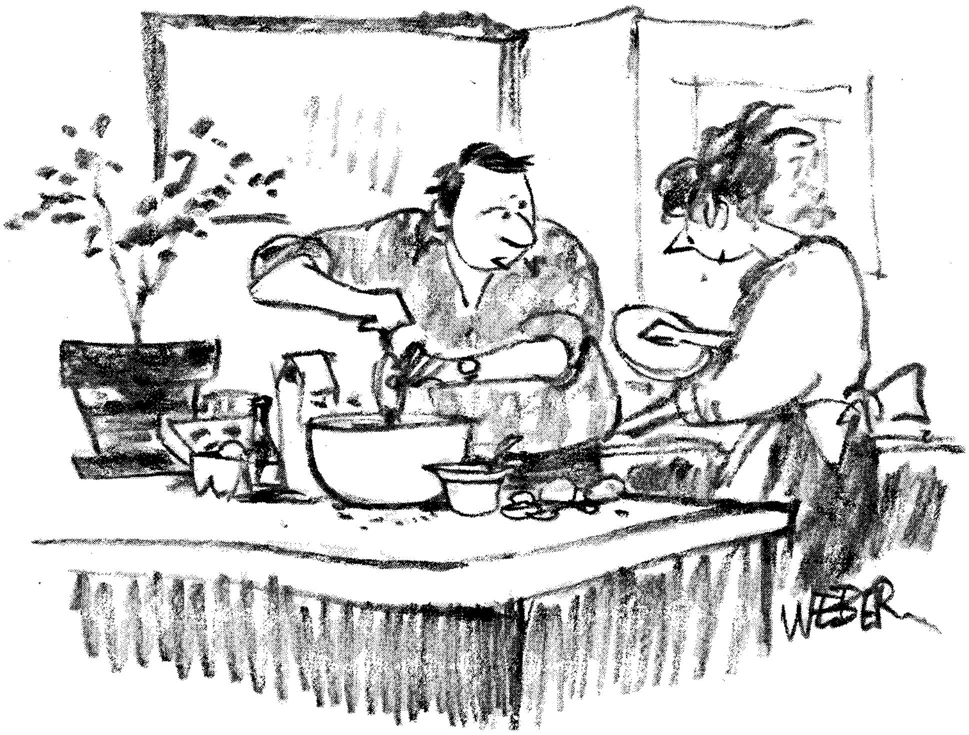
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

MARCH 9

THE John Tower episode, which has rent Washington, was all the more unfortunate because it was unnecessary. It was an example (not the first) of President Bush's exercising questionable judgment in making a key selection and then, to show "strength," digging in. The act of sticking by a poor decision did not make it a better one, but it did have consequences that we shall probably have to live with for a long time. By prolonging the fight, Bush and his Republican allies raised the stakes, allowed the messy and embarrassing business to dominate his new Presidency for three important weeks, and guaranteed that a defeat would be all the more significant, or a victory all the more Pyrrhic. The uproar overtook his trip to the Far East and consumed valuable time at the beginning of the Administration, when a President has the best chance of setting the agenda. That Bush has largely failed to do so stems from more than the Tower fight, but the fight came at a bad moment and used up important time. Tower's defeat today, by a vote of fifty-three to forty-seven, ended the matter, but not its effects. When a President stakes his prestige on an issue, it should be one worth winning, or one that, if lost, leaves him with an aura of nobility. The Tower nomination failed on both counts. The Administration's hope had been that it could win over enough Democrats to give it fifty votes, with Dan Quayle, as president of the Senate, casting the tie-breaking vote. (In the end, it fell to Quayle, who was in the chair for the vote, to announce the rejection of Tower's nomination.) But an adviser to the President said to me last week, as the Senate struggle over Tower grew nastier, "What kind of shape are you in if you have Tower in office and he was confirmed fifty-one to fifty?" Around the same time, a Cabinet officer said to me worriedly, "The President is using up too much of his seed corn." This Cabinet officer, like a number of other Republicans, felt that Tower should have withdrawn in order to release the President.

In deciding to mount the barricades to defend Tower, Senate Republicans unleashed forces that led to a debate that was without precedent in our time for bitterness and personal rancor. Yet their fury at what they called the "unfair" process by which the Senate Armed Services Committee had considered Tower's nomination was after the fact. The anger and bitterness that characterized the Senate debate over the nomination were not, as some argue, momentary things. The breakdown of civility that characterizes much of our national life, including our politics, was reflected in the Senate. As in the case of the 1988 Presidential campaign, and also reflecting that campaign, new and not very pretty forms of political behavior are now with us. The new rules of the game are that just about anything goes, and that disagreements over issues slide into venomous personal attacks; disagreement with an opponent is turned into personal attacks and impugning of motive. In the Tower episode, people seemed to lose their moorings as they fought for the sake of fighting, violated codes of political behavior, and trashed traditions and each other. A surface civility may well ensue, as everyone seeks to assure that of course he is not partisan (perish the thought), but something has torn that will not easily mend, and some bitterness will remain. No one doubts that Tower's supporters will seek revenge, perhaps for a long time. The fight over the Tower nomination took on proportions no one had anticipated, and was of a difficulty that few had foreseen, because of the unprecedented nature of the subject matter and the bad temper that lies just beneath the surface of our politics today—even at the beginning of an Administration of a President who has sought to proceed pleasantly.

Bush was warned, as he insisted on making the nomination, against the advice of some of his advisers, that there would be a difficult fight, on some of the very grounds on which the nomination ran into trouble. It was no secret in Washington that Tower had lived life fully and indiscreetly; the cumulus of stories over the years, from disparate sources, referring to disparate times and places, lent substantial credence to the idea that this was a man who had indulged his pleasure in booze and women. One Bush adviser says, "There was enough anecdotal material around that could give him trouble." Bush's close friend Treasury Secretary Nicholas Brady, who had served in the Senate, was, according to a transition adviser, "almost prophetic." Brady argued that there would be a confirmation fight of a nature that would make victory—no one foresaw a defeat—not worth it. Quayle was Tower's strongest advocate (though Quayle's friend Kenneth Adelman, the former head of the Arms Control and Disarmament

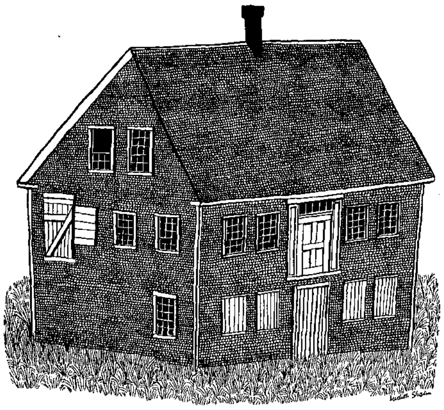


"When you say 'Do we have enough life insurance?' I assume you mean me."

Agency, urged him not to push for Tower), and Tower's nomination was also backed by James Baker. The thinking went that Tower's standing in the Senate as a hard-core conservative on military affairs would be helpful when the time came to try to win Senate approval of an arms-control agreement. But Tower had few friends among senators, a large proportion of whom regarded him as a mean and petulant man, one who bullied his colleagues. Apparently, the Bush people were largely unaware of this. The fact that Tower was disliked was not the sort of thing that should have denied him approval as Secretary of Defense, but it certainly didn't help when he ran into trouble. Though there was much talk throughout the Tower debate about a "double standard," the real double standard by which the Senate operates is that someone they feel more warmly about might have received less careful scrutiny. A Senate aide says that the truly neutral way to consider Tower was, If this man hadn't been a senator, would we approve him? (The answer was obvious.) In fact, the assumption of key senators on the Armed Services Committee as they went into the question of Tower's confirmation was that he would be approved by the committee, which he had formerly headed, and at first the committee received some press criticism for seeming to give Tower too easy a time.

The President's hesitation in sending Tower's name forward, leaving him dangling for five weeks while, as the world knew, the President's aides debated whether the reports of Tower's "drinking" and "womanizing" should disqualify him, certainly did not get his nomination off to a good start, and sent senators an important signal. Sam Nunn, Democrat of Georgia and the Armed Services Committee chairman, says that he started out thinking that Tower should be confirmed, but that as the F.B.I. reports on its investigation of Tower's suitability for the office continued to reach the committee (there were nine of them in all) he became increasingly concerned.

THE Tower affair cannot be understood without some understanding of Nunn's unusual, almost unique, role and standing in the Senate, and in Washington. (This understanding, too, was lacking in the Bush White House.) Hard as it may be to believe, in this cynical age, there remain some politicians who act with honor and play it straight, and Nunn is one of them. Though there is nothing wrong with partisanship per se—it's built into our system of government—Nunn has been less partisan than most of his Democratic colleagues. Further, he so rarely sticks his neck out that when he does people pay attention. They also pay attention because his positions are carefully arrived at and closely reasoned. Nunn is a serious (but not humorless) man, a deliberate and conscientious senator, and the growing signs that Nunn was troubled about the Tower nomination should have warned the White House of impending difficulty. Nunn says that he expressed his concerns in three private meetings with the President. A Senate aide says, "Nunn gained his power in the Senate precisely because of his record of carefulness." Nunn has been regarded as a figure of integrity (including by former Reagan Administration officials), which the Bush White House also failed to understand as it set out to impugn his motives. It was also not very hard to guess that if Nunn opposed Tower the other Democrats on the committee would follow his lead (and also that Nunn would make sure of this before he got too far out). But this probability also escaped the White House. When Senate Republicans (and outside allies of Tower) assailed the process by which the committee reached its conclusion about Tower —voting on February 23rd, by a party-line vote of eleven to nine, to recommend against the nomination—though they had made no complaint while the process was taking place, they had to work around the fact that it's hard to make the case that Nunn is an injudicious person. That did not, however, stop them.



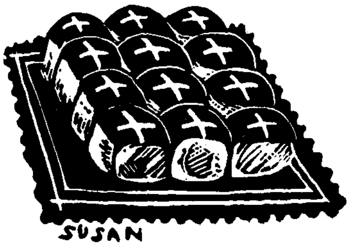
Contrary to a number of press reports, Nunn was already deeply concerned by the time, on January 31st, that Paul Weyrich, a conservative activist, told the committee in public session that "over the course of many years I have encountered the nominee in a condition, a lack of sobriety, as well as with women to whom he was not married." Weyrich is said by people who know him well to have been motivated by both his own religiously based distaste for Tower's social behavior and his doubts that Tower was sufficiently militant about the Strategic Defense Initiative (S.D.I.). In his testimony before the Armed Services Committee, Tower had said that it was "unrealistic" to expect that S.D.I. could develop into a space-based umbrella (as Reagan had seen it) protecting all of the United States, and he was noncommittal about how many resources he felt should be devoted to it.

The possible motivations of the various figures in the Tower affair are much discussed but, as in the case of much human behavior, not easy to be scientific about. What Weyrich's testimony really did was further split the right over Tower's nomination and legitimatize the subjects of drinking and womanizing as press stories about Tower. It was the growing public consciousness of these issues swirling about Tower, as well as Nunn's role, that sunk his nomination. The most deadly thing that can happen to a public figure befell Tower: he became a national joke. Also, the allegations about his behavior caused a particular political problem that the Administration, which seems to have done little clear thinking throughout this episode, hadn't bargained on. The stories about Tower's alleged drinking and wenching, but especially the drinking, upset social conservatives, several religious groups, and the religious right, who form an important part of the Republican base. The mail opposing Tower cascaded into Senate offices, and when senators went home during the Washington's Birthday recess they heard a great deal about these issues from their constituents. The opposition to Tower was particularly strong in Southern and Southwestern states, where support for a man with a hard-line record on defense matters might otherwise have been strong. Late last week, Pat Robertson said, on his Christian Broadcasting Network, "In my estimation

George Bush is running down his tremendous moral fund and he should ask for Tower to withdraw." An Administration that had made family values a major theme had got itself in an odd situation. And the Administration never figured out, as some Democrats feared it would, that it might have tried to make a case that once again "liberals" were trying to tear down our national defense. The fact that Nunn, with his own strong pro-defense record, was leading the fight against Tower would have made this a bit implausible, but we have seen that implausibility doesn't necessarily undermine a political case. Thus, there was no natural constituency of any significant size for the Administration to draw upon for support of Tower, hardly anyone for the President to rally. (His capacity for rallying the public on any issue is as yet untested.)

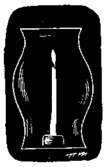
THERE were, to be sure, a number of troubling questions about the Tower confirmation fight. Everyone was in uncharted territory, and questions of standards and procedures were all over the place. At once squalid, bitter, comic, and embarrassing as the Tower fight became, it was serious business. Not only was a newly elected President about to be denied a Cabinet choice for the first time but the rejection by the Senate would be on grounds of personal behavior, about which there were no ground rules. (Only eight Cabinet nominations had ever been rejected.) A separate issue, and one very important to several senators, was Tower's serving as a consultant to a number of defense contractors immediately after resigning as an arms-control negotiator. Tower had told the Armed Services Committee that he had provided advice on "the implications of I.N.F. and other arms-control negotiations [on] future product development," that he advised his clients on the "probable outcomes" of the arms-control talks. In this instance as well, senators had to decide where to draw the line. Nunn pointed out to the Senate that the committee did not go into other kinds of charges against Tower (which covered a wide range, including the Iran-Contra affair and the Pentagon procurement scandal), and said that he accepted the word of the White House and the Justice Department that "there was no direct evidence" of Tower's taking an illegal campaign contribution in connection with "Ill Wind," the Pentagon procurement scandal.

Any thoughtful person had to be concerned about the questions of what standards were being applied, on the basis of what evidence, and of what precedents were being set. Applying questions of morality to politics is a tricky business, especially if the rules are being written as we go. The questions were all the more difficult because the evidence on which the Senate was proceeding was secret, since the information in an F.B.I. report is privileged, offered on the basis of confidentiality. Inevitably, questions arose about the fairness of proceeding on the basis of evidence gathered by the F.B.I., which puts in its report (actually an undifferentiating file of what the various witnesses said) both corroborated and uncorroborated testimony, offered both anonymously and by name. More troubling still were the obvious opportunities for people with an axe to grind, or other unappealing motives, to report untrue tales about Tower, and for groundless rumors to be spread. Inevitably, some of the supposedly privileged information and rumors, true or untrue, made their way into the press. And, inevitably, one had to consider the question of what if the subject at hand was past political affiliation. The possibility that through a process similar to that which was applied to the Tower nomination careers could be ruined by rumors and unattributed and secret evidence had to be seriously considered.



The fact that numerous people were willing to believe that the Armed Services Committee was proceeding on the basis of real and serious facts because they trusted Nunn raised the questions of whether such a subjective judgment was appropriate, and of what would happen in the future if on some other matter some other, less trusted person took a position similar to Nunn's when someone else's career was at stake. Further, the fact that Nunn may have been acting without partisan motive does not mean that all his Democratic colleagues were proceeding in the same way. Without doubt, some Democrats were motivated by the opportunity to bloody the new President, to assert power. Once Nunn took his position against Tower, it was very important to him that he win. In numerous conversations with his colleagues, he made it clear that the issue was important to him, and to the committee, and he offered them his help in interpreting the evidence. Actually, an argument can be made that it would have been better politics for the Democrats to confirm Tower, stating their misgivings, and then try to contain their sorrow if his subsequent actions embarrassed the President. (It appears that some Democrats would have preferred this.) And, as the debate wore on, the Democrats, as the Republicans intended, became increasingly uneasy about the possibility that no one would emerge unscathed. When I asked one Democratic senator whether he thought it might have been better politics for the Armed Services Committee's Democrats to approve Tower, with expressions of concern but concession to the President's prerogatives, he replied, "That gets to the role of advice and consent. Nunn takes it very seriously, and I'm not going to second-guess the Armed Services Committee. A good politician is able to mesh politics and responsibility, but sometimes they are in contradiction." There is no question that some Democrats were reacting at least in part to public opinion, a phenomenon on which we Americans are of a mixed view: we tend to approve when politicians follow the public opinion we agree with, and vice versa. Certainly some of the press, thrilling to the chase and determined to beat the competition, ran stories that were based on flimsy or false evidence. (This was not limited to those holding only one ideological view.) It was difficult to know who was leaking what, and for what reason.

But in raising all of these questions one has to consider the alternatives, if there were any, and also the facts. Tower's supporters made much of the fact that Nunn and his allies did not offer "specifics" in speaking of their concerns about Tower's personal life, and they were not the only ones who did so. Nunn and his allies failed to make it clear enough early enough that they were not at liberty to cite specifics, that the F.B.I. report was the property of the President and they were not free to cite its contents. (Nunn didn't really make that clear until late last week. Today, he told the Senate about the written agreement he and John Warner, of Virginia, the ranking Republican on the committee, had with the White House to keep the report secret.) But though Tower's supporters in the Senate were aware of the requirement of secrecy, they still charged lack of specificity. At the same time, they lunged at the slightest mention by a Democrat of anything in the report. Last week, the Senate got into high metaphysics on questions of what information could be considered to exist. When John Glenn, Democrat of Ohio and a member of the Armed Services Committee, cited on the Senate floor some words that he said appeared in the F.B.I. report ("staggering, inebriated, walking out of a restaurant colliding with chairs and tables"), Minority Leader Robert Dole and others challenged his right to do so, and got his words expunged from the *Congressional Record*—but they still existed on videotape. This led the senators into the thicket of whether material that had been in the F.B.I. report and also in the press could be mentioned on the Senate floor. (The ruling was that it could.) But several Republicans were comfortable about giving their own version of the F.B.I. report, insisting that it contained no corroborated facts. (Actually, most court cases don't require corroboration; the outcome depends on the jury's interpretation of conflicting evidence.) This, in turn, led some Democrats to call upon the President to release the report, which was impossible and would have been unfair to Tower and could have been ruinous to future F.B.I. investigations. Some Republicans, bent on denouncing untrue rumors, propagated them. Time and again, they indignantly cited rumors (said to be untrue) concerning Tower's allegedly keeping a Russian ballerina in Texas, and Tower and the ballerina dancing on a piano, nude, thus giving them wider dissemination. Nunn himself had warned reporters away from stories that Tower had consorted with women who were "foreign nationals" in Geneva, which might have raised security questions, but this left standing numerous other allegations of "indiscreet" (as the committee's report put it) behavior by Tower with women. (It was in large part such alleged behavior in Geneva that had caused Adelman to publicly come out against him.)



Those who criticized the process by which Tower's nomination was considered didn't suggest any alternatives. One, of course, would be to confirm whomever the President nominates, barring a finding of criminal behavior. Certainly the "advice and consent" clause in the Constitution contemplates giving the Senate a voice, and it doesn't specify any grounds on which a nomination can be rejected. The argument over the President's prerogatives comes up every time there is serious opposition to a nomination, and is settled by the fact that there is such an argument: the President's prerogatives are strong but not total. (Late in the game, Democratic senators pointed out that a number of Republicans, including Tower, had voted against a Democratic President's nominees.) The President failed to consider that the Democratic Senate was elected, too, and that if Tower didn't have Nunn's confidence he couldn't function very well as Secretary of Defense. Nunn made much of the fact that he and Warner had worked together closely and that the Republicans made no objection to the Armed Services Committee's process of considering the nomination while that process was going on. As he angrily pointed out on the Senate floor last Friday (he did not take at all well to having his integrity questioned), he had offered to call witnesses of Tower's choosing to rebut any negative testimony—an offer Tower had declined. In his speech on the Senate floor today, Nunn pointed out that both the F.B.I. and the committee had given Tower the opportunity to respond to allegations, and that Tower's responses were available, along with the F.B.I. report, to senators who went to the now fabled Room S 407, the secret room where senators could study the secret material. He also pointed out that no one on the committee called for rebuttal witnesses (an oversight for which some Republicans now blame themselves, or each other).

Nunn was responding last week to, among other things, the charge the day before by William Cohen, Republican of Maine and a member of the Armed Services Committee, that Tower's ordeal was like that of the Salem witch trials. (Yesterday, Charles Grassley, Republican of Iowa, likened it to the trial of Socrates.) Nunn said, "Not one member—not one member who voted on the Tower nomination for Senator Tower—said, 'Let's not rely on this report. Let's get the witnesses up here and have a hearing.' " Nunn also pointed out then, as he did today, that, imperfect as an F.B.I. report may be, it was the only thing the committee had to go on, barring its conducting its own investigation, for which it didn't have the staff and which could have taken months, and he also pointed out that Presidents make decisions on whether or not to nominate someone on the basis of F.B.I. reports. (One thing that bothers Nunn and some other senators is that the F.B.I. has something of a conflict of interest, since it is part of the executive branch and therefore serves the President at the same time that it is supposed to provide objective information about his nominees.) Earlier, Nunn, angered by the White House's leaking of its own version of the F.B.I. report, had threatened to reopen the hearings on Tower and call witnesses who would buttress some of the most serious charges in the report. But the Wonderland reality was that in order to do this he would have had to draw on the secret information in the F.B.I. report.

In his speech today, Nunn questioned the logic of his critics, propounding, as is his wont, a series of questions about the implications of their criticisms, asking, among other things, if they would have preferred the procedures of a public trial (in which there would have been no secrecy) or a secret trial whose results, like the F.B.I. report, would have had to remain secret. He quoted Dole's saying, on the day of (but before) the committee vote, that the committee had conducted "a very thorough, a very exhaustive, and a very fair hearing." Nunn said, speaking more heatedly than usual, "It seems to me that what is being protested here is not the process but, rather, the result." He said that the President could reveal the F.B.I. report, but that he understood his not wanting to do so.

On Tuesday of this week, Dole and other Republicans angrily complained

This Season, The Saint Louis Symphony Orchestra Is Playing To Full Houses Everywhere.

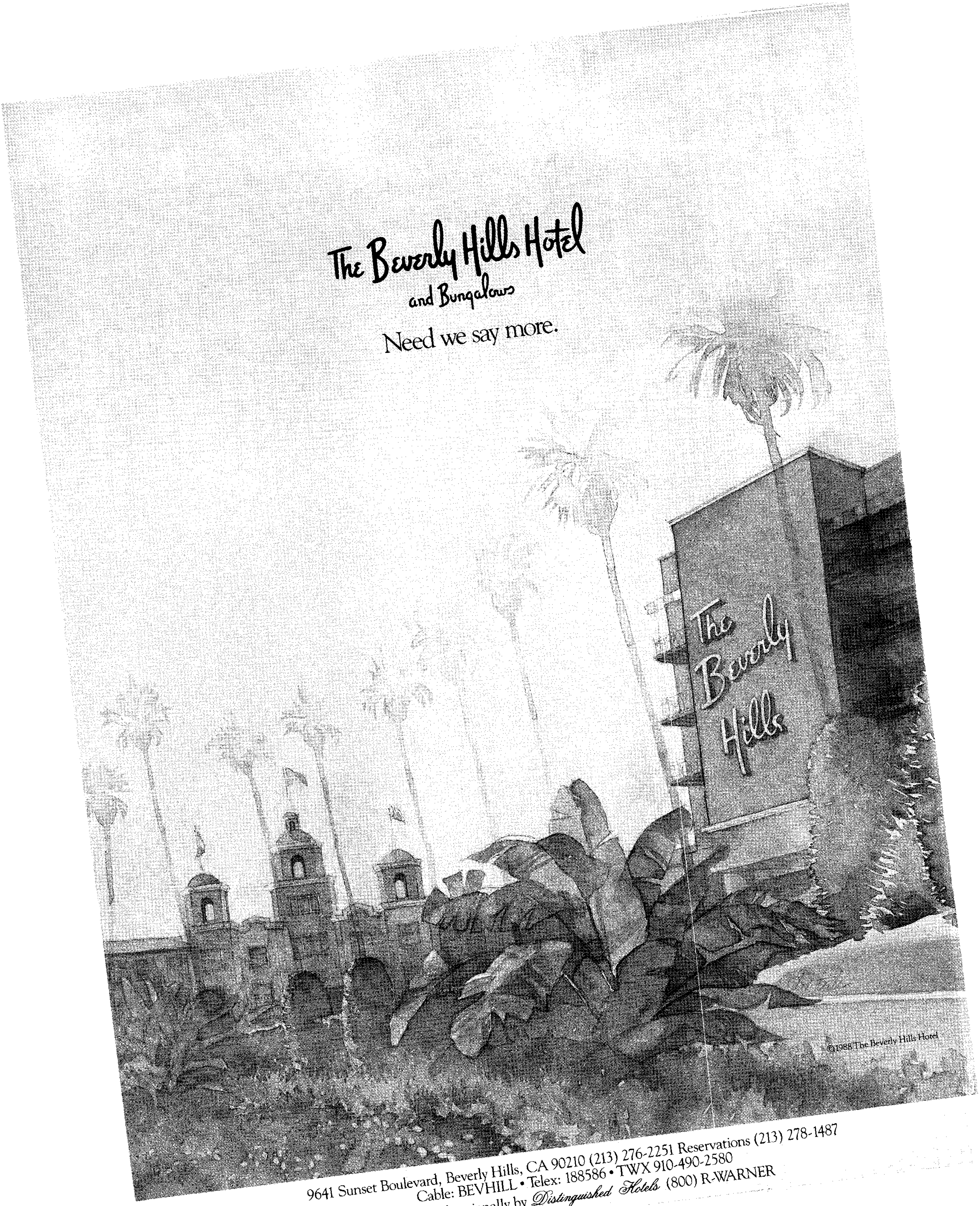
As National Public Radio broadcasts 26 concerts from Powell Hall in St. Louis, people everywhere are listening at home. To one of America's greatest symphony orchestras. Performing the timeless music of the world's master composers.

For dates and times in your area, call your local NPR station. But do it soon.

So you can get the best seat in the house.

Southwestern Bell Corporation

Southwestern Bell is the proud sponsor of this series from the Saint Louis Symphony Orchestra. Leonard Slatkin, Music Director and Conductor.



The Beverly Hills Hotel
and Bungalows

Need we say more.

©1988 The Beverly Hills Hotel

9641 Sunset Boulevard, Beverly Hills, CA 90210 (213) 276-2251 Reservations (213) 278-1487
Cable: BEVHILL • Telex: 188586 • TWX 910-490-2580
Represented nationally by *Distinguished Hotels* (800) R-WARNER

on the Senate floor about the fact that over the weekend Nunn had decided to use the Governmental Affairs Committee's Permanent Subcommittee on Investigations, which he also heads, to investigate still new allegations about Tower. When Republicans challenged his saying that the F.B.I. had told him that it was no longer handling the Tower matter, and Arlen Specter, Republican of Pennsylvania, charged that this was not "an orderly way to proceed," Nunn sardonically asked, "Will the Senator give us the orderly way that he advocates now?" He went on, "We have been told that the F.B.I. is off the case. We are being badgered every day by not having evidence. Now we are told that if we have new allegations in we should not investigate them, I suppose." Noting that Republicans were now condemning him (they saw an opening and took it) for not referring the matter to the F.B.I., he added, "I'm interested now in getting the perspective that this procedure which we have been hearing all week is so unfair . . . is now what we want to go back to." (Later in the day, it was resolved that the F.B.I. would resume the investigation.)

The answer to the questions of whom to believe and whether someone is proceeding upon reliable information is that, as in the case of so many questions of public policy, one has to rely on one's judgment. We make judgments all the time about whom we believe—about the character of those making the arguments and about whether we think their arguments are well founded. We do this all the time on issues we don't know very much about, where there are differences over the facts, or where we cannot know the facts. We elect our politicians to exercise their judgment on matters we are not expert on. (Increasingly, they act as if responding to the push buttons of public opinion, but that's a different subject.) We take their word, or we don't, on all sorts of opaque matters: on tax policy, on economics, on weaponry. Throughout our lives, we decide whom to trust. In that sense, the Tower case was no different. The nature and supposed secrecy of the subject matter made it seem more different from other issues than it in fact was. The die was cast as soon as the President made the nomination—as people tried to warn him. That some of the information leaked out was unfortunate (but inevitable), and that some of the press was irresponsible was regrettable (but also inevitable), but condemnation of these developments begs the question of whether John Tower should be Secretary of Defense. Nunn and his allies were always careful to point out that they were being job-specific, that Tower's behavior disqualified him specifically from being Secretary of Defense but not from other positions. Nunn made a big point of the importance of the "example" set by the man who presides over the military. (Thus Nunn, before he cast his vote against him in committee, said that Tower would not have qualified "to command a missile wing, a SAC bomber squadron, or a Trident missile submarine.") Tower's alleged sexual behavior gave pause because of the difficult issue of sexual harassment in the armed forces. Therefore, it was not, as Tower and his allies argued it was, an application of a double standard for senators who know that some of their colleagues—or they themselves—hit the bottle and fool around to argue that Tower should not be Secretary of Defense because he had done these things, too. (Nevertheless, we can be sure that one result of this carnage will be greater attention to the peccadilloes of other politicians.)

The spectacle of a possible Secretary of Defense, on one of the Sunday talk shows, taking the pledge not to drink if he was confirmed and, in response to a question following a speech at the National Press Club, admitting, "As a matter of fact, I have broken wedding vows" (Tower went on to say, "I think I'm probably not alone in that connection"), was both amazing and embarrassing. Regarding his prior drinking, Tower said two Sundays ago on "This Week with David Brinkley" that he had in recent years drunk only wine, and had given up "spirits" twelve years ago, except "perhaps an occasional Martini, occasionally a little vodka with smoked salmon, caviar, or something like that." Tower rejected a proposal by Nunn that he be examined by two independent doctors for evidence of excessive drinking. (The committee majority said it had received credible reports of heavy drinking by Tower in the nineteen-eighties as well as in the seventies, but Tower was citing a letter from his own doctor saying all was well.) When the proposal was brought up in the television interview, Tower angrily said, "No, I'm not going to submit to that. And why should I?" The next Sunday, when he was asked, on "Face the Nation," why he hadn't given up drinking since taking the pledge, he said angrily, "Why should I? Why should I?"

Tower, defiant and peppery, was determined to fight back, to give as good as he got. At the Press Club, he asked, "Is it an acceptable standard for senators late in the evening to have had a few drinks in the hideaways and offices of the Capitol a few steps away from the Senate chamber and come onto the floor late in the evening and vote on vital issues of nuclear deterrence?" It's a fair question but not a relevant question, because none of these people were being proposed for Secretary of Defense (and some of them shouldn't be). Though there is no way to arrive at scientific conclusions, it seems to be the case that alcohol consumption on Capitol Hill has declined in the past several years, as younger members of Congress, like their counterparts in the outside world, consume less hard liquor than their elders did. The decisions a Secretary of Defense can be called upon to make at any hour are more important, and more consequential, than decisions any one senator makes.

As the embarrassment level grew, as it became clear that this was a no-holds-barred fight, an increasing number of Republicans were saying—quietly, of course—that they wished Tower would withdraw. A Republican senator said last week, "We used to do these things in private." That is, an embattled person's peers (assuming he was embattled for good reason) would quietly tell him that it was time to go. Or they would tell the President. (The British do these things immaculately.) Or they would have persuaded the President not to make the appointment. Or the President would have sense enough not to get in this kind of mess in the first place.

WITHOUT question, some Republican senators believed strongly that Tower should have been confirmed and was getting a raw deal. But something happens to the Republicans when they get into certain kinds of fights: they get very worked up, get each other all het up, and seek to demonstrate to each other just how tough they can be. A kind of anger overtakes them that propels them beyond what the argument was about in the first place. The more hot-tempered ones—who are represented in the leadership—egg each other on, and others have to prove their loyalty to the cause. The pressure to conform is very strong—stronger than it is for the Democrats. (A few Senate Republicans were alarmed at the damage and worried that it would make dealing with other issues more difficult—but they had to keep silent.) And some Republicans said they believed that Nunn had not set out to "get" Tower, or Bush. Some Republican senators made eloquent arguments in Tower's behalf and strong refutations of the committee majority's charges. (This left one still having to go by one's judgment.) Some of them raised hard questions. Warren Rudman, Republican of New Hampshire, in a strong speech on Tuesday, said, "We are reaching a very thin line on confusing private morality with public ethics." He added, "When we start examining private morality in terms of public ethics, I daresay that those of us in public life had better start wearing very heavily armored vests." Rudman said there was "not one iota, not one scintilla, not one grain of evidence in that report of any kind of misconduct or impairment while Senator Tower was officially engaged in his duties." That prompted Senator Ernest Hollings, Democrat of South Carolina, to challenge this somewhat circumscribed point, in the course of an uncommonly heated exchange between Dole and Hollings over Hollings' having, on the Senate floor last week, said Tower had abused alcohol, and in a statement to the press having used words from the F.B.I. report ("crocked, bombed, excessive drinking, sloshing, stoned, comatose"), and Dole's having criticized Hollings on television for that. Rudman insisted that he was correct (as did Hollings), which led him into a spat with George Mitchell, the new Majority Leader, who is usually very low key, over how the F.B.I. report could be characterized, and over the difference between fact and opinion, leading to further heat between Dole and Hollings. The Senate itself was reeling out of control. The Republicans' continuing insistence that no senator had ever seen Tower inebriated while on the job was shattered Tuesday, as was tradition, when Dennis DeConcini, Democrat of Arizona, said, "This senator has seen Senator Tower under the influence of alcohol, as he has seen other members." The next day, Dole ripped into DeConcini for this.

John Warner was known to be quite anguished over the Tower nomination and expressed his concerns about Tower to some colleagues, and a number of people think that if there had been a secret ballot Warner (and perhaps one other Republican) would have voted against Tower in committee. Warner, like Nunn, had been studying the F.B.I. reports as they came in and, like him, grew increasingly disturbed by the accumulating evidence. (Senators have seen F.B.I. reports before, and know how to read them. Nunn says that the volume of allegations was without precedent, which was what set off his concern.) Nunn was careful to include Warner in all the decisions about procedures. But then, as the floor debate was about to begin, Warner, looking very worked up, said to the press in the course of a meeting of Senate Republicans, "We're prepared to take each and every step to bring to the attention of the American people the unfairness that has thus far been dealt not only John Tower but the constitutional process." And on the Senate floor Warner vigorously defended Tower, and called the F.B.I. report "the most incredible cobweb of fact, fiction, and fantasy" that he had seen in his ten years in the Senate.

So, while a number of Republicans quietly despaired that the Tower fight had gone on too long, felt that Tower should withdraw, and worried about the effect the fight would have on other issues, the ringleaders set forth to bring the temple down. Dole, in television interviews before the debate began, had an especially angry look—a look we hadn't seen since the night of the New Hampshire primary last year—and he lashed out on the Senate floor at Nunn's treatment of Tower. Some of Dole's colleagues wondered whether he was really so devoted to Tower or, not particularly happy to be back as Minority Leader, was demonstrating his fealty to Bush, and acting to stay in front of his more hard-charging troops. As tempers rose, the battle spread from one over the merits of Tower's nomination and the President's prerogatives, which are perfectly valid battlegrounds, to attacks on Nunn. If he had to be destroyed, or badly damaged, in the process, so be it. Senate Republicans, holding on to the last shred of institutional decorum, did not attack Nunn by name on the Senate floor, but their outcries against the unfairness with which Tower was treated had a clearly intended target. At the same time, their outriders in the press slammed at Nunn hard, portraying him as a sanctimonious prig, and accusing him of making a power play and of employing unfair tactics.

Last week, the Senate Republicans delayed by a day the start of the Senate debate on the Tower nomination, to give themselves and the President time to try to win more votes, and then made good on their threat to continue the debate into this week. But at the end of last week the White House admitted that the President had failed to win over any of the Democrats he had called in. As Senate tempers rose toward the end of last week, John McCain, Republican of Arizona, said to me, "I think the wounds are incredibly deep." At last week's regular Tuesday lunch of Senate Republicans, one senator threatened to in the future stand up and point out any senator he saw drunk on the Senate floor. Until now, senators (and House members) had protected each other by saying that it was up to the constituents to decide on their politicians' personal behavior (even though they may not know what it is). A senator said to me last week, "I don't think the old fig leaf that 'the people will decide' will be operative after this." Last Thursday, a usually sensible Republican senator said to me, "Some Democrats have phoned Republicans and said they didn't want bloodshed. We said we didn't, either, but if we need to get bloody we will." Recognizing that the implicit criticisms of Nunn already made were serving to close Democratic ranks behind him, the Republican senator continued, "There is a recognition that if there is an assault on Sam Nunn, that will lessen our chances considerably, but we're in desperate straits. We won't attack him this week. The attack on Nunn would be after all else has failed." Early this week, cooler heads decided that a strong personal attack on Nunn would not be helpful to anyone, and would not help get Democratic votes for Tower.

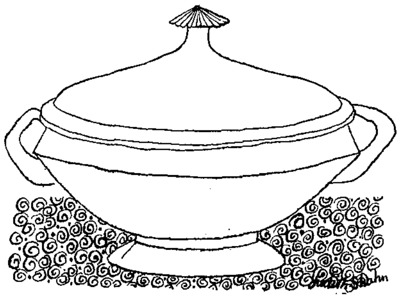
Also, at the end of last week, Dole came up with the wild idea of inviting Tower to appear in the Senate "to answer his critics." This melodramatic proposal would have shredded precedent and established a new one senators might come to regret, and was indicative of how far from reality the debate had slipped. It was possible that Dole made the proposal knowing it wouldn't be agreed to, in order to have another point to make against the Democrats. He offered it formally yesterday but, when Mitchell objected, didn't push for a roll-call vote. This morning, Dole said, "One thing I've learned to do around here is to count." He knew he was licked, and seemed to feel that it was time to cool things off, so he also refrained from pushing for a vote on an even more bizarre proposal he made yesterday—that Tower submit now a letter of resignation as Defense Secretary as of October 1st, at which point he would have to be confirmed again. To salve Dole's feelings, Mitchell pretended to take the probation proposal seriously, saying he would discuss it with his colleagues, and this morning Dole, after meeting with Mitchell and Nunn, backed off that proposal, too.

On Monday, the first Democratic senator, Howell Heflin, of Alabama, said in a Senate speech that he would vote for Tower. Heflin, a conservative who is up for reëlection next year, said that no one had questioned that Tower's experience and knowledge qualified him for the job, that Tower's conduct was "in many areas not applaudable" but "not disqualifying," and that Tower's pledge to drink no more earned him the right to a second chance. On Tuesday, Tower won the support of Christopher Dodd, Democrat of Connecticut. Though Dodd said in his speech that his decision had not been governed by the fact that Tower had been one of the five senators who had voted against censuring his father, Thomas Dodd, in 1967, senators close to Dodd, who speaks often about his father's experience, which obviously seared the son, think that it was. To soften charges of partisanship, the Democrats didn't particularly want unanimity in their ranks against Tower. Yesterday afternoon, Lloyd Bentsen, whose decision on his fellow-Texan had been awaited intensely, and who had introduced Tower to the Armed Services Committee in the florid terms that same-state senators usually use, announced that he would support Tower. Bentsen said that the picture that had been drawn of Tower by his fellow-Democrats did not fit the man he had known well and worked with for a long time.

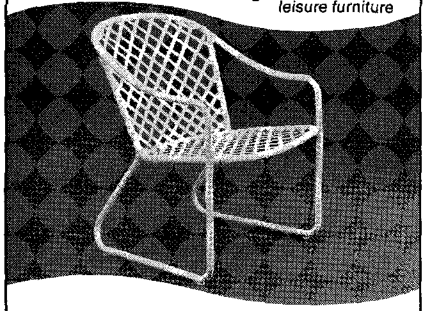
A great deal of conferring and persuading, on both sides, was going on behind the scenes. The Republicans would not let the matter come to a vote until every senator had declared his position and they knew where the vote would fall. Dole said to the Democrats, "Two more votes will give us a Secretary of Defense," and he added, "If we have offended anybody, we apologize to everybody all at once." Dole said Tower was available for discussion, the President was available—"He will even buy your lunch, or dinner."

Later in the afternoon, Bennett Johnston, Democrat of Louisiana and one of the last three undecided Democrats, rose to speak, and said he opposed Tower. Johnston based his position on what he called "a formidable body of evidence" of a problem with alcohol which was striking in its depiction of "frequency in the use of alcohol," of "consumption of great quantities of alcohol," and "a change in conduct when using alcohol. . . . The evidence indicates that a personality change occurs in Senator Tower when he abuses alcohol. This personality change manifests itself in a certain social recklessness." Johnston said a Secretary of Defense must "be consistently and unerringly responsible in his judgment." Johnston concluded, "In the nuclear age we cannot afford to take a chance on the man who holds in his hand the future of the world."

Johnston's saying that he would oppose Tower signalled the end. At that point, Mitchell, who was keeping the count, and Nunn, whom he kept informed, knew that they had the vote of Joseph Lieberman, a freshman Democrat from Connecticut and one of the two remaining undeclared Democrats, thus giving the Democrats fifty-one votes. (Anyway, it's doubtful Bentsen would have cast the deciding vote against Nunn.) The other undeclared Democrat was Charles Robb, of Virginia, who had close political ties with Nunn. Robb, with whom Nunn had had several conversations, was believed to be leaning against Tower, but he had strong feelings about the prerogatives of the executive (he had been governor of Virginia) and during his campaign for the Senate had been plagued by rumors about his own personal life. Until Robb, following Lieberman, spoke last evening, Nunn was not certain where he would come out. (But at that point Robb's vote wasn't needed.) Nancy Kassebaum, of Kansas, was the only Republican to vote against Tower. (She had told Bush that if her vote would be the deciding one against Tower she would support him.) Kassebaum had had run-ins with Tower on the question of military reform and was not certain that he yet favored it, was concerned about Tower's possible conflicts of interest, and about the issue of female harassment. She also says that Nunn "had a bearing on my thinking; I don't think he did it for partisan reasons." Kassebaum told me this afternoon, "It's hard, but it's what 'advice and consent' is about; otherwise we're just a rubber stamp."



As the bitter debate over Tower went on, an increasing number of senators felt that this was an episode in which everyone would get hurt. A leading Democrat said to me, "The real fact is there are no winners. The President doesn't win; Tower doesn't win; the institution doesn't win." Nunn himself told reporters this week that he would be "bruised" by the fight. Today he told me that he knew he'd been hurt by the "onslaught—a deliberate effort by a number of people to destroy my credibility. I don't think you can escape being bruised—maybe badly bruised—but my conscience is clear. I did my duty." Increasingly, the Democrats, aware of the damage being wrought and concerned about being seen as partisan, wanted to get the thing over with, but they were powerless to do so until the Republicans were ready. And, though Democrats desperately wanted the debate to end, George



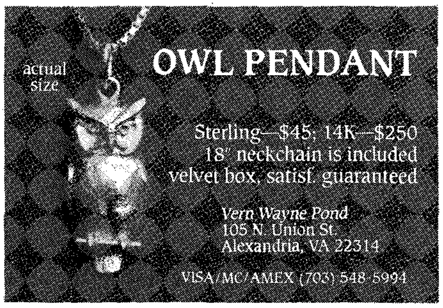
The Elegance Of
BROWN JORDAN
leisure furniture

OFF SEASON RATES!
TAKE A TRIP THROUGH OUR CATALOG
THIS WINTER AND **SAVE 20%**.

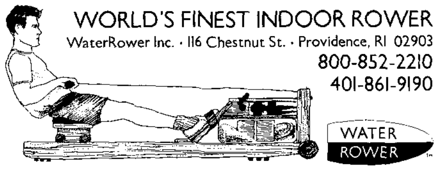
Free Delivery Anywhere Continental U.S.A.
Worldwide Orders Prepaid to
Nearest Continental U.S. Port
Send $6.00 to Dept. N for 1989
64 page Catalog, Price List and Color Chart
Name
Address
City
State Zip

Roberts
our 69th year
75 Greenwich Avenue/P.O. Box 433
Greenwich, CT 06836 203-869-4610
One of America's largest retailers of Brown Jordan furniture.

YOUNG ISLAND
ST. VINCENT, W.I.
Impossibly romantic
private island resort.
A revivifying experience
Brochure: Ralph Locke Islands, Inc.
Call: 800/223-1108 (Nationwide)
P.O. Box #800, Waccabuc, N.Y., 10597



actual size
OWL PENDANT
Sterling—$45; 14K—$250
18" neckchain is included
velvet box; satisf. guaranteed
Vern Wayne Pond
105 N. Union St.
Alexandria, VA 22314
VISA/MC/AMEX (703) 548-5994



WORLD'S FINEST INDOOR ROWER
WaterRower Inc. · 116 Chestnut St. · Providence, RI 02903
800-852-2210
401-861-9190
WATER ROWER
True Water Resistance · Solid North American Cherry

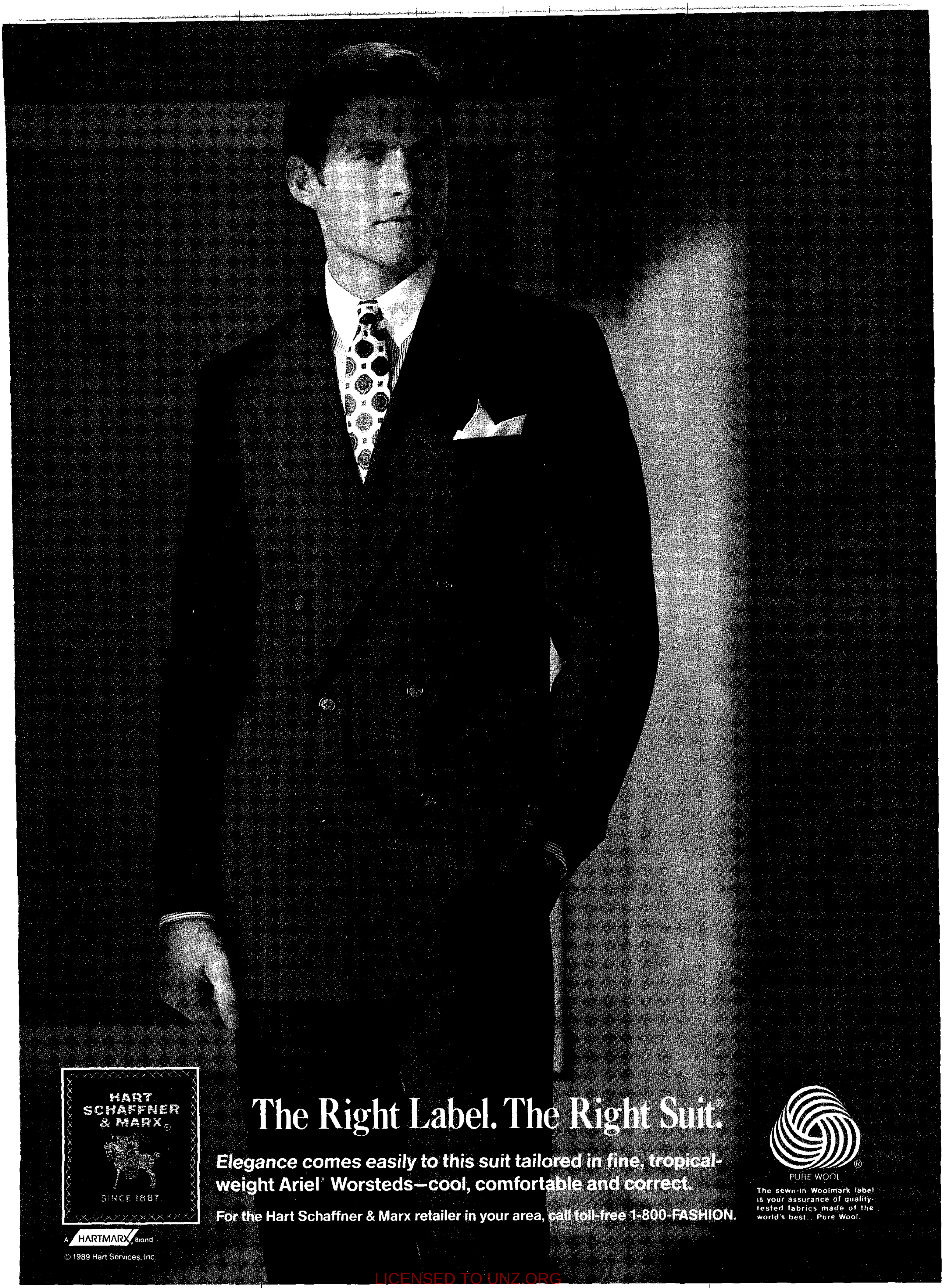
Mitchell was being punctilious about not appearing to push the Republicans to a vote. Nervous about appearing partisan, the Democrats stressed that they had voted unanimously for the other Cabinet nominees, and said it was the Republicans who were being partisan. Many senators felt that the spillage from this episode would be extensive and unpleasant. The threats were there: Alan Simpson, Republican of Wyoming, warned his colleagues, "Think how you would like it for yourself, because that is what is next." A Democratic senator says that he thinks the Republicans are laying the groundwork for fierce personal attacks on Democrats in coming elections, arguing (as they did in the 1988 campaign) that the Democrats had started it. Though the Tower argument was, as his opponents were at pains to point out, over the specific case of a nominee for the specific job of Secretary of Defense, it seems now that no one will be safe. As the debate drew to a close, Dole said that we have seen the Senate "become a pipeline for gossip and smear." Nunn said that when the tally is announced, "there will be no celebrations, no backslapping, no cries of victory." But though Nunn and Mitchell appealed for a return to harmony (or even normal dealings), an angry Dole lashed out at Nunn on CBS later, saying that the procedure had been "Nunn-partisan—N-U-N-N." Dole said that Tower had been "maligned and criticized with leaks and innuendos," and added, "We're not going to forget that very easily."

THIS was a battle the President could have done without, especially at this point in his Presidency, and the damage to him was severalfold. The whole thing raised again the question of his judgment. The competence of his White House staff, which there had already been reason to question, was all the more in doubt—and this, in turn, reflected on Bush. His saying, before he left for Japan, that all of the allegations against Tower "have been gunned down," a statement that was patently untrue and from which even Dole demurred publicly, saying it "wasn't totally accurate," gave reason for concern. (The following day, Warner said, "Reasonable men and women can have credible differences of opinion" about the report.) Bush's statement suggested, to put it bluntly, that, like his predecessor, he would resort to lies when cornered. (It is possible, of course, that Bush was misinformed by his staff, but that, too, raises questions.) Reagan was certainly far from the first President to resort to untruths, but the constancy and seeming ease with which he did so, his seeming to consider this almost an amusing part of the game, was unnerving. ("These modest deliveries, taken together, could easily fit into a single cargo plane.") Bush is unlikely to be able to get away with as much as Reagan did, so if he resorts to this tactic often it's likely to erode his Presidency.

He doesn't need any more erosion right now. The feeling has been growing here that he's adrift. He followed his speech to Congress in early February by taking to the road to promote his budget, but nobody can remember anything he said. Neither he nor his White House staff seems to know how to—or perhaps even whether to—sustain themes, give definition to his Presidency. The trip to the Far East was marred not only by the Tower episode but also by other flubs on the part of his staff. His late and somewhat lame response to Ayatollah Khomeini's death order against the author Salman Rushdie, and his mild reaction to the Chinese government's barring a leading dissident from a barbecue Bush gave in Beijing (perhaps the invitation should not have been issued, but that's also a reflection on Bush's staff), did not contribute to a picture of a commanding leader. The continuing slowness in getting the Administration staffed not only gives the appearance of incompetence but also deprives the President, at a critical time, of some of the wherewithal for coming up with and defending policy proposals. Cabinet officers and congressional Republicans privately express dismay over the slow start. (The Pentagon is of course without leadership.) On Tuesday, at a press conference, Bush defended his record thus far—a strange thing for a new President to have to do so early.

Bush's picking a big fight that he did not have the wherewithal to win certainly did not help. Wishing to remain pleasant, he told the Democrats he called in on the Tower fight that there would be no hard feelings if they opposed him. A President who isn't even a little bit feared won't have much power.

—ELIZABETH DREW



The Right Label. The Right Suit.®

Elegance comes easily to this suit tailored in fine, tropical-weight Ariel® Worsteds—cool, comfortable and correct.

For the Hart Schaffner & Marx retailer in your area, call toll-free 1-800-FASHION.

HART SCHAFFNER & MARX®
SINCE 1887

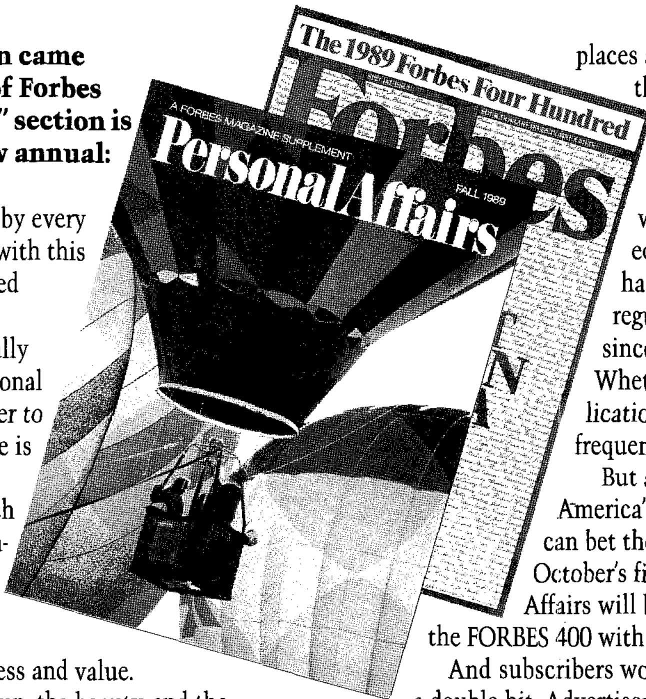
A HARTMARX® Brand

© 1989 Hart Services, Inc.

PURE WOOL®

The sewn-in Woolmark label is your assurance of quality-tested fabrics made of the world's best... Pure Wool.

Wealth: An Owner's Manual.



Out of Time's "People" section came People Magazine...Now, out of Forbes Magazine's "Personal Affairs" section is coming a sparkling, alive new annual:

FORBES Personal Affairs

The first edition will be received by every one of FORBES' 700,000 subscribers with this October's eighth annual Four Hundred Richest Americans issue.

FORBES Personal Affairs, a specially expanded edition of the popular Personal Affairs section of FORBES, will deliver to its subscribers (one out of every three is a millionaire) insights and advice on how best to use their wealth to enrich their nonbusiness lives, with the confidence they have come to expect from FORBES, the authority:

On travel—to fresh destinations, where price is secondary to uniqueness and value.

On art and collectibles—for the fun, the beauty, and the intellectual stimulation.

On exhilarating sport—for all seasons, for those who needn't hurry.

On attire that suits their station and their interests.

On new electronic hardware that can make a busy life easier in the castle called home.

From authoritatively chosen fine wines that will pay for themselves to beautifully engineered cars that are a kick to drive, to sailboats she will also love, to imaginative gifts...FORBES Personal Affairs will single out the top of the line in things and places and personal enthusiasms that sophisticated, wealthy, active FORBES readers want to know more about.

It will be written in FORBES' witty, irreverent style and its editor is William G. Flanagan, who has been in charge of FORBES' regular "Personal Affairs" section since it started nine years ago.

Whether this great new Forbes publication will be an annual or more frequent will be decided by you.

But advertisers who want to reach America's richest concentration of readers can bet their advertising bucks that this October's first edition of FORBES Personal Affairs will be as intently, as avidly read as the FORBES 400 with which it will be distributed.

And subscribers won't be the only ones getting a double hit. Advertisers who run ads in both magazines will receive 50% off their earned rate on their FORBES Personal Affairs insertion. Those who run in FORBES Personal Affairs only will be charged a special introductory rate.

If you want your message to reach the wealthy, both where they live and where they work, run your ads in the only business magazine that makes it its business to address both. FORBES.

For more information on advertising in this special magazine, contact FORBES' Consumer Advertising Manager, George Clissold, or Evelyn Mitchell (212/620-2200). Issue date is October 23, but closing for all advertising is September 5.

Put your message where the money is.

Forbes
Capitalist Tool®
Forbes Magazine—60 Fifth Ave., N.Y. NY 10011

A CRITIC AT LARGE

READER, I MARRIED HIM

THE Reverend Patrick Brontë died at eighty-four, blind and childless. His five daughters and one son had all predeceased him. Charlotte, the third born, survived the longest. Brontë blamed her demise on marriage—by which he probably meant sex—asserting that she wasn't strong enough for it. Perhaps he was right: modern biographers believe that the cause of Charlotte's death was emaciation and dehydration caused by three months of unremitting, violent morning sickness.

Charlotte Brontë had been married for less than a year—to her father's attentive but prosaic curate, Arthur Bell Nicholls—when she died. She was not quite thirty-nine, and had published three novels, under the pseudonym Currer Bell. The greatness of the first one, "Jane Eyre: An Autobiography" (1847), was acknowledged by readers as diverse as Thackeray, Dickens, George Lewes, and Queen Victoria, although Currer Bell achieved notoriety in almost equal measure with glory. "His" work was widely execrated for "coarseness," and the author, whoever he or she might be, was described as "soured . . . grumbling . . . alien . . . from society, and amenable to none of its laws." Matthew Arnold later complained that Bell's last novel, "Villette" (1853), was one of the most "hideously disagreeable books" he had ever read, and that "the writer's mind contains nothing but hunger, rebellion, and rage."

These charges expressed the discomforted fascination of her contemporaries with a Brontë heroine's sense of autonomy; her typical lack of gratitude toward her betters and benefactors, particularly those who were ordained; and, in the case of Jane Eyre, her "heathen passions" and the assertion of equality with a lover whose superior rank and reprobate past had both failed to intimidate her. "Do you think, because I am poor, obscure, plain, and little, I am soulless and heartless? You think wrong!" Jane storms at Mr. Rochester in a famous passage:

> I have as much soul as you—and full as much heart! And if God had gifted me with some beauty and much wealth, I should have made it as hard for you to leave me, as it is now for me to leave you. I am not talking to you now through the medium of custom . . . it is my spirit that addresses your spirit; just as if both had passed through the grave, and we stood at God's feet, equal—as we are!

The controversy aroused by the "Jacobinism" and "moral perversity" of "Jane Eyre" naturally intensified the public's curiosity about Currer Bell, who was variously suspected of being a fallen woman, a defrocked vicar, a gentleman and a lady working together, or an infatuated governess—perhaps William Thackeray's. (Thackeray, like Mr. Rochester, had a mad wife, and Charlotte, ignorant of this misfortune and grateful for his praise, had dedicated the second edition of "Jane Eyre" to him.) Harriet Martineau was so impressed by the description of Grace Poole sewing curtain rings that she wondered if Currer Bell might not be an upholsterer. It was appropriate, however, that Charlotte Brontë's readers should be obsessed with Currer Bell's identity. Identity is her own obsession, and she has a strikingly modern—embattled and internal—notion of it. She also puts the device of mistaken identity to a modern use. All her narratives and many of her finest letters are concerned with and really driven by the solitary struggle of an orphan—a Perdita—to repossess a lost birthright: not to a kingdom or a marriage portion but to a true self.

Gahan Wilson

"I liked you better as George Washington."

Charlotte Brontë's own sense of entitlement to a true self is what is most definitive, most glamorous, and most problematic about her, and about her heroines. A gypsy (Rochester in disguise) scrutinizes Jane Eyre's face and tells her, "That brow professes to say—'I can live alone . . . I need not sell my soul to buy bliss. I have an inward treasure born with me, which can keep me alive if all extraneous delights should be withheld.' " The provincial clergyman's mousy daughter likewise knew (or professed to know) who she herself was—even if she also took a perverse delight in being misjudged and underestimated. And the gauntlet that she throws down so defiantly but yearningly to her heroes, suitors, friends, critics, readers, and biographers is the challenge to recognize her.

A DANISH biographer I know once described his vocation to me by saying, "I track the process of individuation to the point at which it fails." That excellent definition of biography suggests why some glittering, eventful lives are in fact repetitive and depressing, and why some chaste, deprived lives, like Charlotte Brontë's, are riveting. It's the drama of individuation which gives a biography its suspense, and cuts through the trivia of a life to its vital mystery. In that respect, Charlotte Brontë and her family make exceptionally dramatic subjects, and that is probably why their biographies are regularly rewritten.

The first biography of Charlotte Brontë was published in 1857 and is still in print, as a Penguin Classic. It was written by Elizabeth Gaskell, who was one of Charlotte's few friends from the world of the Victorian literary aristocracy. Novelists generally don't make good biographers (novel-writing seems to be a work of high-minded betrayal and biography a work of dirty-minded fidelity), but Mrs. Gaskell is an exception. She has, as one would expect, a gift for the pacing of a big nineteenth-century narrative; she has a mild and wise precision of style, which complements her subject's vehemence; she champions Charlotte's "pure heart" without attempting to suppress the "circumstances [that] forced her to touch pitch." Her tolerance of paradox applies as much to her own character as to Charlotte's. The respectable Mrs. Gaskell set out to vindicate Miss Brontë of the charge that she was "coarse," despite admitting to the reader that there was "coarseness here and there in her works, otherwise so entirely noble." She concluded that she could proceed only by "withholding nothing," by laying the life "bare"—in other words, by doing Charlotte literary rather than moral justice.

While Mrs. Gaskell's biography may have seemed bare to her contemporaries (she was pressured into revising and essentially bowdlerizing a subsequent edition), the next century could take a less defensive and restricted view of Charlotte Brontë. In 1967, Winifred Gérin published "Charlotte Brontë: The Evolution of Genius"—the standard against which all other modern Brontë biographies are measured. Gérin is definitive on Charlotte's childhood, and illuminating on that obscure process by which the roots of an artist's life take in their ideal nourishment of myths, values, images, and taboos. She writes with Brontëan fever, but, if her valuation of Charlotte's work is somewhat infatuated, her feeling for the woman isn't infatuated at all. Hers is precisely the sort of imaginative sympathy and penetration that Charlotte craved in a lover, created for herself in Rochester and M. Paul, but otherwise never found.

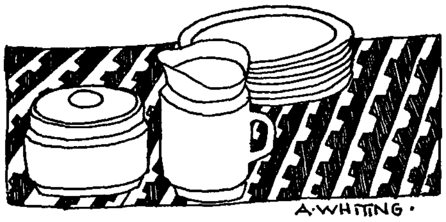
Close upon Gérin's heels came Margot Peters' "Unquiet Soul" (1975). This is one of those rare distillations of a life which become works of literature in their own right, although in places, where the biographer turns letters into passages of dramatic dialogue, it seems a little too proprietary and novelistic. Peters belongs to a younger and more analytic generation of Brontë scholars, informed by feminism, and is inclined to find Charlotte's rage "admirable" but is not inclined, as Mrs. Gaskell was, to glorify her as a martyr. She is also a greater ironist than her predecessors: as much aware of the pressures that shape her own bias as of those—the extremes of "submission and revolt," in Jane Eyre's words—working on Charlotte.

Rebecca Fraser's "The Brontës: Charlotte Brontë and Her Family" would deserve mention even if it were not the most recent entrant in the Brontë lists, published late last year. Like its subject, its author is the scion of an Anglo-Irish family in which everyone writes. Fraser's mother, Lady Antonia Fraser, and her grandmother Lady Longford have earned their eminence tackling grand, unwieldy British lives, which resemble the kind of dilapidated mansion a tenant with their sort of credentials may lease from the National Trust—if she promises to make it livable.

Rebecca Fraser's choice and treatment of her subject fit this pattern. Her scholarship is authoritative, and her style is fluent. The weakness of her biography is Fraser's reticence, or lack of curiosity, about those chambers of the life which don't have external windows—the chambers a biographer can enter only speculatively, through her subject's fiction, and through her own fears and experience. Neither Gérin nor Peters, I think, would have described one of Charlotte's most eloquently tormented outcries as "overwrought."

LIKE all changelings, the Brontë children grew up motherless, and with something more and less than a father: they had a *sire*. Patrick Brontë dominated their lives without having much to do with them on a daily basis. He shared his newspapers and literary reviews with them, and his passions for politics and the English language. They also inherited his brilliance, his contentiousness, and his misanthropic pride.

Of all the children, Emily was probably the most like their father. She had a bent for tyranny, which she exercised over the more anxious, less egotistical Charlotte; and their Belgian professor, M. Heger, asserted that, with her "powerful reason" and her "strong, imperious will," Emily "should have been a man." That isn't certain, though: it was profoundly daunting to be the son of a man like Patrick Brontë. The sisters fared much better than their volatile, red-haired brother, Branwell, who failed as a poet, a painter, a tutor, and a railway clerk, and eventually became a laudanum addict and an alcoholic.



Fraser tells us that Branwell was "considered destined for great things by his family," and that his father "sympathised with such ambitions—he had once had them himself." Patrick's own life, like Napoleon's (Napoleon was his contemporary) and like Jane Eyre's, was, as Charlotte puts it, that of a "lusus naturae"—a sport of nature. His family, the Bruntys, were peasant ditchdiggers and road menders who lived in squalor in Northern Ireland. Patrick managed, almost as incredibly as Bonaparte, to jump the tracks of his class. He escaped to Cambridge on a scholarship, and in England he embraced Tory politics and Evangelical Methodism, taking Holy Orders in 1806. In 1812, he courted Maria Branwell, the pious, intellectual daughter of a burgher from Penzance. Her family's acceptance of the penniless, obscure Brontë as a son-in-law testifies to the strength of his character and to the allure he had as one of the Church's most promising young preachers.

Both Patrick and Maria were impatient to marry, and they proceeded to have six babies in seven years, after which the exhausted Mrs. Brontë died, at thirty-eight. Her body was interred in the village church at Haworth, near Bradford, in Yorkshire, where her husband had just assumed the duties of "perpetual curate." Four years later, her eldest daughters, Maria and Elizabeth, aged twelve and eleven, were buried there, too. Branwell, Emily, and Anne Brontë, aged thirty-one, thirty, and twenty-nine, died within nine months of one another.

Haworth is now the Vatican City of the Brontë cult, and annually receives some two hundred thousand tourists and pilgrims. It was then an isolated hamlet whose drinking water was polluted by its cemetery. The curate ministered to a rough and inbred flock of millworkers, millowners, and farmers. His living of two hundred pounds a year included a stone parsonage next to the church, with its back to the moors and surrounded by gravestones, at the top of the precipitous main street. Brontë sent out a few marriage prospectuses after his wife's death but failed to recruit a replacement for her, and lived out his days as a dyspeptic and eccentric widower, much respected by the parish. By day he went abroad, and by night he went to bed armed against the "Luddites," discharging the pistols he had slept with out the bedroom window.

Charlotte Brontë told Mrs. Gaskell, after a stay with her in Manchester, that going home to Haworth was a return to "barbarism, loneliness, and liberty." "Beautiful, benevolent Mrs. Gaskell, with her busy happy life," as Fraser calls her, felt sorry for her friend, and considered her the prisoner of her father's egotism. She never quite understood the satisfaction Charlotte took either in Haworth itself or in her thralldom there to Mr. Brontë.

Beautiful, benevolent Mrs. Gaskell was also horrified by the accounts of the Gothic childhood that she pieced together from Charlotte's confidences and fiction. The children's maternal aunt had come to live with them, "bent on doing her duty by her nieces," which was to prepare them for "a life devoid of pleasures." The Methodist religious education that she gave them was a particularly "joyless exercise, tinged by the melancholy of her own dry temperament," and it apparently didn't make the impression it was intended to. When the ten-year-old Jane Eyre is asked by the rich hypocrite who runs the Lowood school if she understands how to avoid the burning pit, she replies, "I must keep in good health, and not die."

Under the circumstances, the children were fortunate that their aunt was intimidated by the "wildness" in their eyes, and that both she and their father were self-absorbed hypochondriacs who took their meals alone. The children wouldn't otherwise have been able to gorge on Byron; to roam the moors; or to fantasize communally around the kitchen fire. Later, they paired off—Charlotte and Branwell, Emily and Anne—to write and illustrate their own gory, wanton, and heroic Byronic sagas. At the age of fourteen, Charlotte catalogued twenty-two volumes of her prose and poetry, each one an obsessively revised, minutely transcribed manuscript of between sixty and a hundred pages. It was only in her early twenties, according to Gérin, that Charlotte "began to realize that the atmosphere in which she had grown up, which had generated the excitement and heat of the fantasmal world of her childhood—the 'Burning clime' as she called it—was a serious threat to even a moderate expectation of happiness in a workaday world."

For Charlotte Brontë, a changeling princess from the kingdom of Angria (the setting of her sagas) who disliked children ("I find it so hard to repel [their] rude familiarity") and was destined to be a governess, hopes of job satisfaction were never very bright. In theory, at least, a private governess lived on equal terms with her employers, but in reality she was as much a glorified domestic as is her counterpart today, the au pair. "If teaching only were requisite," Charlotte told her friend Ellen Nussey, "it would be smooth and easy; but it is the living in other people's houses—the estrangement from one's real character . . . that is painful."

Emily, who was more like a Masai than like a Victorian maiden, was an even less likely governess than Charlotte. And as they entered their late twenties the sisters decided that their best chance to earn the money that would keep them from "slavery" was to found a girls' academy at Haworth—but they first had to finish their own educations. As it was more practical to do so abroad than in England, they eventually fixed upon a boarding school in Brussels, run by a well-reputed couple named Heger.

Had the Brontës been two provincial spinsters from Albany rather than from Yorkshire, their voyage to the Continent, their earnest desire for self-improvement, their disgust at and sense of superiority to Papist manners, and their curious relations with the Hegers would have made the stuff of a James novella—though James would have treated them more lightly and luxuriously than life or Charlotte did. Her version of the experience is the subject

The Counterfeit Mailbag

The secret thoughts of an entire country were carried in leather bags exactly like this one. Except this one, a copy, isn't under lock and key in a museum. It's for sale.

I borrowed an original from a friend, a retired mailman who, like thousands before him, was kind enough to test it out, for years, on the tree-lined streets of small towns everywhere. Before you were born.

The test was successful; even though discontinued, it can't be improved upon. It's simply perfect as a device for carrying important ideas and feelings back and forth. And the same as with those old and scarce and beautiful mailbags, people will look forward to seeing what you've got inside.

The counterfeit mailbag. Containing one vast unzippered pocket, and another zippered. Shoulder strap and handle. Size: 15" long x 7" wide x 12½" tall. Strong, soft leather that will only get better. A beauty.

Price: $275. We pay shipping.

Call (800) 231-7341 (outside Kentucky)
(606) 231-7064 (from Kentucky)
Free shipping anywhere in U.S.A.
Visa and MasterCard accepted.
Absolute satisfaction,
or your money back.

Catalogue on request

The J. Peterman Company
257 Midland Avenue, Lexington, Kentucky 40507

© 1989 The J. Peterman Company

If a family member should require an extended period of psychiatric treatment you may want to consider the Greystone Program. Since 1980, we have been providing care for a small group of residents in a warm, personal, homelike setting amid broad lawns and stately trees, under the direction of Friends Hospital, America's first private nonprofit psychiatric hospital. For information write Barbara Hines, R.N. Greystone Program, Friends Hospital, 4809 East Roosevelt Boulevard, Philadelphia, PA 19124.

PERSONALIZED CARTOUCHE

Your name or initials translated into ancient Egyptian Hieroglyphics
Free Brochure Available
Cartouche shown: "Jane"

18k Gold Pendant from $150
Sterling Silver $40
1-800-237-3358
Discoveries
207 Ramsay Alley, Dept. NY1
Alexandria, VA 22314 (703) 548-9448 (in VA)

HANDMADE IN EGYPT

Bettina's Bed & Breakfast, inc.

A NATIONAL NETWORK OF PRIVATE HOMES

Your stay includes breakfast.
P.O. Box 585, Cambridge, MA 02238
1-800-624-6654 (or) 617-497-9166

of "Villette," which is one of the best studies of claustrophobia and depression in our literature. It is also a paradigm for the brilliant life made entirely of drab materials. As Tony Tanner explains the feat in his introduction to the Penguin edition, Brontë's fiction "constantly moves towards those moments when 'the boredom of living is replaced by the suffering of being.' "

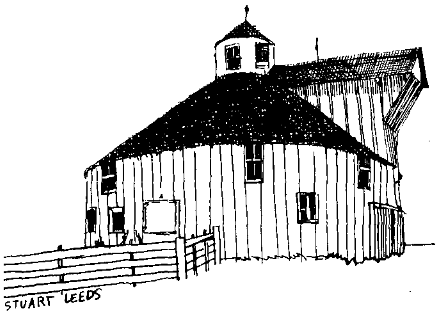
Charlotte was continually being mistaken for a more committed radical than she ever was. She used fiction to repay her debts and to exact credit for what was owed to her by individuals and by society, and "Villette" shows her an honest bookkeeper, but one who is unforgiving and not a little self-congratulatory in her "truthfulness." Poor, sneaky Mme. Heger is pilloried as the devious, coldhearted, prying, complacent Mme. Beck, "a most consistent character; forbearing with all the world, and tender to no part of it." She is also divorced, by Charlotte, from her devoted husband. M. Heger is cast as Mme. Beck's "cousin," Paul Emanuel, who for most of the novel is relegated to the subplot—displaced from the romantic spotlight by that paragon of manly British virtue Dr. John. But wherever, molelike, M. Paul pokes through, he announces himself (usually by a fit of temper) to be the true hero. He is the only kind of hero Brontë has any use for: a great Recognizer, a sharp-eyed St. George who perceives that the dragon is only the perversity of the princess—that they are the same creature.

> "Que vous êtes dur, monsieur!" I [Lucy Snowe] said, affecting dejection.
>
> "One ought to be 'dur' with you" [M. Paul replies]. "You are one of those beings who must be *kept down.* I know you! I know you! Other people in this house see you pass, and think that a colourless shadow has gone by. As for me, I scrutinized your face once, and it sufficed."

Constantin Heger was in his early thirties when Charlotte enrolled at the *pensionnat.* He was an astute pedagogue, who quickly took a connoisseur's interest in the Brontë sisters, esteeming Charlotte's character more highly but realizing that Emily had the greater mind. According to Fraser, his contemporaries thought of him as "an incomparable, almost charismatic teacher"; according to Peters, he was a "whirlwind of energy and imperiousness"; according to Charlotte, he was "a little black ugly being" with the "lineaments of an insane tom-cat"—just her type, and she was madly attracted to him. Mme. Heger understood the nature of the attraction, if Charlotte didn't, and she eventually managed to detach Miss Brontë from her establishment, by means of Charlotte's own resignation; in the face of outraged protestations by Monsieur that Charlotte was needed; and without any suspicion by anyone except Charlotte that a ruthless campaign had been played out.

There has always been conjecture about Charlotte's relationship with M. Heger, fuelled by her letters and by "Villette"—and anticipated almost clairvoyantly by Madame. She rifled the trash in her husband's study for the letters that the bereft, hysterical, and abject Charlotte wrote to her "master" from Haworth, and which he never answered but tore up. Madame then sewed the pieces together, and kept them as evidence that nothing *inconvenant* had occurred.

M. Heger himself later described his former pupil's "*pauvre coeur malade,*" and then amended the phrase to read, more poetically, "*pauvre coeur blessé.*" If you know where to look for the evidence, however, Mrs. Gaskell's biography confirms that he did conduct a kind of affair with Charlotte. It reproduces one of the exercises that she wrote for her professor in 1842, with his corrections in the margin, and there are few more erotic moments in any Brontë novel. One can sense, between the lines of a short French composition entitled "Portrait de Pierre l'Hermite," a young woman who thought of herself as "stunted" undressing before the first man able to perceive her beauty. M. Heger's response, conscious or not, is precisely the one to excite the greatest ardor and gratitude in return. He doesn't judge her the way the shallow Dr. John—"a smile so critical, so almost callous" playing on his lips—judges the actress Vashti, which is "as a woman." Monsieur judges her as "an artist." One could say, in fact, that Heger initiated Charlotte into the secret of her craft, which is to treat meaning like desire. "When you are writing," he exhorted her, "place your argument first in cool, prosaic language; but when you have thrown the reins on the neck of your imagination, do not pull her up to reason."



"WHAT [was] the motivation of Currer Bell's novels, if not the *expectation of love?*" Gérin asks.

Well, there was Branwell. Writing distracted all three sisters from his pathetic disintegration. When they embarked on their careers as Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell, he was involved with a married woman whose husband had dismissed him as their son's tutor, and he was asleep all day and drunk all night. (The woman's coachman periodically brought him drinking money.) Their brother's "illness" placed them and the parsonage under moral quarantine: they could hardly plan to advertise it as a girls' school. Then, there was Mr. Brontë. His health and eyesight were failing; his income was burdened by Branwell's debts; and his morale was depressed by his having to stand guard over his son at night, lest he shoot himself. Under the circumstances, the daughters had to consider that the living might soon pass to the next incumbent, and they would be out on the moors. Finally, there was the prospect of their having to accept employment as governesses.

Emily's "Wuthering Heights" (considered, Peters tells us, "revolting, coarse, loathsome, and savage") and Anne's "Agnes Grey" ("commonplace") were published in 1847 by T. C. Newby, a vanity press, which had rejected Currer Bell's first novel, "The Professor." Charlotte persevered, and found a sympathetic reader in W. S. Williams, at the house of Smith, Elder. She sent Mr. Williams the manuscript of "Jane Eyre" as soon as it was finished. He recommended it unconditionally to the publisher, George Smith, and Mr. Smith took it home with him for the weekend, turned away callers, ordered a sandwich for lunch, sat up that night to finish it, and wrote an acceptance letter to Currer Bell the next day.

As a type of Englishman—the gentleman publisher—George Smith has survived into this century, still ensconced in a Bayswater house among his charming things. Urbane in his tastes, bourgeois in his habits, he is a little soft and plump, but from bonhomie rather than effeteness. He cultivates his authors almost maternally but is hard-nosed about their contracts, and he is famously stingy with his employees. He is often seen with interesting older women but is obviously destined to marry the right kind of girl, and his true devotion is reserved for his mother, his wine cellar, and the family firm.

Mr. Smith became very attentive to Charlotte Brontë, whose success brought him considerably more profit, socially and financially, than it brought her. But she also genuinely fascinated him. He had been flabbergasted when she appeared in his waiting room, trembling and shabby, and introduced herself as Currer Bell. Her trust in his judgment flattered him; her inexperience excited his gallantry; and, despite their age difference (he was slightly younger) and her plainness, he found the same fire in her eye that was in her prose.

For her part, Charlotte enjoyed Smith's attentions, and even though she described the relationship to her friends as that of an older sister and a younger brother, she attached a certain romantic hope to it. One has the feeling, however, that Smith was ultimately too desirable to Charlotte. He was also, perhaps—as she suggests in the character of Dr. John—too conventional in his attitude toward women to be adequate as a Recognizer. Peters remarks, "His conclusion that Charlotte would have forfeited genius for beauty seems to bear out her characterization."

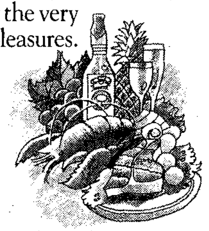
Charlotte's biographers should nevertheless be grateful to Smith, if for no other reason than that he managed to pry her loose from Yorkshire and so gave them a different sort of scene—something a little more "Vanity Fair"-ish—to write about. He took her to Edinburgh, an outing that excited a certain amount of gossip, and Charlotte stayed at the house in Bayswater as often as the Smiths (he and his mother) could entice her to London. She overcame her horror of self-display sufficiently to have a few decent dresses made for these forays into society, and at first she seemed eager to taste the pleasures that were served up to her: Thackeray's lectures (where she was lionized) and her first opera; visits to the Crystal Palace, the Royal Academy, and Parliament; a glimpse of her hero, Wellington, and tea with her heroine, Harriet Martineau; and encounters with Carlyle, Millais, Lewes, George Richmond, Lady Ritchie, Richard Monckton Milnes, and the Earl of Carlisle ("Will you permit me, as a Yorkshireman, to introduce myself?").

Thrilled at first to meet Thackeray, whom she worshipped, Charlotte had expected him to be purer, and was somewhat disappointed by his venality. She also got furious at him when he introduced her to his mother as Jane Eyre. And finally, unlike Jane, who had "desired . . . more of intercourse with my kind," Charlotte—pleading a headache or extreme timidity, and aloof to the point of rudeness—began refusing to enjoy her new connections. Their richness, literal and figurative, seemed to make her sick. When her hostess, at a loss to entertain her further, asked Miss Brontë to suggest her own program, Charlotte said she wanted to visit a mental hospital and a prison. Like her more direct refusals of fine food and company, this was a coded message of disdain, a way of dramatizing her ravenousness and her deprivation, which had spoiled more than her appetite.

"ANYBODY may blame me who likes," Jane Eyre declares. "I shall be called discontented. I could not help it."

Winifred Gérin was right after all about Currer Bell's motive for writing: the expectation of love. Matthew Arnold wasn't wrong about the contents of her mind: hunger, rebellion, and rage. Harriet Martineau didn't speak as a prude when she called Charlotte's heroines "morbid in passion." Rebecca Fraser objects not impertinently to her "hysterical prose." And Virginia Woolf, who writes about Charlotte's "genius" with greater intimacy and more fairness than anyone else, also gives the best account of its failure:

> It is clear that anger was tampering with the integrity of Charlotte Brontë the novelist. She left her story, to which her entire devotion was due, to attend to some personal grievance. She remembered that she had been starved of her proper due of experience—she had been made to stagnate in a parsonage . . . when she wanted to wander free over the world. Her imagination swerved from indignation and we feel it swerve. But there are many more influences than anger tugging at her imagi-



YOU DON'T NEED MONEY IN BERMUDA.

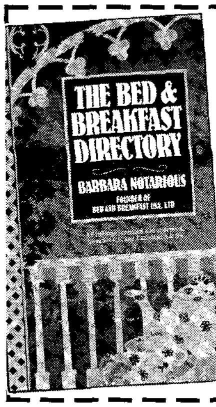
Bermuda's most charming resort is also the island's finest vacation value. For one attractive all-inclusive price you get elegant accommodations, unlimited open bar, superb cuisine, recreation, and more.

Harmony Club has the island's most beautiful gardens. And the warm personal service and intimacy of a country hideaway. Located at the very center of Bermuda's pleasures. Adults only please.

See your travel agent or call 1-800-225-5843.

Harmony Club Bermuda's only real all-inclusive resort.

Trusthouse Forte Hotels



Only the best...

The Founder of Bed and Breakfast USA describes 100 B&Bs in the U.S. and Canada, all screened and approved.

$12.95 paper

At bookstores or write M. Schustack.

WILEY

605 Third Avenue

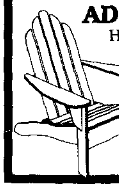
New York, NY 10158

Quiet Quality is the hallmark of our *Four Star/Four Diamond Resort!* You set your own pace while enjoying world class golf...tennis...yacht cruises...beach...swimming...picnics...oyster roasts...shopping...acclaimed cuisine...and superb service!

THE TIDES INN

"One of America's Finest Small Resorts"

Irvington, VA 22480 1-800-TIDES INN



ADIRONDACK CHAIRS

Handcrafted from the finest hardwood.

TEAK, MAHOGANY, BIRCH

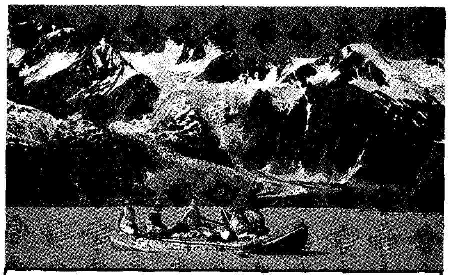
To request a FREE CATALOG, call or write:

Classic Country Chairs

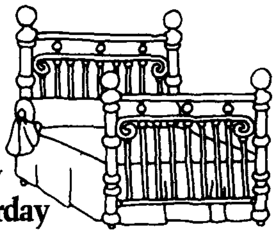
710 So. Spring Street

Northfield, MN 55057

(507) 645-9070



CANADA BY RAFT
Down virgin rivers in mountains of British Columbia. Untouched wilderness. Sparkling Chilcotin and mighty Fraser. Cruise up coastal fjord, fly over glaciers of Coast Range plus 240 thrilling yet safe miles by raft through cleanest, most magnificent scenery on this Continent. Price $1850; 11 days ALL incl. from Vancouver. **J.H. MIKES, CANADIAN RIVER EXPEDITIONS, 845 CHILCO ST., VANCOUVER, B.C. (604) 738-4449.**



Getaway
to Yesterday
Visit the Inn in the Berkshires with two centuries of tradition, and all the modern amenities. Live amidst antiques. Savor Veal Oscar, homemade apple pie. Norman Rockwell Museum close by. **413-298-5545.** Mass. pike, Exit 2.
THE RED LION INN
Since 1773, Box NY31, Stockbridge, Mass. 01262

MORE LITERATE T-SHIRTS!
Dickens, Shakespeare, Sherlock Holmes, Billie Holiday, Van Gogh, Gandhi, Kafka, Dostoevsky, K. Marx, Jung, Mozart, Che Guevara, Nietzsche, Cheshire Cat, Mark Twain, Thoreau, Darwin, Bach, Da Vinci, Freud, Rimbaud, Beethoven, James Joyce, Hemingway, Kerouac, Jane Austen, Poe, Sartre, J.F.K., others.
Sizes: S, M, L, XL.
T-Shirt: (white, lt. blue or red) $11.75, 4/$42.
Sweatshirt: (white or grey) $20.00, 2/$38.00.
Shipping: $1.75 per order.
Illustrated brochure: 75¢
(brochure free with order)
HISTORICAL PRODUCTS
P.O. Box 220 Dept. X7
Cambridge, MA 02238
(617) 787-1176

MARTHA'S VINEYARD
VACATION RENTALS
& REAL ESTATE SALES
INCORPORATED
Booking Cottages & Luxury Homes
Island-Wide
508 693-4111/7711
BOX 1207N ■ VINEYARD HAVEN ■ MA 02568

Elegant Country Charm–
Luxury London Hotel
& Magnificent Suites
Telephone: 01-723 7874.
39-40 Dorset Square,
London NW1 6QN.
Telex: 263964 Dorset G.
Fax: 01-724 3328.
USA Toll Free 1-800-543 4138
DORSET SQUARE HOTEL

nation and deflecting it. . . . We constantly feel an acidity which is the result of oppression, a buried suffering smouldering beneath her passion, a rancour which contracts those books, splendid as they are, with a spasm of pain.

That kind of rancor is a grandiose sense of entitlement which sometimes takes the paradoxical form of what Rebecca Fraser calls "furious, almost aggressive stoicism," although it is really a version of the same romantic self-indulgence that destroyed Branwell. Yet if rancor compromised the integrity of Brontë the novelist it finally didn't compromise the integrity of Brontë the woman. She realized that the damage done to Perdita—to the one who has been humbled, repressed, robbed of her identity, and cheated of nurture—isn't magically reversible. And she chose to face that reality, neither holding out for a romantic apotheosis, as Jane Eyre did, nor succumbing to the bitterness of Lucy Snowe. So her life turns out to be more courageous than her fiction.

Her bravest experiment may have been her nine months of marriage to her father's curate. Nicholls was a man of "feeling and sullenness," of great tenacity and little imagination; a narrow-minded cleric who would attempt to censor Charlotte's friendships and letters, but also a reader who could laugh at her caricature of him in "Shirley"; a lover who accepted temporary exile rather than renounce his suit, even though on the day of parting he leaned against her gate "sobbing as women never sob."

Jealous as much of Charlotte's glory as of her virginity and her usefulness to him, Mr. Brontë loathed the idea of the undistinguished Nicholls as a son-in-law. Nicholls, however, refused to be discouraged by any insult or rejection that father *or* daughter meted out to him. His persistence became almost a comic spectacle: a stern, bigoted, literal, beef-and-pudding Puseyite storming the paternal citadel to rescue a nearsighted, reluctant middle-aged intellectual encumbered by migraines, anorexia, fevers, incipient tuberculosis, and gum disease, not to mention desperate griefs and a great name.

Brontë's biographers have all given perfectly adequate descriptions of Mr. Nicholls' character. None of them, however, has disclosed his identity. It is now time to reveal that her bridegroom was the unvarnished "Truth" that Charlotte had always championed, solidly embodied. He was "*le vrai*," as Flaubert (a fellow-realist) enviously called it, from a safe distance, without the nerve for its clumsy, sincere embrace. "My destiny will not be brilliant. . . but Mr. Nicholls . . . . offers a most constant and tried attachment." Mr. Nicholls also offered her an opportunity she had been waiting for and sublimating all her life: to defy, punish, and forgive her father for his indifference.

REBECCA FRASER wonders, with Mrs. Gaskell, what Charlotte Brontë's "transcendent grandeur" might have been. The real question—which Fraser's own sensible book leaves us to ponder—is what Charlotte Brontë would have made, as a woman and as a novelist, of ordinary happiness. That was the subject of a conversation Charlotte had with Mrs. Gaskell one leaden September afternoon in 1853 as they walked on the wild Penistone Moor together, shouting into the wind. Charlotte maintained, as she had in "Villette," that some beings were born to suffer, and that it was nobler to "submit faithfully" to such a fate than to pine for a sweeter one. Firm in that conviction, she told Mrs. Gaskell she was "trying to school herself against ever anticipating any pleasure."

Mrs. Gaskell always conceded and admired Charlotte's superior "vehemence of power and nature." But she was one of those enviable and rare creatures who, at peace with themselves—equally unafraid to feel and able to reason—aren't seduced by depression. "Villette" worried her, and she tried to persuade Charlotte that happiness "comes only in *drams* to anyone."

Rebecca Fraser isn't seduced, either. She lacks Mrs. Gaskell's maturity as a psychologist; and, as the narrator of "The Brontës" lights her readers' way through a house she doesn't acknowledge to be haunted, she inevitably reminds one a little of "steady, reasonable," though oblivious, Nelly Dean, the caretaker at Wuthering Heights. In other respects, though, Fraser is Gaskell's rightful heir. "Beautiful, benevolent" Rebecca Fraser! She projects an assurance of her own place in the world which makes us weep over Brontë's struggle to the death with her estrangement.

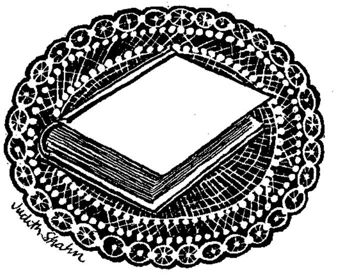
—JUDITH THURMAN

BOOKS

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

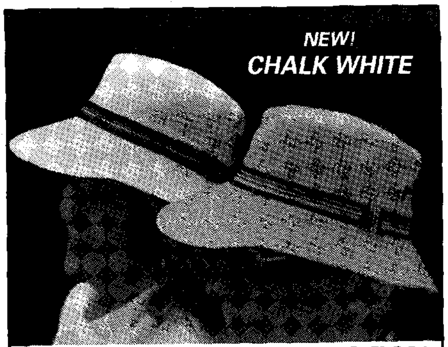
The Lyre of Orpheus, by Robertson Davies (Viking; $19.95). In his new novel Mr. Davies is concerned with the unexpected ways God or spirit or the life force, or whatever, makes itself known in earthly doings: through art, fate, and character. Here the completion of musical fragments left by E. T. A. Hoffmann for an opera based on the legend of King Arthur sets in motion a modern-day reënactment of the legend, with Arthur Cornish, the patron who commissioned the work, playing the role of the legendary Magnanimous Cuckold; his beautiful wife, Maria, functioning as Guenevere; the handsome director finding himself acting out Lancelot; and the misanthropic composer Hulda Schnakenburg falling into the unwelcome role of the scorned Elaine. In typical Davies style, tarot cards, priests, bastard sons, and a profusion of literary and other allusions come into play. Though oddball verging on cute, like their names (Nutcombe Puckler, Penelope Raven, Gunilla Dahl-Soot), the players are ultimately little more than the shifting sum of their component symbols, and almost interchangeable. They, unlike real people, know what their capricious roles are as precisely as if they had been minted with values printed on, like playing cards.



Swimming Lessons, and Other Stories from Firozsha Baag, by Rohinton Mistry (Houghton Mifflin; $16.95). In contrast to most young writers working from their own experiences, Rohinton Mistry has the gift of living inside all his characters: from the curmudgeon who would rather live with leaks and sifting plaster than give in to the corruption of his housing board to the ayah who believes serenely in ghosts; from an elderly woman who receives messages from her dead parrot to the idealistic young man who works to improve the lot of farmers in his native India rather than emigrate—like his younger brother, the narrator of some of these stories. The residents of Firozsha Baag, an apartment complex in Bombay, are Parsis—immigrants once before, from Persia—who see themselves as a significant cut above the rest of the population. When the younger brother goes to Toronto, we get an emigrant's clarified picture of life in India, with its rationing, its black market, and its material and civic inadequacy. We also get a picture of a Canadian apartment building, whose residents are drawn with the same penetrating compassion, humor, and warmth as those of Firozsha Baag.

GENERAL

Bullwhip Days: The Slaves Remember, edited by James Mellon (Weidenfeld & Nicolson; $27.50). A selection of personal narratives of life under slavery in the South, from the archives of the Federal Writers' Project, of the nineteen-thirties. The former slaves who told their stories to the W.P.A. interviewers are remarkably articulate: their memories are vivid, and their oral style is colorful, moving, and often beautifully cadenced. If you want to know the truth of Negro history, one ex-slave says, you should "get it from somebody who wore the shoe." That is what we have here—life in the quarters on the plantation, field work, forced breeding and marriage, the meagre pleasures of Saturday night, runaways and the patrollers who go after them, beatings, death. There are some bright spots in the book—the days of freedom that came with the Confederate surrender, memories of the rare good master, the rare good times. But whites come off badly. One old man says that if his kind of white folks ever got to Heaven they would turn it "wrong side out and have the



YOU WANT SUN PROTECTION AND A GOOD LOOKING HAT?

The Duckster Sun Crusher™ offers many advantages:

- Wider brim **All** around. 2 3/4" min. vs 1" on most bucket hats.
- **No Exposure At the Temple**, plenty of shade for side of face and back of neck.
- 4" visor-like reinforced front brim with green underside to **Fight Glare**.
- Poly/cotton fabric is **Cool** and absorbent.
- Stitched eyelets for **Ventilation**.
- **Lightweight**.
- **Great Looking**. Traditional look with enough flare to provide **Excellent Protection**.
- Made by **Duckster**,™ the **quality hat maker**, with Duckster's logo embroidered on back of hat.

Color: Traditional Light Khaki with traditional Maroon Club band. Chalk White with traditional Navy Club band.
Sizes: S(6-3/4 – 7/8); M(7–7-1/8); L(7-1/4 – 3/8); XL(7-1/2 – 5/8); XXL(7-3/4 – 7/8)
Price: $20 + $2.50 postage & handling per order.

For faster service call (615) 886-5189 with Visa or MC.
To Order send check or MO to:

ANDREW THOMPSON CO.
843 Arden Way, Dept. N7
Signal Mountain, TN 37377

Your Satisfaction Guaranteed Or Your Money Back.

FINE GOODS
Andrew Thompson Co.
of Chattanooga

Recorded Books

Listen to **unabridged** best-sellers, mysteries & more while you drive. Call now for a free catalog of over 450 titles: **1(800)-638-1304.** Ask about easy 30-day rentals by mail. Recorded Books, Inc., POB 409 Charlotte Hall MD 20622

Serious Lighting for Serious Readers

Write or call for FREE Catalog
LEVENGER–Tools For Serious Readers
Dept. NY37, 480-C Concord Avenue
Belmont, MA 02178 (617) 484-0014

MICHELANGELO

Limited edition portfolio of 14 lithograph prints of the Italian Master's drawings. Exact scale reproductions printed in Florence on Rusticus paper capture superior detail.

TO ORDER: mail check for $150.00 plus $3.50 for shipping to: C. Miller, P.O. Box 1294, Media, Pa. 19063. Or write for further information.

ROY BLOUNT, JR., HATES TO SHOP...
except in grocery stores:

"Because you don't have to try on groceries. And in grocery stores, they don't squirt things on you. They don't run out at you, shouting, 'Here! Here! wouldn't you like some of this cheese stuff on your tongue?'"

If you begin each day wondering if the world's gone mad, Roy's hilarious new book, NOW, WHERE WERE WE?, will be better for you than a night at the posh Hotel Plaza Athénée—where Blount encounters a bottle in the bathroom labeled "Hair Shampoo" (*"What other kind of shampoo did they think I would take it for? Dog? Rug?"*)—or an elegant repast at the trendy new eatery Snake 'n' Stuff (Blount recommends their "Road Kill Ragout," but cautions, "Not for everybody").

"Blount's stuff makes me laugh so hard, sometimes I have to sit in a room and shut the door."
—GARRISON KEILLOR

Now at your bookstore
VILLARD BOOKS
A Division of Random House
NEW

ROY BLOUNT JR.
NOW, WHERE WERE WE?
GETTING BACK TO BASIC TRUTHS THAT WE HAVE LOST SIGHT OF THROUGH NO FAULT OF MY OWN

angels working to make something they could take away from them." Photographs.

FLAUBERT: A BIOGRAPHY, by Herbert Lottman (Little, Brown; $24.95). The author of an irreplaceable Camus has given us the essential Flaubert. Mr. Lottman avoids speculation in favor of documentation that, for example, traces the novelist's juvenile writings to specific classroom assignments. His factuality is never pedantic; it is liberating, for it allows readers to focus on Flaubert rather than on an interpretation of Flaubert. We see the writer with remarkable clarity, from the precociously scribbling boy to the adult torn between a passion to portray realistically the platitudinous France he lived in and a yearning to reinvent melodramas of romantic pasts and exotic places. And, in recording Flaubert's friendly disagreements with Sand and Zola, Mr. Lottman helps readers appreciate how startling was Flaubert's vision of prose fiction as high art, and how innovative was his insistence that prose required craftsmanship.

SEEDS OF FIRE: CHINESE VOICES OF CONSCIENCE, edited by Geremie Barmé and John Minford (Hill & Wang; $25). In the preface to this anthology the editors explain that although China closed down Mao's Cultural Revolution a dozen or so years ago, ostensibly freer and less violent regimes have continued to suppress art, literature, and ideas that deviate from official optimism and prudery, and to penalize their creators. These selections from dissident works are not mere protests but artistic fiction, honest reporting, and efforts at original thinking—writing that is rewarding reading. The memoirs of prison camps and the forced-labor program that sent city people to the country do not plead for sympathy so much as try for accuracy, and the short stories and excerpts from novels frequently convey their earnestness by understatement, humor, or irony. The excellent translations give us a sense of individual styles.

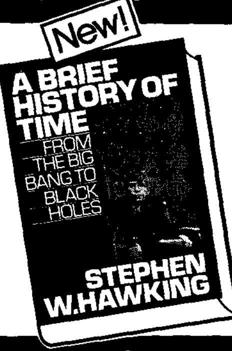
NOTE: "Self-Consciousness," a book of memoirs by John Updike, has been published by Knopf ($18.95). Some of the contents originally appeared in *The New Yorker*.

DO YOU TEACH?
IF SO, PLEASE READ ON...

The New Yorker is delighted to offer an education program to teachers who want to share the magazine with their students. For information and materials to help you use The New Yorker in your classroom, please call Elaine Berman at (212) 536-5415 or write to her at the address below:

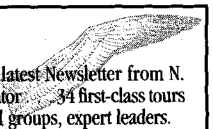
THE NEW YORKER
EDUCATION PROGRAM
25 West 43rd Street, New York, NY 10036

BOOKS ON TAPE™
New!
Box 7900-N, Newport Beach, CA 92658



- Best Sellers on Cassette
- Full-length Readings
- Call for Free Brochure

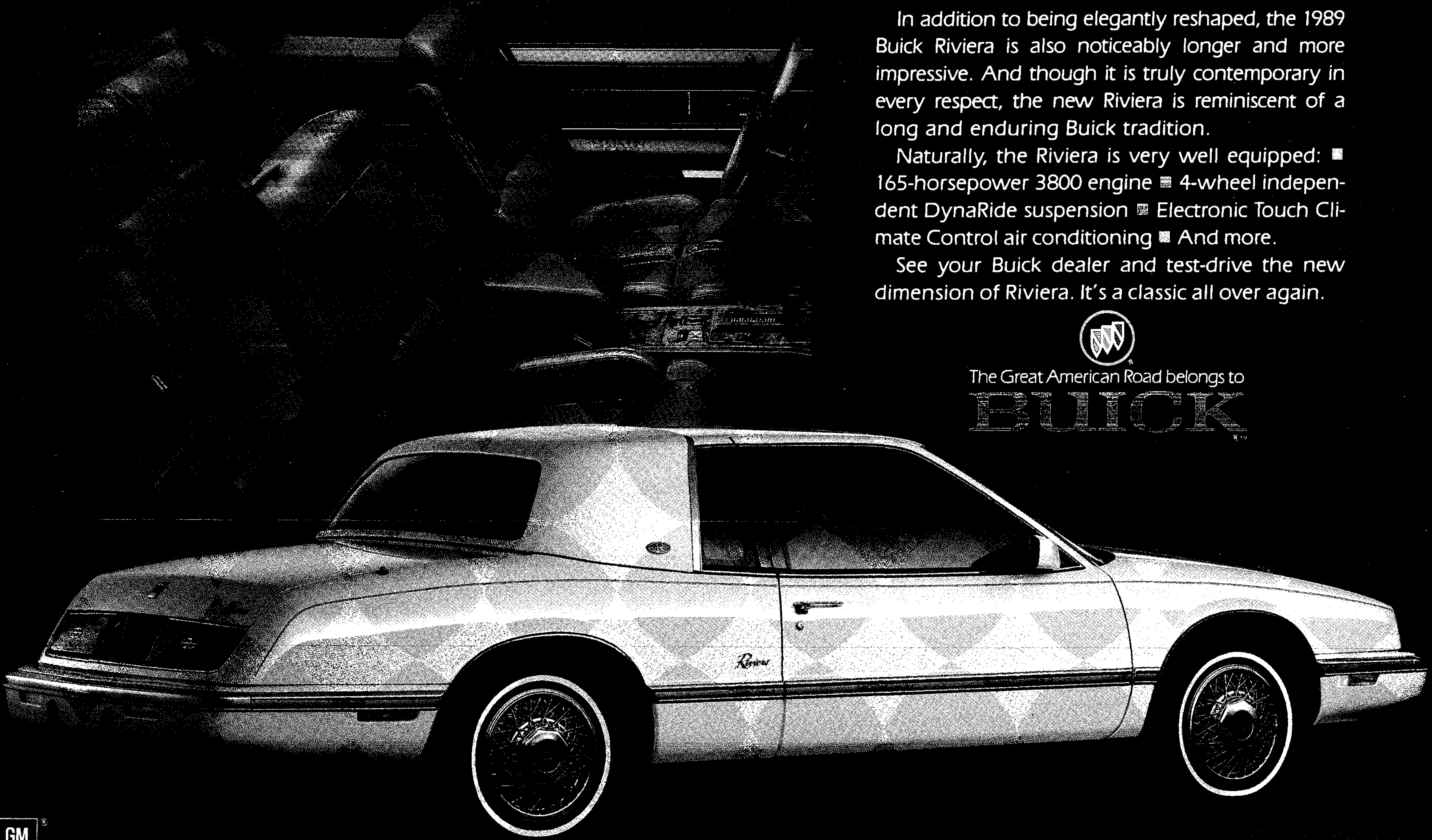
(800) 626-3333



NATURE TOURS Send for latest Newsletter from N. America's premier operator: 34 first-class tours to every continent. Small groups, expert leaders.
QUESTERS WORLDWIDE NATURE TOURS
Dept. NYK, 257 Park Av. S., NY, NY 10010 • (212) 673-3120

BOOK HUNTING?
Virtually any book located—no matter how old or long out-of-print. Fiction, nonfiction. All authors, subjects. Name the book—we'll find it! (Title alone is sufficient.) Inquire, please. Write: BOOK HUNTERS
Since 1958
P.O. Box 7519
NORTH BERGEN, NEW JERSEY 07047

Riviera. We've added new dimension to a classic.



In addition to being elegantly reshaped, the 1989 Buick Riviera is also noticeably longer and more impressive. And though it is truly contemporary in every respect, the new Riviera is reminiscent of a long and enduring Buick tradition.

Naturally, the Riviera is very well equipped: ■ 165-horsepower 3800 engine ■ 4-wheel independent DynaRide suspension ■ Electronic Touch Climate Control air conditioning ■ And more.

See your Buick dealer and test-drive the new dimension of Riviera. It's a classic all over again.

The Great American Road belongs to
BUICK

GM® Let's get it together . . . buckle up.

©1989 GM Corp. All rights reserved.

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Foreign exchange.

It started as a simple purchase of a box lunch on a Shibuya side street. And ended by yielding some expert travel advice from an unexpected source.

That's Tokyo. By way of United.

United can get you to Tokyo from all across this country. With friendly skies service that provides the best in international travel: fine food, fine wine, and attention to the fine details.

Because we know, like you, that the little joys along the side streets can make the fast track a lot easier.

United. Rededicated to giving you the service you deserve.

Come fly the friendly skies.

UNITED
AIRLINES

Tokyo • Osaka • Hong Kong • Seoul • Taipei • Sydney • Melbourne • Beijing • Shanghai • Auckland • Singapore • Manila • Bangkok.